

CLERIMONT,

O R,

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

O F

MR. B \* \* \* \* \*

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

Interspersed with ORIGINAL ANECDOTES of  
LIVING CHARACTERS.

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# DEDICATION.

To his most *Potent, Puissant, High* and  
*Mighty Serene Highness,*

The Lord OBLIVION.

Voracious S I R,

**W**ITHOUT leave, I presume to dedicate the following labors of my pen to you, not like a number of my cotemporary brethren, whose works involuntarily fall to your share; no, revered sir, I step out of the common tract of writers, who pretend to consign their works to immortal fame, which, only mistaking, are in reallity, meant for you; but as a benefit, if conferred with an ill grace, loses much of its intrinsic value, so these, my lucubrations, [as no doubt all revolving time will give them into your possession] will come with a much better appearance, presented to you, thus freely, from myself.

It

It would be in vain attempting to do justice to the many amiable qualifications you possess, of which I shall only point out a few, which are so eminently conspicuous, that a bare mention of them will suffice : Your treasuring in your benevolent repository, not only the works of authors, but those actions of mankind, that will not bear the scrutinizing eagle piercing eye of truth, the trips of stumbling rectitude, the mistakes, the inadvertancies, the errors, the foibles to which mankind are prone, all combining, makes panegyric fall infinitely short of reaching that elevated summit of superiority, which worth like yours, has placed you : But as I wish to avoid any fulsome adulations, which to a generous mind, would be more painful to give, than you to receive; give me leave to conclude myself, with the most profound veneration,

The humblest of

Your devoted and

Obedient servants,

C. W. B.

To

## To the Public.

**T**IS the observation of an eminent writer, that "There is scarce any Man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the writer, besides a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, were able to make those nice distinctions which separate it from all others—The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials."

The task I have undertaken is an arduous one, but being plentifully supplied with materials for forming an original and entertaining history, which the variety of scenes I have gone through, amply afford; my only difficulty will be, depicting them in a style which may prove pleasing and agreeable to the generality of my readers; but, novice as I am, and wanting that flow of soul which can enliven without cloying, and while it entertains, instruct, I must bespeak their candor in perusing the following sheets; as they may be assured there are no intentional



tentional errors, and the whole may be depended on as facts, literally as they happened, which

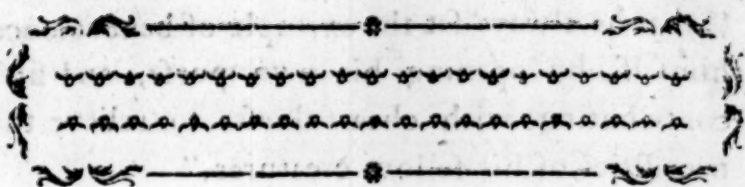
————— “ Take them for all in all,  
“ You will not see their like again.”

Shakespear.

Since the propofals for publishing these Memoirs, went forth into the world, I have received evident proofs of the alarm having sounded *grateing* to some whose consciences were awakened at the thoughts of certain circumstances being made public, which they would wish consign'd to the worthy gentleman, whom I have dedicated this work to.

I can only say to those ladies and gentlemen, whose names I shall have occasion to mention in the prosecution of this work, that the respectable part of them, will, I hope, excuse the liberty I have taken, and for the rest, “ Let the gall'd jade wince.”

THE



T H E  
Memoirs of Mr. B\*\*\*\*\*.

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I WILL only preface my own Memoirs, by saying, and it is with a sensible pride I make the observation, that the warrant, for the execution, of *Charles Stuart*, was directed to my relation, Colonel *Hacker*, who commanded the horse guards the day the *King* was beheaded. I mention this that it may be understood I am an enemy to tyranny : Nor am I the first of my family who have distinguished themselves as *Authors*, though their works have been confin'd to divinity, and have made no inconsiderable figure amongst the protestant dissenters, among whom the Rev. Mr. B. This gentleman bore the character of "the best beggar in Bolton," where he preached, with this amiable addition,  
" that

“ that he always set the example of benevolence himself, by opening his own purse, and first contributing with chearfulness, to relieve the necessities of his fellow creatures.”

I remember once to have seen, an acrostic, in an old Manchester newspaper, printed by Harrop, on a young lady who was executed, for poisoning her father, but was generally, at that time, supposed to die innocent. As near as I can recollect, it was as follows :

Make these, my muse, sublime, I now implore,  
As she's depriv'd of life, and now's no more,  
Rightly to attribute, able t' aspire,  
Yet more to praise her with an ardent fire.

Behold how calm she bore the pondrous weight,  
Lowly sustaining unpropitious fate,  
All of her thoughts were methodiz'd in death,  
Nourish'd her innocence, with latest breath;  
Doubtless she had small reason to repent,  
Ye, tho' she dy'd mature, dy'd innocent.

This was written by my father, and the only piece of his, which I ever saw in print : Tho' it is no very elevated proof of his abilities, as an author, yet it shews him an advocate, stepping forwards in behalf of suffering innocence, wishing to rescue her memory from the stigma, which her disgraceful end stamp'd it with; tho' disclosing

disclosing time, after her death, brought evident proof of her guilt. Permit me to say a few words of my father:--'Tis the tribute of a son to a parent, whose memory he will ever revere. He was born to an estate above mediocrity, in Cheshire; he received a classical education---was design'd for the church, and of so ripe a genius, that at the age of thirteen, he had gone thro' every preparatory school form, and was in the Hebrew testament; a short time after, he was to have been removed to college --but here---the task is too painful, to do justice to truth-- I must put a blot upon my grandfather's memory, which far be it from me, suffice it to say---that by living at too extravagant a rate, his finances were in that situation, that he could not support his son in a collegiate education; and at the early age of sixteen, he was thrown on the wide world, to provide for himself: He was for some time teacher, (as usher of the classics, in a school in Manchester; 'till he began teaching on his own account, and was then honored with a greater number of scholars, than any other master, amounting to upwards of one hundred and thirty. He married my mother, and I was the fruit of their union.

As my father in person was as handsome a man as any of his time, so in mind, he was su-

B

perior



perior to most ; I aver it as a fact, that he never told a lie in his life ; never swore ; nor was ever drunk except once ; that was in Liverpool, at Dr. -----, in High-street, in company with the Doctor and some more gentlemen ; their conversation was held in the latin tongue ; and as my father shone and delighted much in it, he was perfectly happy, and minded not the trick which his friends put upon him. They sat round a pillar and claw table, which moving on its own axis, no sooner had he emptied his glass, but they moving the table, he found whenever they prest him to drink, a full glass before him ; in vain he said he had drank ; the bottle had not been touch'd, and his glass being full, bore evident testimony that he was mistaken. He drank and talk'd, 'till they had soon their wish, and the boaster of abstemiousness, was obliged to be carried to bed. However, I have heard him observe, he never sat down to enjoy a sober glass afterwards, without examining the table.

Thus amiable his character and disposition, yet in him was an evident proof, that "the Almighty chasteneth whom he loveth, and visits the righteous with afflictions ;" for he was deprived of the use of his limbs, so young, that I never had the pleasure of seeing him walk, and  
for

for fourteen years was confined to his bed and chair. What his sufferings must be in that time, is easier imagined than described; but he bore all with christian fortitude and resignation, bowing with meekness, to the chastning of Omnipotence; nor did I ever hear him utter a murmur at his accumulated sorrows, 'till within a few weeks of his death, when Heaven visited him with the severest stroke of all—the loss of his sight. It was during my apprenticeship, going to see him one day, (and I had not seen him a fortnight before) I found him in this dark condition. He exclaimed, “Oh! God! this is too much; would I could see my boy?” and his rayless eyes shed tears of commiseration, at his unhappy situation. But let me draw a veil over his sorrows; at the remembrance of them, my heart is awakened to grief unavailing! I will only add, that for some minutes, before his final departure from a life of trouble, he had an undoubted foretaste of Heaven, for he lay, and with a more than mortal joy on his countenance, exclaim'd, ‘Prodigies! Wonderful, Prodigies! Prodigies!’ and thus uttering, his soul took its eternal flight. Happy the end of the righteous man! may mine be like his.

For this series of years, my mother, was his  
only

only nurse ; his companion, the soother of his woes, the partner of his afflictions : How bright how conspicuous an example, of magnanimity, constancy and truth was she ? Look up, ye fair, to so elevated a proof, of connubial attachment and lasting affection---my father was helpless as an infant---consider her trouble, consider her fortitude, and profit by so bright an example !

My younger years past on without any thing to distinguish them from other boys, till I was in my ninth year, when I remember winning a cock, at the breaking up of Mr. Hyam's school, in Manchester. There were several prizes ; amongst the number, two fine live cocks, that on the day that was to determine our pretensions, were brought and placed at one end of the school ; at the other end were the other prizes : What anxiety, what hopes and fears filled every bosom, our time employed in traversing from one end of the school to the other ; the hour arrived, that was to crown our wishes, or disappoint our hopes. Mr. H. shook the box, and the dice rattled ; all throng'd round the table ; at every throw the heart beat throb with anxiety. Mr. H. with pen in hand, minuted down each throw. I remember my father gave me this caution, " Be the last thrower, if possible." I implicitly followed his advice ; my fellow competitors

petitors their dies were cast; what different countenances were exhibited; I had previously determined how many shakes I would give the box, and how I would elevate my elbow—I throw—win one cock—I seize my prize—how great my satisfaction, how unbounded my exultation, nor would I have parted with it to Esculapius, for the recovery of a king—I carried it home and taking it into the parlour, mounted myself on a chair, to shew my cock its resemblance in the glass; no sooner did he behold a fancied enemy, but he sprung at his shadow, out of my hands—I called for help, but e'er it arrived, O lamentable, he had brought the mirror prostrate on the floor, and 'twas shivered into a thousand pieces. There stood the cock, happy in the fall of his fancied enemy, and there stood I, frightened to my wit's end, for the consequences: In came my mother and the maid; the cock lost his head instantly, without trial or hearing, and I got a reprimand, which put a considerable damp to my high raised happiness.

There is a custom, which I imagine is still preserved, of the boys, at the grammar school, at shrove-tide, shooting with bows and arrows, at a cock, fixed in the earth, with only its head, as a mark to aim at. Great preparations were made  
previous



previous to the important day, by myself, and school fellows; by practising at a mark: At length, the day came; and I, flushed with my former success at the dice, was not without hopes of carrying off the spoil here: My brothers of the bow, had let fly at our victim; it came to my turn, but with as little success as my rivals, when going to pick up my arrows, and stooping for one which I had lodged very near our mark, but not being so expeditious as the nature of the business required, I received an arrow, exactly behind my ear, which told me in most forcible language, that was not a place of safety; and as the porter, after knocking down Diogenes, bid him take care, so I, after I received the wound heard a voice cry, 'stand out of the way' however, I thought it not too late to follow the advice, so clapping my handkerchief to the bleeding orifice, I left the field, and all my hopes of winning another cock vanished.

That summer I was sent to Didsbury, and boarded at the Reverend Mr. T——— I mention this, that my readers may be informed, I have been concerned in robbing an orchard, that being an exploit seldom omitted by my biographical predecessors; this circumstance was as follows: There was an orchard, well stocked with store of fruit, near to our house, which belonged

belonged to a relation of Mr. T. and one particular tree, whose fruit could not be excelled, no not in the garden of the Hesperides----The Hesperides, gentle readers, as some of ye may be unacquainted with them, were three young ladies, who had gardens and orchards producing trees, that bore golden apples ; and the young ladies were so illnatured, as to place over them, a monstrous large dragon, that devoured every naughty boy who went to pluck the fruit ; At length, a fine boy, one Hercules, you know him ? what him that the waggoner prayed to, to assist him out of the mire ? the same : He went one day, slew the dragon, and robbed the orchard. But to return——Miss N. T——myself, and Jonathan, a fellow boarder, set off for the scene of depredation ; 'twas in the open day ; when we arrived there, a debate ensued, who was to mount the tree ? I cared not to do it Jonathan was in the same humor, and we contented ourselves with throwing at the fruit, but this method not being attended with the success we wished, Miss T. amazon like, bravely attempted to mount into one tree, and accomplished her intentions ; while Jonathan, fired at her example, with much expedition, had mounted upon the first bough of an adjoining one ; but whether he was too heavy for the bough,

bough, or the bough too weak to support his weight; I leave to be determined by those casuists, who may wish to make it an object of dispute; be that as it may, Jonathan came down much more expeditiously than he got up, and a shower of apples with him: As his descending tho' in so abrupt a manner, was attended with no bad consequences, the fright soon vanished, at viewing the companions of his fall, that lay pretty thick strewed around him. My employment was picking up the apples, which Miss T. shook off; but happening to turn up my eyes, to see how my fair companion was, with respect to her safety, she exclaimed, "O master Billy, fie! you must not look up!" I have often reflected since, that were the sex, to be always thus tenacious of being seen in any improper action through life, how happy it would be for them, if the alarm was always sounding vigilance and watchfulness to them; that no unguarded step, might lay them open to the censures of malevolence, or the aspersions of ill-nature.

I know no other incident, worth relating, 'till I was sent into the country, to a Mr. Walker's, to whom, had things proved agreeable, I was to have been bound apprentice. Mr. Walker, was a check manufacturer, but likewise followed the farming business: His family consisted

sisted of a wife, two daughters, and one son : Mrs. W. was a plain butter-making sort of a body, and her daughters brought up and educated in the same mould, with few but dairy notions, except the eldest, who had a great belief in apparitions, and had frequently seen several ; in particular, the ghost of a young fellow from Stockport, an apprentice to her father, who died e'er he had finished his servitude ; and that of a Mr. Grimshaw, a young gentleman of Gorton, who had (as the family believed) paid his addresses to her, and whose affection was so great, that when he lay at the point of death, he visited her, in his representative form, and she saw him frequently after his death : All this her mother affirmed for facts. I was often entertained with stories of this kind, which made me afraid of moving about the house for fear of meeting with some of their entombed acquaintances

I was sent in a few days, into the fields, to spread mole hills ; this did not suit me in the least. One day I was told to wash some potatoes (that had been kept under ground during the winter) at the pit in the orchard ; I went about it, but so awkwardly, that I slipped into the pit myself, and with some difficulty it was that I got out:---Having got home I stripped my-



self, but had caught cold, as I soon found, which I improved, to my being released from so disagreeable a situation. Mrs. W. was of a most ungenerous disposition, which was clearly evinced by the remarks which she made, if either of my fellow apprentices (and I had two) happened to be late in coming to dinner, after being called, as coming out of the warehouse, necessity would call them into the yard sometimes, she would observe, "Aye, Samuel, or Peter, (which ever happened to be absent) are gone backwards, to make room, that they may eat the more." And so when they had done dinner, if they rose up before the rest, "Aye, they've eat so much they're obliged to go empty themselves," with other reflections like these, Mrs. W. indulged herself. This was a family by no means suited to my temper and disposition, and having some ground of complaint from my cold, which I before observed I had caught, I took care to make the most of my indisposition, and in two days, Mrs. W. putting on my great coat, with an additional loose one of her husband's, and tying an handkerchief round my head, I was placed behind Peter, on one of the cart horses, in order to convey me home, as she had no notion of keeping an idle, unprofitable hand in her house; besides, her  
daughter

daughter Molly, had heard some strange noises in the shippon, several nights past, as she was milking, therefore had their doubts, but I was a victim that would soon fall, to the insatiate archer death! When I arrived within a mile of Manchester, I told my conductor, I would not trouble him any further; so getting off old Ball, I return'd him his master's coat, and he return'd himself home: I then pulled the handkerchief from my head, perfectly satisfied with my release from Mr. W. family.

I continued not long, e'er another place was provided for me, and I went to it: This was Mr. Hobson's, at Newton-Heath. This was a family congenial to my wishes, and the terms I went on, put me above any of that servile employment, to which I had a natural antipathy, and the specimen I received at Mr. Walker's, gave me a disgustful sufficiency——Mr. H—, was a gentleman highly respected in the commercial world, and, in the private circle of his acquaintance, greatly esteemed——So good, so indulgent was he to me, that I never had three cross words from him during my servitude, nor did he ever deny me any request I made for leave of absence, &c. Happy days! There are in every stage of life, occurrences, big with inquietudes, which disturb the mind; and a perfection of  
happiness

happiness cannot be expected, beneath heaven; but methinks, the time of my apprenticeship, was the most agreeable I ever experienced, because uncontaminated with vice—unstained by any action, derogatory to human nature.

The two last years of my time, owing to the decline of the African trade, I had much time on my hands; and being then in my seventeenth year, a critical state, just when the blood of youth, begins to flow into the channel of manhood; with a robust constitution, and sanguine complexion—I began to think of making a figure among the girls. As I never wanted for pocket money, or the best of cloaths, with a natural taste for dress, and a dawning one for gallantry—I soon was convinced, that, “Man was not made for himself, alone.” Amongst the rest, who frequented our warehouse, for yarn to wind, was a Miss R———daughter of the Reverend Dr. R. Blush not, ye fair, to think the daughter of a clergyman, should be levelled with the daughter of a cottager, or think she demeaned herself; no, industry in all is commendable; but in one, in her station, it is by being dignified, the more amiable. This young lady, was the first object, at whom I levelled the artillery of my eyes: One day, after expending as many glances as I modestly could upon

upon her; she asked me, if I had ever read Ovid's Art of Love? adding with a blush, "It is very entertaining." I know not how it was, but this question raised a variety of emotions in my bosom, and my heart still leaps, when I recollect the circumstance: But beauty, made only a momentary impression upon me, and the daughter of a crofter, drove out the image of Miss R. Another in the same degree of life, drove out her; another and another, succeeded, in short, variety, was the goddess, at whose shrine I bow'd, and the last face, always appear'd the most pleasing and agreeable: My affections were like my reading, as I changed my books, so I changed my inclinations.

Hitherto, I had [if I may be allow'd the expression] only floated on the surface of love's mighty chaos; perfectly harmless were my intentions, never proceeding beyond the bounds of a chaste salute.

At length, I began, as my notions of things enlarged, to pant after other conquests, than village nymphs; and my frequent visits to Manchester, afforded me opportunities of seeing a number of pretty damsels.

The first young lady who caught my eye, and made any significant advances, was a Miss K——, whom I met with, at Mr. Priestly's chapel, on a Sunday evening. This



This lady has made herself so famous, by her gallantries in Manchester, that 'tis needless to say any thing further of her here, than to inform such of my readers as may be unacquainted with her, that nature had endowed her with a fine figure, a fair complexion, a melodious voice, and eyes that could pierce, pierce--nay, I know not how deep, but they gave my heart a number of sensations, which 'till then, I was an utter stranger to:--However, I introduced myself into her company, and visited her as often as opportunity permitted, and thought myself superlatively happy, in a connection with one, to appearance, so every way amiable; 'till an accident happened which threw off the mask from the good-natured fair one, shew'd her in her true colours, and I found, to my astonishment, that I had escaped from a siren, who might shortly have involved me in a labyrinth of disagreeable circumstances. Going one evening to pay her a visit, I found her in company with a young gentleman, whose particular attention to her, bordering on something more than friendship, I was picqued at, and calling him on one side, demanded an explanation, which he refusing to give, I collared him, and blows ensued; however, we agreed to decide the matter in a more gentleman-like manner, and adjourned to Con-

nor's

nor's Tavern, in Smithy Door. As we went along, we met Mr. E. C. to whom I told the business we were upon, and desired his attendance, as my second; he accordingly accompanied us——pistols were agreed upon to decide our pretensions to the affections of Miss K—. Miss K. exclaimed C. and burst out laughing, Why, sure Gentlemen, you'll both think yourselves in a most extraordinary situation, when I inform you, that, in the first place, that lady is not immaculate; and in the second, that I have a prior right and title to her affections, from having had the possession of ——.

Fulminated with the intelligence, fancy to yourselves how we look'd. As soon as wonder gave place to the faculty of speech, we both exclaimed, what fools, what dupes, we have been. I asked his pardon for the assault made upon his person, and gave him my hand: A reconciliation took place, and after spending the evening together, we parted good friends. On ruminating on the past actions of my life, the above has afforded me much room for reflection, and cannot help saying, what pity 'tis, that a form so fair, so engaging, should hide an heart so depraved, so lost to virtue! I would wish to guard my young readers against too precipitately emerging themselves into any engagements with the fair sex,

'till

'till they are of years capable of forming a rational judgment of the object of their pursuit, and especially of one of Miss K's turn of mind, that is, who gives an unbounded scope to the gratification of passion, without any consideration of the consequences. How amiable, how enchanting is virtue, what lustre it adds to its possessor.

This adventure gave a check, to my progress in the school of gallantry, for some time; 'till an accident introduced me into the company of a widow lady, Mrs. B. Here I formed a connection quite a contrast to my former one; my visits to her, tho' on the score of love and courtship, yet, when in her company, she employed me in reading *Sermons* to her; but still, she was not so strict a religionist, as to be averse to the amusements of the place: One night, after accompanying her from the play, I staid supper: The evening proving a violent stormy one, she kindly invited me to stay and keep her fire side warm, all night, and she would bear me company. I cannot here help remarking on the custom which prevails so much in courtship, of sitting up all night: Whence so absurd a custom arose, I cannot say; unless, under a notion of privacy; but it is, in my opinion, a matter which ought not to be suffered; for, at the silent

lent hour of midnight—no eye observing—two young people alone—their talk of love, the passions rise, the pulse beats high, the heart throbs again, hands twined in hands, lips meet lips, and the whole soul's absorbed, in extacy of fancied bliss—What wonder, if at this witching time, reason looses her sway, and the fond pair give a loose to passion uncontrouled—In this situation many the objects which fall victims to simple nature, and give the rein to feelings, without retrospect to the consequences: But I was free from any temptations of this sort with the widow, our conversation being much intermixed with morality and religion: Indeed, I looked upon her with more of respect, than passion; a youth of *Eighteen*, may feign, but he cannot feel, that real tenderness for a widow of double the age, which is the cement of affection. Our discourse turned on her late husband, and the uneasiness attendant on a state of widowhood; from that, by an easy transition, to ghosts and apparitions. I must here observe, that the back-front of her house, being in a Church-yard, and the room we sat in, looking into it, we were but a small distance removed from the habitations of the dead; and, “The winds blew, and the rain descended.” It was then just three o'clock; it may be imagined



the frame of mind we were in at that moment, when a voice articulated a sort of poetical jargon, but I was so struck with astonishment at the unexpected salutation, as to deprive me of hearing the words distinctly, but remember the conclusion was something, of a "Widow and at her."

After the fright, which so unexpected an intrusion occasioned, had subsided a little, we ventured to the window, and found our *Kentri-loquist*, whether mortal or immortal, (a point which the widow, would never be wholly convinced of) had taken out a pane of glass, and through the apperture, issued, his or its voice; it not being determined of what gender 'twas; for as the widow observed, "Spirits, make use of various ways and stratagems, in making themselves, or their missions known." However, the impression upon our spirits was so great, that we sat, until about seven o'clock, without one sprightly salley from the widow, or any thing bordering upon gallantry from myself; when just going, she remarked, "She was much fallen away, lately;" and taking hold of the neck of her stays, bid me observe; I did, and found her remark just, there was a considerable chasm there which wanted filling: — There are in the world, some, who may no doubt, put a construction on this rather ill-natured,

red, the prude may bite her lips, and the fair novice may blush; but for my part, I see nothing but what was perfectly innocent; there was a vacancy, which the lacing of her stays tighter, might have remedied, but which, I did not attempt, imagining she would rather have them unlaced, that she might retire to rest; which that she might, I took my leave and left her.

I visited her several times after this, but returning from spending an evening at a friend's house, with Mr. E. C. and having sacrificed rather too freely at the shrine of the most potent deity Bromius, we were bent on a frolic, and passing the widow's, I proposed to my friend, that we should play her a trick, so pulling out our pen-knives, we loosened the panes of glass, and gently took some out, not all, for we were scared by the yelping of her lap-dog, which alarming its Mistress, she got up to the window, and, as the unlucky God, presiding over mischief, would have it—saw us retreating across the church-yard; and being a fine morning, easily knew us. From that time, I never was in her good graces: Indeed I never strove for a reconciliation, for I found myself laughed at by my friends, for my seeming attachment.

Hitherto my amusements had been confined  
principally

principally to books, and the admiration of the fair; but the American war, affording the principal topic of conversation, and my master and his whole family, and the generality of his acquaintance, being strict oppositionists, to the then ruinous system; and being convinced from their arguments, and the observations I made, in reading the parliamentary debates, Price's works, &c. that the war then carrying on, was oppressive, cruel and unjust, I became a politician, and as such, frequented the taverns, when I went to Manchester, which was three times a week, where I read over the papers, drank my glass, sometimes smoaked my pipe, and talked politicks. I must now introduce a character, who was then in the zenith of his career, among the ladies, and at the taverns——This was Mr. T. F——. Tommy, was a good natured inoffensive soul, fond of dress, and hard words, and withal so would-be polite, that walking in the Infirmary gardens one day, arm in arm, with three or four more, Tommy broke out, taking off his hat, "Gemmen, your most obedient, most obsequious, and most very humble servant, I really beg pardon, but I must adjourn." The simple meaning of this polite harrangue, was nothing more, than he wanted to make——

From this specimen of Tommy's oratory, my  
readers

readers may judge him something clever, and so he was : He one day laid a wager with a friend, that there was no such word in the English language as, *Grammarian*, 'twas *Grammanarian*, and would appeal to Parson *Jackson*, for the truth of his assertion—However, Tommy was convinced of his error without troubling his Reverendship.

Having long promised to take a dinner, with Mr. C. of Stockport, I engaged Tommy, to accompany, Mr. E. C. and myself, thither : The Sunday following, we took a Chaise from Dixon's, and spent the day most agreeably : But Mr. C. keeping us to supper, we agreed to stay all night ; so, after going to the White-Lyon, to see our Postillion and his Horses, taken care of ; we returned to Mr. C. and sat down to enjoy a sober glass, 'till the clock struck twelve, and then, to have a social song, let the Punch circulate freely, 'till each being satisfied, retired to the Arms of Somnus.

All past on very well, until the clock struck twelve, which gave a licence to a gentleman present, to strike up his fiddle : No sooner did the invigorating sound of the well tuned instrument, salute the ears of somnified Tommy, (for by this time, he had got so much of the vivifying juice of the sugar-cane in him, that he was  
not



principally to books, and the admiration of the fair; but the American war, affording the principal topic of conversation, and my master and his whole family, and the generality of his acquaintance, being strict oppositionists, to the then ruinous system; and being convinced from their arguments, and the observations I made, in reading the parliamentary debates, Price's works, &c. that the war then carrying on, was oppressive, cruel and unjust, I became a politician, and as such, frequented the taverns, when I went to Manchester, which was three times a week, where I read over the papers, drank my glass, sometimes smoaked my pipe, and talked politicks. I must now introduce a character, who was then in the zenith of his career, among the ladies, and at the taverns——This was Mr. T. F——. Tommy, was a good natured inoffensive soul, fond of dress, and hard words, and withal so would-be polite, that walking in the Infirmary gardens one day, arm in arm, with three or four more, Tommy broke out, taking off his hat, "Gemmen, your most obedient, most obsequious, and most very humble servant, I really beg pardon, but I must adjourn." The simple meaning of this polite harrangue, was nothing more, than he wanted to make——

From this specimen of Tommy's oratory, my  
readers

readers may judge him something clever, and so he was : He one day laid a wager with a friend, that there was no such word in the English language as, *Grammarian*, 'twas *Grammanarian*, and would appeal to Parson *Jackson*, for the truth of his assertion—However, Tommy was convinced of his error without troubling his Reverendship.

Having long promised to take a dinner, with Mr. C. of Stockport, I engaged Tommy, to accompany, Mr. E. C. and myself, thither : The Sunday following, we took a Chaise from Dixon's, and spent the day most agreeably : But Mr. C. keeping us to supper, we agreed to stay all night ; so, after going to the White-Lyon, to see our Postillion and his Horses, taken care of ; we returned to Mr. C. and sat down to enjoy a sober glass, 'till the clock struck twelve, and then, to have a social song, let the Punch circulate freely, 'till each being satisfied, retired to the Arms of Somnus.

All past on very well, until the clock struck twelve, which gave a licence to a gentleman present, to strike up his fiddle : No sooner did the invigorating sound of the well tuned instrument, salute the ears of somnified Tommy, (for by this time, he had got so much of the vivifying juice of the sugar-cane in him,) that he was  
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not only guilty of treason, against the rules of language, established by the authority of grammar, but his eyes, half opened, were at seeming variance, and while one was ogling his full glass, with the other, he held the bowl in perspective; ) than it roused him from his lethargic situation; and, after enquiring, "If the canonical hour, was really passed?" and his conscience being satisfied in that particular; he begged leave to sing the company a song? which being granted, he began——

"Lovely ne-e-mph, come drown my anguish." Affwage my anguish, Tommy, I cried across the table: Oh yes,---aye, well, hem! Gemmen, it's all the same tho'---but I humbly beg par— He would have said pardon, but endeavouring to bow, that his actions might be correspondent with his words, the fumes of the liquor, mounting into his upper regions, destroyed that just equilibrium which, 'till then, he had preserved, and, Oh! the height of his good manners, he humbled himself beneath the table, and lay supine at length, upon the floor! Having, with some difficulty, got him into a posture erect, he apologized to the company for the mistake he had made, in saluting the carpet instead of confining his good manners to them alone; and would make amends for his seeming want of politeness,

liteness, by walking a minuet.—In conformity to his wishes, Lady Coventry's minuet, was struck up, and Tommy began to reel it; which he did from one corner to another, but endeavouring to put his hat on, in turning round, he found it rather too difficult. There were some fine ripe plumbs, which had been left after supper, on a side board, and taking some of them in my hand, conveyed them into his hat, as I endeavoured to adjust it on his head, giving him a stroke with the palm of my hand, and Mr. H. our musician, giving him a tap with his fiddle-stick, at the same time---With the blow, the idea entered into his head, that it was certainly broke, and he cry'd out, Oh, my head! my head! The juice of the plumbs, which he took for blood, running down the side of his face, confirmed his opinion. On taking off his hat, I conveyed away the crushed plumbs, and on shewing him the inside of his hat, stained as it was, it had such an effect upon him, that he was near fainting. Mr. H. made many apologies for the supposed wound he had given him, and he submitted, to prevent further bad consequences, to have it dress'd; so pretending to cut off some of his hair, and putting on a seeming plaister, we tied up his head, but he complained much of the violent pain he felt, and tho' he sat near an hour with us, never wore



wore a smile on his countenance, for still the pain in his head, was uppermost in his mind; at length he wish'd to go to bed; it was my good fortune to have him for a bedfellow: I condoled with him on his misfortune, but begged him to compose himself to rest, and doubted not but after a sound sleep, he would find himself better. About two hours after, happening to awake, I missed my companion, and throwing aside the curtain, there was he walking in the room in his shirt, with one hand to his head. On asking him, how he found himself? he answered, He feared the contusion he had received, had affected his brain, from the horrid torture he was under, and he was determined to dress himself and procure some advice. To prevent his going out on so simple an errand, I got up, and lock'd the door; and after making use of what rhetoric I was master of, to persuade him to compose himself to sleep, tho' in vain; I left him to his ruminations, and sought that repose which my head wanted, as well as his, tho' being more sensible of the cause, I more willingly embraced the only remedy which could restore it to its wonted ease. I slept soundly, but when I awoke, my bird had taken it's flight! He had got through the chamber window, and that he escaped without breaking his neck, was a matter of

of astonishment to me. I roused the family, and breakfast being over, we went to our Inn: Tommy had been there before us, and ordered the Chaise, but Mr Hancock, \* said " He cut so grotesque a figure, that he could not help smiling at him, at which he believed him to be affronted, as he went away immediately — We then took a parting glass, mounted our Chaise, anxiously wishing, as we doubted not we should, to overtake Tommy on the road: When we arrived within a mile of Manchester, we espied him; but he, hearing the ratling of our vehicle, faced to the right, in order to cross Ardwick green — We stopped and hailed him — He took no notice, and we dispatched the Postillion, to bring him, *à cet effet*; which perceiving, he condescended to turn round: — Had Hogarth been so happy as to have seen him, it would have afforded a subject, that would have done infinite credit, to his facetious pencil; — The, yesterday, lively, the gay, the perfumed Tommy, was now, alas! how changed! His hat the wrong side before, his hair untied, hanging down disheveled on his shoulders, his shirt-neck unbuttoned, his stock-buckle before, his eyes sunk in his head, for want of sleep, and through the perplexity of his mind, from his imaginary wound; his shoes

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\* Master of the White Lyon.

and stockings, unbuckled and ungartered, and to finish the portrait, his handkerchief bound round his head——In this condition, he had walked seven miles. It was with much difficulty we could persuade him that his head was not broke, and, that the pain he had undergone was only the effect of the liquor he had drank.

How powerful is conceit ! And how often do imaginary evils, make men really unhappy ?

As my family were Dissenters, and strict observers of the Lord's day, I always attended some place of worship. My ideas of religion were not so confined as to imagine, that the sacrifice of a contrite heart, was not an acceptable offering, from all alike, whether distinguished by the appellation of Church-man or Dissenter, Annabaptist or Methodist : I was, at that early age, fond of hearing the Rev. Mr. O--n, the amiableness of whose private life, gave a dignified sanction, to his public preaching : And the late Rev. Mr. Gore, from whose lips, the sacred language flowed, in numbers most harmonious ; and the sociability of whose temper in private life, gave an agreeable relief, to the more rigid doctrines of the pulpit.

I went one Sunday morning to hear the Rev. Mr. P--es--y, an ex-ter-a-or-di-nary orator, in Cannon-street, and that day, I had on, a new  
sute

sute of light-coloured cloaths, with three buttons on each sleeve, and being quite a new fashion, as Mr. Preston, the Tailor, told me, that "positively, mine was only the third sute which had been made up, in that manner." I remember I thought myself very fine, and my contemplating on my grandeur, and every now and then looking about, to see if the folks did not admire me, I doubt not, took off my attention, from the duties of the place, in which I was: However, Mr. P. in the middle of his discourse, after expatiating on the duties of religion, cried out, "Some of ye come here, to sleep!!" which made the drowsy part, of his hearers, rub their eyes, others took snuff, and now, all with open mouths, were waiting for the next sentence, "And some," continued the preacher, "come here to shew a new sute of cloaths!!" at the same time, pointing, directly at me, who sat opposite to him: My situation at this moment was not to be envied, however, I never went to hear Mr. P. any more.

I cannot here help remarking, on the impropriety of a preacher being personal in his discourses, and especially, when he has only conjecture to ground his assertions upon, 'tis an unwarranted liberty, and an indelicacy, which ought to be avoided.

I was



I was one evening in the gallery of the Theatre, during the performance of a pantomime, in the course of which, thunder and lightning was introduced, which had such effect on a lady present, and whom I happened to sit next, that she fainted into my arms; with the application of some salts she came to herself, and as there were no more such terrible appearances, she sat the performance out; I could do no less than make her my care, the remainder of the evening, and offered to see her home; this she politely declined, as she had ladies in her company with whom she should be perfectly safe—However I saw her with Miss T-yl-r to Mr. B-it-'s, she then told me she was at home, and wish'd me a good evening—A something rais'd ideas that all was not right, and being a fine moon-light evening, I was determin'd to see if my incognita did not come out; I had not waited many minutes e'er she came out with young B—— as her convoy; I met them but took no notice B. saw her safe into Broom-street, and left her at Mr. ——— still I was not satisfied---I loung'd there for half an hour, when out she came again, with a servant maid and lanthorn: Now the mystery thickened; and I was knight errant enough, to determine on seeing the matter out: After some hesitation, they ventured out--I followed  
at

at some distance undetermined whether to speak to them or no--it was now near twelve o'clock, --they walked near half a mile, and then turned back — I then accosted the lady, and expressed my surprise at meeting with her again, when I thought I had left her safe at home, at Mr. B. "True sir, you left me there, but---but I have a sister who is very much indisposed, and I could not think of retiring to rest, without enquiring after her health" I expressed myself happy in any occasion that gave me the pleasure of again seeing one, in whose behalf, the extraordinary manner of my becoming acquainted with, had so much interested me; and, I knew not how it was, but the effect, of what had so much alarmed her spirits in the Theatre, had made an impression upon me, which I was sensible would not be suddenly erased: She said, "I am a widow, Sir, and no stranger to the language which gallantry dictates to gentlemen, who wish to make themselves agreeable to the ladies: But I am a stranger in Manchester, and only on a visit at this house, (for by this time we were come back into B. —m-street) my name is T-te, if Sir, you can introduce yourself--but not personally to me--I should take pleasure in seeing you?" I thanked her sincerely, for her candour and wished her a good evening.

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There was something very agreeable in this lady, and I said no more to her than what I felt: I had no connection with the family with whom she was visiting, tho' it would have been an easy matter introducing myself; but the term of my apprenticeship, drawing to a period, and that time being fixed for my going to London, I could give no serious thoughts to matrimony.

Previous to my going to Town, I went to pay a visit to a Relation, at Bradwell, in Derbyshire, and took my friend Tommy with me: In our way, we called on our friend C---k, of Stockport, who agreeing to accompany us, we set off together: Being got within about four miles of Disley, a violent storm of Thunder and Lightning, attended with uncommon heavy Rain, came on, and seeing no place for shelter, we agreed to make the best of our way; so giving g spur, to the sides, and the rein, to the heads, of our horses, put them to their speed——The road was remarkably dirty; C---k and I, rode abreast, but unluckily for Tommy, he fell into our rear; so that the dirt thrown from our horses heels, took a direction full in his face. In vain he exerted all the strength he was master of, to check his rapid speed, nor could he turn his head to right or left: He then made use of his lungs, and vociferated with all the energy he was

was master of, "Stop, stop! I can't see! I shall be off!" and exclaiming such like fear-filled sentences, [which we pretended not to hear, and his rosinante paid not the least attention to] we arrived at Disley. Fancy must here supply the place of description, as all attempts must fall infinitely short of the perfect original, which Tommy exhibited on dismounting;---Ostler, boots, scullion and chambermaid, were soon employed about him, and a stop was put to our journey for that evening. We arrived at Matlock, early the following day, and having ordered dinner, visited the Wells; the water we drank out of curiosity. From thence crossing the road, we took a view of the Bowling-green; it lies below the road, and a low wall forms its boundary, between the wall and the green, is a shruberry: Tommy had got on the wall, and C. giving him a stroke with his whip; he sprung forward, and falling on a fine young Firr, snapt it in two, and there he lay; we made all imaginable haste to his assistance, "Don't touch me," he cried "my back is broke," we said, we hoped not 'O yes' he replied, I felt it, I heard it crack.' I smiled and told him that was the tree which he had broke; he turned his head and seeing it, permitted us to lift him up. After viewing what Matlock afforded worth our observation,

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we proceeded on our journey, and return'd to Manchester, without any thing happening which was worth treasuring in my memory.

At length the day came that enter'd me a citizen of the world, the day so much expected, brought a melancholly gloom as if it presaged —future ills— So disagreeable was the idea of leaving the place, where I had spent so many agreeable years, that I should have been happy in serving my time again; but the die was cast, and with heavy heart, I bade adieu, to the family of my master, and the pleasures of a country life, for the bustle of the world, and the allurements of vice and folly.

The week following, I set off in the Diligence, in company with Mr. Brown, of Little-Green; and his eldest daughter: Having spent the evening before, with a number of friends, of whom I took an affectionate leave. It being three o'clock in the morning when we set off, my companions being more inclin'd to sleep, than conversation, we arrived at Buxton, without exchanging many words; for my own part I was too absorbed in thought, regretive of fond enjoyments past, to employ any attention on my fellow travellers. Having broke fast we resumed our places in the Diligence, and Mr. B. inform'd me, he had some business to transact in London, and was taking  
his

his daughter to see the curiosities, which that famous place abounded with : I in my turn inform'd him I was going to reside with an uncle I had there, who, I doubted not, would be glad to see him and his daughter, if on their arrival, they would call and see me at his house. We had not gone many miles, when the old gentleman, complained he was very thirsty, and ordered the driver to stop at the next house he came to ; where he got some brandy and water, observing that the spirit was good, but the water spoiled it, and had the bowl replenished ; the second operated most wonderfully upon his organical powers, and he entertained me with an account of his exploits, in honor of Bacchus, how many times he had proved conqueror at drinking matches ; and of an unlucky trick, his friend Sir Ashton served him, by giving him a pint bumper of Brandy, instead of Punch, to drink : Having discoursed till he had tired himself, he fell into a kind of dose——My assiduity was now turned to his daughter, but as I could not make use of any language, but that of the eyes, and squeezing her hand, she desired me to be cautious, “ My Father's not asleep, he only does so ” this was a necessary caution, for it is impossible for two young people, so closely seated together, with the jolting of the

2 F carriage

carriage, and the various movements occasioned by it, but they must have other notions, than strait forward ones; else why did she give me the caution? or why do I now think, it was then needful? so observing caution all the way, and Mr. B. regularly whetting, every time we stopped, we arrived at the Castle, in Highgate: Here, Mr. B. said we should alight, so conducting us into a parlour, (the way into which he seemed perfectly acquainted with) rang the bell: The master of the house came in:

"Father, I have got two *Colts* here---you'll bring them in" said Mr. B. at the same time giving his shoulders a significant shrug, O yes, I understand you Sir, replied our landlord, and going out, soon returned with a huge pair of Horns, and Mr. B. informed us, 'We must now be Sworn at Highgate.' We listened to the Oath which was administered by our host, and J, and Miss B. were sworn brother and sister: I was then informed, I must salute the horns, or if I preferred the lady, I might her; hesitation, would have been ill-manners, indeed it was what I had been wishing for, upwards of thirty and six hours, but the fear of old Sly-boots, kept me in awe, and I imprinted on her lips, a kiss, of more than brotherly love—We then had some cakes and my bottle, which is the

the customary fine at being sworn; having finished that, we had another, but being rather distressed to manage it, we desired the assistance of the keeper of the horns, who very good-naturedly drank three glasses to our one, which soon relieved us from our former anxiety.

On our arrival in London, (as I was well cautioned against the impositions practised upon strangers, and having much property under my care,) the first salutation I received, was, did I want a porter to carry my luggage? no: Did I want a coach? yes, and in two minutes one was called: So taking leave of my newly adopted father and sister, I jumped into the coach: "Where shall I drive your honor? Temple bar: Hope you'll remember me, your honor? and I recognized the youth who had provided the coach; so putting my hand in my pocket, gave him three-pence:---This is too little, your honor can't give me less than silver? Too little is it? and holding my hand out, he returned it; so very deliberately putting it in my pocket, I bid the coachman drive on, and left the first scoundrel, that would have imposed on me, fairly in the lurch.

I was now in a new world, and had my life, in a manner, to begin again. The years I had spent in acquiring a knowledge of business, which



which was now of no manner of use to me, were in fact thrown away ; for, as I was to live with my Uncle, so I must follow his business, which was that of an Upholsterer ; had he been a Bishop I must, I suppose, have been a Parson : However, he was kind enough to say “ I should see the public places, and any curiosities worth observation, before I sat down to business.

The first place of amusement I went to, was Vauxhall, and a delightful place I found it ; I was charmed with the music, and the paintings, the cascade, and the variety of company, and lost in the newness of the scene, forgot the charms of the country, and no longer regretted the peaceful solitude it afforded.

Ranelagh, was the next place I went to, the music there was equally delightful with Vauxhall, and the continued round of company which you meet with in the rotunda, makes it particularly pleasing.

Foote's Theatre, in the Hay-market, I next went to, where Aristophanes, performed the part of Mother Cole ; but there being no very striking difference (excepting the size) from the play house in Manchester, I saw nothing for wonder or admiration in it.

Westminster Abbey, I next visited, but it being Sunday, could not have a view of the whole, and  
contented

contented myself with viewing the monuments of Pope, Dryden, Johnson, &c. under the bust of the latter is this inscription, "O rare, Ben Johnson" What gave rise to this motto, I will communicate to my readers: A society of wits, had met several evenings, to determine on a suitable something, to be placed under the bust, of the facecious Benjamin; but they had several meetings in vain: As they broke up on the last night of their assembling, and going down stairs one of the gentlemen, cried out "O rare Ben Johnson: That will do by G--," said another; so returning into the club-room again, and making their report to the president, who was still in his chair, it was unanimously agreed to, and that so seemingly simple exclamation, was fixed on, as a motto, to convey to future ages, the fertility, beauty, and originality of so great a genius.

I will here relate another anecdote, which I know to be a fact: In the temple gardens, is a dial, round which is this inscription "Go about your Business." How it came there, is as follows. At the repairing and beautifying, the buildings in the Temple, some years ago, this dial underwent a repair in the stone work, and a new plate was ordered, by the master of the Temple, who told the engraver, "He would think

think of a motto for it." The engraver waited on him several times, but in vain; at last, he was introduced into his chamber when he was busily employed, in looking over some papers of consequence: "I wait on you Sir, to know—Go about your business," said the master of the Temple, interrupting him, which the engraver understanding as the motto he was to put on the dial plate, made his bow and withdrew: Some days after, the master sent for the engraver, and told him he had been thinking of a motto, but could not come to a conclusion: "Sir," replied the other, "When I waited on you last, you said, go about your business, which I understanding you meant for the motto, I have put it on; "Upon my word a most excellent one," said the master—and there it remains to this day.

My next excursion was to Kew, and Richmond gardens, the delightful situation of the latter on the banks of the Thames, make them enchantingly agreeable, and the crowds of beauties, that resort there on public days, gives it the appearance of an earthly paradise—what a variety of pleasing emotions, took possession of my mind, contemplating on the beauty, elegance, and grandeur, which surrounded me—what room was there here, for the man of sentiment, to moralize? On reflecting, that all this assemblage  
of

of nature's finest productions, adorned with all the art that can help to render them the pride, the joy, the admiration of every beholder---to reflect, I say, that in a few years, they must be food for worms, and for ever lost, in their undistinguishing mother earth ! Ah, think on this, ye fair ; and remember there is a part of ye, your immortal souls, that requires your care, and throw not so much time away in adorning your persons, unless ye think with the daughters of Mahammed, " That ye have no portion in the world to come. "

I had been now about a fortnight in town, and expecting Mr. E. C. from Manchester, I went to receive him at the Inn, in order to conduct him to my Uncles, at whose house he was when ever he came to London--- He arrived in company with a gentleman, and Miss L---l, daughter of the Rev. Mr. L---l, of London ; and to whom Mr. C. was afterwards married.

My Uncle, some time after this, gave an invitation to Mr. L. and family, to tea and supper ; and they brought with them, their Niece, Miss Eliza B----- : As this lady will be frequently mentioned in the course of these memoirs it may not be amiss, premising, who she was : Her father, who had been some years dead, was Dean of Windsor, and her mother being married



ried to a second husband, she principally resided with her Uncle——Her person, was of the middle size, delicate features, and an engaging softness in her manners peculiarly attractive; of an even temper, animated in her discourse, and possessed of refined and enlarged sentiments.

To these attractions, I formed an irresistible attachment, and though for some months, I saw her but seldom, yet I failed not by the silent but expressive language of the eyes, to inform her of what passed in my heart: But this, not being so much to the purpose as I wished, I took to my pen, and opened a declaration of my passion, with those lines of Pope's

‘Sure heav’n form’d letters for some captive’s aid,  
‘Some wretched lover, &c. —————

and in all the rapturous strains of romantic love, poured out the feelings of a wounded heart; having finished my epistle, I had not the resolution to put my own proper name to it—I put the assumed one of CLERIMONT, [which name I shall make use of in future] sealed it up, and sent it by the post: The next evening, Mr. C. returning from Mr. L----l’s, in a jocular manner, cried out, “Alas! poor Clerimont!! Cle--ri--mont, a very pretty name, is it not?” addressing himself to me, “’Tis well enough” I replied, but took no further notice. I was

now

now convinced, that not only my letter was received, but that I was judged to be the author; and tho' a declaration of my feelings was what I wanted to be known, yet I determined to disown the letter; so that evening I wrote another, but in quite a different strain, a declaration of love to Miss B. but full of scholastic jargon and theological cant, and sign'd it Clericus. A few days after, a third under the signature of Senex, wherein I told her, being no stranger to her person, or the virtues of her mind, the friendship and esteem I had for one so amiable, dictated the idea of writing two epistles to her, under the signatures of Clerimont and Clericus: The first I had filled with all those high-flown rapturous expressions, which lovers brains are so fertile in; and as it came from one, who had no other design, than to guard her against the delusion of flatterers, I hoped my letter would have the desired effect: In the second, I meant to warn her against another sort of hypocrisy, which was much more to be despised than the former; and that was, the enthusiastic cant of those religious pretenders, who under that sacred sanction, often made impressions on the unwary mind, 'till the end, for which they had assumed the garb, was accomplished, and then throwing off the mask, appeared in their pristine shape--fiends of darkness-- That

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being

being an old man, and having seen a good deal of the world hoped the letters of instruction I had wrote, would answer the end designed, to preserve a young lady so every way amiable, from the rapturous strains of fancied love, or the maturer declaration of pretended passion; and concluded myself her very humble servant,

Senex.

These letters answered my designs, for though she, and her friends to whom she communicated them, were convinced I was the author, yet she could not set them down as a serious declaration of love, in a stile so novel, still they would give the alarm to her heart. A short time after, I received an invitation, to spend the evening at Mr. L----'s, and went in company with Mr. C. The conversation turning upon love and gallantry; says Mr. L. my neice, has been concerned in an affair of gallantry, which is really curious; Have you got those letters, Eliza? "Yes, sir, here they are." What would I have given to have been in the regions of the Torrid Zone, just at that moment, or any where but where I was. Give me your opinion of these epistles, said the old gentleman, addressing himself to me. I took, and reading them, confess'd I thought them curious, and added, I thought the writer possess'd of a fertile imagination.

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But do you think him serious, in any of them? 'Tis impossible to judge, but methinks they are full of contradictions? Lovers generally are, replied he — But seeing the embarrassment I was under, he kindly turned the discourse, and we spent the evening very agreeably. I must now take leave of Eliza, for the present, to proceed regularly in my detail.

Returning home, one Sunday evening, from Chelsea, where my uncle and I had spent the day, our opposite neighbour's house was on fire, and in the course of an hour, it was burnt, with the adjoining one to the ground. My uncle sent me to Mr. W——ms's with his respects, and an offer of his house or beds, which as it was a generous one; was the day after accepted, and my uncle accommodated them with part of his shop; we turn'd away our own maid, and boarded with them: Mr. W——ms, was a Welchman, a gentleman much respected in the neighborhood being an old inhabitant, and having served the parish offices: He had two sons, the eldest a buck of the first water, who had been seven times under the surgeons hands, and was worn to a most delicate frenchified appearance: The youngest, mate of an indiaman, a worthy youth, since dead—peace to his watry tomb—Two daughters, Miss W-----ms, just entered into  
her



her eighteenth year; a beautiful, amiable girl; her sister, but a child.

Amongst the visitors to the W-----m's family, was a Mr. Popham, curate of a Church in the Strand, generally distinguished by the name, of the Bandy-legged curate. This gentleman was always received on the most friendly footing, and there was reason for more than conjecture, that he threw the soft looks of languishment at the agreeable daughter of his good friend Mr. W-. I never liked this man, he was a most unpolished being without conversation or any thing to recommend him, and an *Impulsive* something. Induced me to write the following letter, which appeared in Parker's General Advertiser.

Mr. Printer.

Passing, last night, by a Church not an hundred miles west of Temple Bar, I saw the procession of a funeral entering the church-yard; having never before seen any thing of the sort by candle light, curiosity tempted me to stay the ceremony—entering the church, my soul was struck with reverence on viewing the awful scene which presented itself—a weeping husband attending the cold remains of a much loved wife to her long last home, followed by her mourning relatives and friends; there was but little light in the church, which added still more to its solemnity;

solemnity: On turning up my eyes to the Minister, who then begun the service, how was I fired with indignation at seeing the insensibility so visible in his reading, leaning with one elbow on the pulpit, and with the fingers of his other hand, playing with the dog's-ears of his book, over the most awful ceremony the church affords, as unfeelingly, as tho' it had been a pamphlet on the most indifferent subject. Your inserting this, may awaken the above gentleman to a more attentive discharge of the duties of his sacred office, and oblige, Sir, Yours &c.

As we had always the morning papers at the breakfast table, the above was read aloud by young W. and it being quickly understood to mean Mr. P. the next question was, who could be the author? not having the most distant idea that I was. A few mornings more brought out a letter, under the signature of Justice, charging the parish officers of St. Clement Danes, and among the rest, the bandy-legged curate, with having expended the sum of Twenty Pounds, in a dinner, at the expence of their parishioners.

About this time I got undoubted intelligence, that Mr. Popham, had been married a few days before to his mothers servant, she being pregnant the third time, and threatening to have his gown stripped if he did not make her an honest woman, which

which he consented to, and they were married.

Being in possession of these facts, I no longer wondered at that *Impulsive* something, which had given me so early an antipathy to the man.

Mr. W----m's family knew nothing of these circumstances, and he visited as usual; this was too much, and I wrote the following, which Mr Parker inserted.

Sir,

Seeing in your paper a few days since, a letter under the signature of Justice, charging the bandy-legged curate, of a certain parish, with having partook of a parish dinner, at which the sum of twenty pounds, was expended: I beg leave, through the same channel, to offer a vindication of the above gentleman in that particular, and to assure Justice, that he is neither a glutton nor wine bibber, nor had he any connection with the dinner as mentioned by Justice, no Sir, his taste lies quite another way——had Justice charged him with endeavoring to obtain, under the sacred mask of friendship for the father, the affections of the daughter, knowing himself criminally concerned with his ——r's servant, to whom he is now married --he would have been nearer the truth. Your setting Justice right in the above particulars, will oblige &c.

Senex.

This

This was read by young W. as usual ; the first part was much approved of, but when he came to the latter part, which opened to them such complicated deceit and villainy, Mr. and Mrs. W-----ms were struck with horror and detestation, Popham called there that day, and being challenged, denied the whole---said " he " had been at the printer, who told him, he " would not give him up the manuscript, nor " inform him of the author : He then threatened " him with a prosecution ; Mr. Parker said, he " might please himself, as to that, if he chose to " write any thing in answer, it should be inserted ; and that was the only satisfaction he " could get. " I sat by, this while, enjoying my success, tho' perfectly unsuspected, but that was the last time his modesty would permit him to visit Mr W. family.———— How ought such a character as this to be despised, a wretch, who under the sanction, of a minister of the gospel, endeavours to destroy the peace and tranquility, of a worthy family, and to ingratiate himself into the good graces of an amiable young lady, for ever to disturb that serenity of mind, which, had he accomplished his end, by gaining her heart, it never would have been in the power of time, to have restored it to its wonted tranquility.

To banish the gloom, which so unworthy a  
character



character throws on my pen, let us turn the page to where hilliarity shall move the muscles of the mind, if it causes not risibility in the minds index of my readers. — Mr. W-----ms had a servant girl, a saucy, termagent, illnated little devil, as ever passed the borders of wales : She had a fellow servant, Edward, who used to serve in the shop, a goodnated inoffensive lad, but hard of hearing : I sent our porter out one morning for two-pennyworth of the tincture of jalap, “ Now George, you must mind, and when Peggy brings the tea kettle down, after we have done breakfast, do you put this jalap in, I will Sir, ” said George, and he faithfully followed my directions. Peggy and Edward, sat down to their tea as usual : In drinking the second dish----- “ Edvard, ” says Peggy, “ how do your tea taste ? a little com-mical, ” quoth Edward : “ cot tam, there is somting in mine, I am sure ! you’re conceited ” he replied : However the third dish grew too strong, and Peggy would drink no more ; Edward being called into the shop, prevented him : The powerful potion they had drank, in about half an hour began to opperate ; I observed Edward, behind the counter measuring a piece of cloth, pulling wry faces, ’till he could hold no longer, so, sans cerrimony, down stairs to the vault

he went; Peggy came down stairs, where she had been making the beds, in a violent hurry, and met Edward returning—Edward began to measure a piece of cloth, but in vain, he did not get half thro' with it, before he was obliged to pay a second visit down stairs; (by this time Peggy was returned) but whether he staid longer than necessary, or she grew more urgent, I know not, but she went to the top of the stairs and call'd out “Edvard, vat te tevil, and cot tam, vat you be all this vile about! you come and make hast.” Edward came slowly up, with dismal face, as if debating whether he should turn back or no—and quick as lightning, down went Peggy: Thus they were at it up stairs and down for near an hour, when Mr. W. observing them, and being told it was owing to something put in their tea, the remains of the water was preserved, and after dinner Mr. W. told my uncle that his servants had been very ill, owing to something put into their tea in the morning, and it must be his Nephew, or George that had done it: George was called up, but he stoutly denied any knowledge of the matter; an Apothecary and a Chymist in the neighbourhood, were sent for to analize the remaining water, and after some *learned* observations they gave their opinion, something like the wise man, who was fetch-

ed to examine, and give a name to a hedge-hog, who said, it stirs and by that it should be alive! but he thought it something that father Adam himself never christened; so these learned gentlemen said, it might be poison for any thing they knew, for they could not tell by what name to call it. However the dose had this good effect on Peggy, it purged her of a good deal of her ill humours.

My situation with my uncle from the distasteful I had to the business, and other concurring circumstances, made me think of returning to the country, and hearing Mr. C. (who had then been married a short time to Miss L.) that they meant to visit Manchester, and take Eliza with them, determined me.

This was the first step I took which I shall always have reason to repent—I left my uncle in a clandestine manner, without the least notice, what could induce me to so rash, so simple a conduct I can not imagine, I was sensible he would oppose my going, and determined to go my own way: How cautious should youth be, of one unguarded, unthinking action, to what a deal of unhappiness it may lead to; one step from the line of rectitude, may involve them for life in a train of disagreeable circumstances.

As I'd never been at Liverpool, I took a place  
for

for there in the Diligence, and in company with Captain Jones of the Penelope, and his Surgeon Smith set off—Being got within a short way of Leicester, Mr. S. and I were alarm'd by the appearance of an ill looking man, on horse-back, who rode round our carriage twice: Capt. J. was then asleep, so gently awaking him and informing him of our danger, he stopped the driver, and taking a pistol in his hand, called to the fellow and told him if he came within the reach of that, he would lodge the contents in his body. The man not knowing the exact distance the pistols would carry; turn'd round his horse, and clapping spurs to its sides was soon out of sight.

On our arrival in Liverpool, we had not been in the Talbot, five minutes, when the waiter came in with a gentleman's compliments, and begged to know if there was any news in town? (we enquired who the gentleman was, and were inform'd he was an alderman, and a man of great property) we return'd our compliments, and should be glad of the gentleman's company to supper, and we would inform him of any occurrences which we were acquainted with. The alderman accepted our invitation, and we found him a sociable, agreeable companion enough, tho' a little politically touch'd in his head. I spent two or three days in viewing the docks, and made several acquaintances



acquaintances in the nautical line, amongst the rest, a young fellow of the name of W---br-h-m; this gentleman, added to a genteel person had the most consummate stock of corinthian brags in his composition, I ever met with; one or two instances I will give—The Duke of R. giving a general invitation to the naval and military gentlemen to dinner: W. went amongst the rest, but without a pocket handkerchief, and at dinner being at a loss for one, borrowed one of her Grace. Sometime after this he gave an invitation to the officers of the militia to dine with him on board the Penelope; it was accepted, and the day was fixed, he gave the necessary orders to Mrs. P. of the Talbot, but she forgot to execute them, so his friends were disappointed of the feast: However he was impressed which put an end to his career.

Young H. was another—This young gentleman had made himself much talked of, by his extravagance and gallantries, and was now a midshipman in the Navy. At the same Inn, was a clergyman and his son, two wet souls! and a Mr. R. of Warrington, we five, agreed to a trip across the water to the Cheshire side; but in order to keep the cold out, sat down and drank thirteen bottles of Port, as expeditiously as possible; thus lined we got a boat, and made a pleasant

fant excursion to the White house: Tho' it was morning and we had drunk so much, yet our heads were not affected: Arriving on the other side, we gave our boatmen liberty to drink what they pleased---A licence which we had reason to repent on our return, for the wind being risen considerably, and the boatman being drunk, obstinately insisted on carrying more sail than our vessel was able to bear, and if H. had not drawn his hanger and cut the ropes; (at the same time threatening the men with instant death, if they offered to hinder him) still it was with difficulty we arrived safe on terra firma.

At this time I became acquainted with Miss L-w-s' daughters of --- L-w-s esqr. of the Isle of Anglesey, and the lady of lawyer K-----n, of Wrexham, and her sister; as they were strangers in Liverpool, had the honor of attending them to those places which excite the attention of the curious: In these connections I was happier than my competitors in gallantry, who were sojourners like myself, for all the females either H. or I knew, were three sisters antiquated old maids, that we picked up one evening at Renelagh gardens. Miss L-w-s's returning home, and receiving a letter from Manchester, commanding my immediate attendance there, I went; on my arrival, my relations wished me to

go to sea, I objected to that, but had no objection to a commission in the land service: Application was made for one in the Lancashire Militia, and I was told, "One was at my service" but a short-sighted politician, informed my friends, that "The rebels, meaning the americans, would soon be subdued, the war at an end, and the militia disbanded; that then I should still be at a loss for business." Therefore, they would not make me an allowance to support a commission, and my military hopes vanished.

The arrival of Miss B----- at this time, gave a new turn to my ideas, and the sight of her, renewed in my bosom, those emotions, which I had so lately experienced in the metropolis: As I was on a very friendly footing in Mr. C. family I visited there frequently, and tho' I had many opportunities of declaring my sentiments to Eliza, yet I could not find nons resolution enough, to inform her of what passed in my heart; so fearful I was, of meeting with a check to my wishes, and being deprived of seeing the dear object of my affections; but I soon found I had a rival, in the person of Mr. H---: This gentleman, was a widower, of an easy fortune---very fond of his bottle, and when inspired with the care killing juice of the vine, as lovingly loving, of each fair he met, as possible; he was one, who could  
not

not bear the rubs of the world, and if any thing affected his temper, he made immediate application to the bottle, 'till he drank himself into a good humour, but withall a good-natured man, and a jovial bacchanalian companion.

This gentleman paid assiduous court to Eliza, for some days left off smoaking---put an additional quantity of powder in his hair, and with his person and accomplishments, doubted not of making a conquest of the delicate, the refined, the sensible Eliza—presumptuous thoughts!

Supping one evening at a friends house, with Eliza, Mr. H. was likewise there, but he preferring his glass, to cards, stuck close to that, and I had the pleasure of her company during our stay: Preparing to depart home, Mr. H. offered to conduct Eliza; she refused his proffered aid and gave me her hand, which I accepted with singular satisfaction: H. was so mortified, as to endeavor at the articulation of an oath, however, he took horse that night, and rode a few miles into the country, where he staid some days, striving to lose in inebriation, the recollection of his disappointed hopes, nor did he return to Manchester while Eliza, staid there

At length the day came, that was to deprive me of the pleasure of Eliza's company; with what a heavy heart I waited on her to take a last  
adieu!



adieu ! The Chaise drove up to the door— “Dont you intend returning to Town, Clerimont ?” said Eliza, with a winning softness, I sighed, and would that moment have thrown myself at her feet, when in came Mrs. C. “Are you ready Eliza ?” and moved towards the door : I then seized the fair ones hand, and joined it to my lips—with her other hand she pulled out her handkerchief, and applied it to her eyes, I turned from her, and a torrent of tears, gushed from mine : I went to the window, the carriage was just moving, Eliza saw me and waved her hand, I bowed and off they went : I followed with my eyes, and long after they were out of sight, in imagination beheld them. Mr. C. roused me from my reverie, by asking if I would not wish the travellers, a good journey, in a bumper ? I consented—but alas ! the bottle had lost all relish, company had no charms, and wholly absorbed in thought, I was unfit for society—I went home and committed my sentiments to paper, made a full disclosure of my feelings, and inclosed them in a letter to a friend in London, desiring he would deliver the letter personally to Eliza ; this he did, and I received an answer from her fair hand which did not forbid me to hope.

The following day I received a letter from  
Mrs.

Mrs D-tt-n, an aunt of Eliza's, wondering at my presumption in aspiring to her niece, and couched in such terms, as showed her unacquainted with my family or connections : After taking a copy I inclosed it in a letter full of the utmost respect, and informed her, that, " Presuming she had made a mistake in directing the inclosed, I had returned it, not wishing to keep in my possession a letter, the contents of which, were founded in error, and written without consideration " Mrs. D. was at that time ( as I afterwards learnt ) disposing of an estate, in some part of Cheshire, and every post, expecting a remittance from her attorney—it was the first of April, a day famous for mistakes, she and her family were just sat down to dinner, when the post-man arrived with a double rap at the door, eagerly opening the letter, in which she had reckoned hundreds ; how great was her surprize and disappointment, at receiving her own epistle returned in mine. To divert in some degree the melancholly that pervaded my senses, from the absence of Eliza, and my unsettled situation, I paid a visit to Miss B----'s, of L----- G---- their father being still in London. They were agreeable surprized to see me, and the day passed on so pleasantly, that it was far advanced e'er I thought of returning to Manchester : The ladies

prest me much to stay all night, as the following day they expected company ; there was no necessity for much invitation, for where can a young fellow be more happy, than in the company of two fine sensible blooming girls & except, with only one, which I confess has more particular charms. As I always possessed the faculty of endeavoring to make myself agreeable, to every lady, whom chance or design threw in my way ; so here I did not fail by every assiduity in my power, to render myself as entertaining as possible, particularly to the younger sister. The day following proving wet and disagreeable, none of their visitors came, but Miss B---, an own cousin of their's, whose two sisters had some time before, been married to two Italian gentlemen, with whom they were gone to reside in Italy. This lady without much pretention to beauty, was perfectly agreeable in her person, and her conversation was sensible and animated.

The weather prov'd an obstacle to Miss B--- returning home, and she must partake of one of her cousins beds. I awoke about four o'clock the next morning, the sun was just rising, and crowding thoughts hindering me from sleeping, I arose—— My room was at the end of a long gallery ; on opening my chamber door, I saw, or thought I saw, at a distance, a womans shoe,  
it

it raised my curiosity, and a number of odd thoughts coming into my head, I determined to satisfy myself, so, step--step--step--I stepped along, and found it one of the young ladies slippers, I knew its fair owner, and taking it up, kissed it with more fervency than e'er the sacred pontiff's slipper, was yet saluted by holy Roman zealot; before I took it up I observed the toe pointed to a chamber door, left on jarr; a fair invitation, whether designed or accidental, I stood not to consider, but in, I gently, went; and putting the curtain on one side, one fair one, only, lay——what a situation!——Prudence, will perhaps say “I should instantly have retired, that I was violating the laws of hospitality” true, but the slipper: “That a ladies bed-chamber is a sacred place, and should not have been intruded into” true, but the slipper, and to all and every the arguments which prudence, or second sighted sagacity may make use of, I can only answer---the slipper---the slipper, to the end of the chapter————She was asleep, and trembling I imprinted on her lips an agitated salute—she awoke—I apologized for my intrusion, and showed the slipper as the cause---a crimson blush overspread her face---in short, I withdrew: Never, before, was I in a situation so critical, nor ever in one more demanding the mastery



mastery of passion, but the happiness I afterwards experienced, that reason, had proved predominant over temptation, gave me a satisfaction which no other enjoyment could have yielded.

Receiving an invitation to return to my Uncle in London, I accepted it; my principle reason was, that I might prosecute my suit with Eliza, whom, on my arrival in Town, I visited, and was received on the most friendly footing, agreeable to my wishes: My attachment to her increased every time I had the happiness of being in her company and we wanted for nothing but the agreeing of our friends, to the terms of our union; but this was a matter which could not so easily be determined, and the hymeneal rites were deferred 'till time gave a more favorable opportunity for the completion of our wishes. There are certain times in the lives of most men, which if made a proper use of, for ever make their situation agreeable and happy, but, if neglected, they are ever after unsettled and unhappy: This was the time, this the opportunity I should have made use of, and by being united, to an amiable woman, have avoided those misfortunes I have since experienced; but, rash youth, drives wanton on, mounted on passion's fiery steed, gives it the rein, and not content with that even pace, which nature lacks,  
and

and reason warrants, spurs on, 'till wavering in his seat, his head grows dizzy, fain would he check, the rampant high foaming impulse of his desires; but ah, in vain, and topples headlong from the mazy height——Happy, if his fall is broke, by reflection's timely aid; and reformation receives him in her fostering lap; saves him from the gaping chasm, of fell despair, or the more dreadfully yawning grave, with sins unnumbered, on his soul!!

About this time arrived at my uncle's, Mr. T. R.--I had not seen this gentleman for some years: The intimacy which he had in my family, took its rise from an attachment of a tender nature, with an aunt of mine, and to whom he should have been married, had not death put an untimely stop to all their promis'd joys; by cutting her off in the bloom of youth, being only in her twentieth year. The respect which I have for the memory of this young lady, tempts me to mention her here: Miss B——y, was without the least exaggeration, the pride of those who were happy in any connection with her, and the admiration of every one who beheld her——added to a most engaging figure, she was possessed of a sprightliness and vivacity, which made her every action peculiarly graceful, and blest with a voice, which for sweet, harmonious, numbers

Numbers might have disputed the palm with the muses, but these charms were nipped in the bud and she untimely paid the great debt of nature.

Mr. R. soon after commenced business in Manchester, in partnership with a gentleman, and for some years was very successful, but a bachelor keeping house was not convenient, and he look'd out for a partner; he was not long e'er he fixed his eyes on a young sprightly widow, to whom he paid his addresses, and was received agreeable to his wishes—A union took place, and for some time they lived together tolerable happy; but this was not of long continuance, from what cause sprung their first dissentions, as I have only conjecture to build on, I will pass it over.-- Their bickerings caus'd Mr. R. to neglect his customers, and business lost its charms--Home was no longer agreeable, and he sought for peace and quietness, where it could be found--- Who would not fly from the ungovernable rage, of a never tongue-resting woman? O, ye mistresses of the creation, learn--learn betimes, a government of that unruly member the tongue! ——— What dire effects from too much talking springs.

How many men are driven to the taverns and worse places, from the abuse of this faculty of speech; induced to seek abroad, that welcome---those smiles and endearments, which  
they

they have a right to expect at home. This inattention to business, was the cause of a bankruptcy. Till his affairs were settled, he went to London, and soon after engaged as an assistant to a liquor merchant; this was a dangerous situation for him, drinking had become in a manner habitual, and here all the prudence he was master of, was not sufficient to hinder him from indulging his unhappy penchant for those care drowning and potent spirit exhilarating cordials, to which he had uncontrouled egress. The consequences were such as might naturally be expected, after a few months he left his employers; and now, what was to be done? There is no place in the world, where the merchants are more tenacious of taking in servants than in London, or where a stricter character is required: The vice of drunkenness, as it is worst, so it is the least to be excused, and a young fellow known to be given to it; his reputation receives thereby an indelible stain, which is hardly ever (if ever) eradicated.

The sea, open'd to Mr. R. a wide surface, on which he might [by being reclused from the opportunity of indulging this unfortunate disposition] skim over a few years, and reclaimed from the charms of inebriation, might again settle soberly to business. With similar thoughts he entered



tered on board a king's ship, went one or two trips, but disliking the service, he left it, and got on board a merchant man. He was just return'd from a voyage to the West-Indies, when he arrived at my uncle's, he was in a sailor's dress, and with the habit, he had adopted the phraseology, of the nautical sons of Neptune; with the tip end of his tongue, he roll'd his quid in his mouth, spit out a yard long and d---d his e--- with as good a grace, as the best fore-and-aft's man in his Majesty's service--quite scientifically indeed! The compliments of welcome on the side of my uncle, and those of thanks, on the part of Mr. R. having passed: Some refreshment being mention'd, and accepted of, Mr. R. then inform'd us of his adventures, since he plow'd the deep; as it was only an uninteresting detail of hard weather, rough seas, short allowances, pulling, hawling, handing, steering, rowing, and a number of terms, which, as I was little acquainted with their meaning, I shall here omit. The press at that time being very hot, London was not a place of safety, and as he dreaded falling into the hands of any of his majesty's officers, he determined to go down to Bristol, and that same evening set off in the Coach.

Mr. R. having left at Chatham, a chest, with  
its

its contents ; he gave my Uncle an account of them, and in a few days I was sent down to Chatham, to bring them up to town : I went down the river with the tide as far as Gravesend, in one of the hoys : I took coach at Gravesend for Chatham ; my only company was a young gentleman of the name of S---h, midshipman of the Lightning fireship—We arrived at the Sun, in Chatham, and having dined together, Mr. S---h asked, had I any inclination to view the Dock yards, &c. If I had, he would obtain permission from the governor, and likewise accompany me ? I returned him thanks for his very obliging offer, and willingly accepted it ; calling the waiter, he wrote a note to the Governor, requesting permission to view the Dock-yards, Store-houses, &c. for himself, one of his majesty's officers, and a gentleman, his friend, for whose loyalty, and attachment, to his sovereign, and country, he would be answerable. Having dispatched this, in about half an hour, the waiter returned with the Governor's compliments, and would be glad to see Mr. Smith, and his friend, at his house. We immediately waited upon his Excellency, and being introduced to him, he only asked Mr. S. a few leading questions, relative to the service, and apologized for the circumspection, which some recent attempts had made

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necessary

necessary, to avoid admitting into the dock-yards, promiscuously, all who came.

We spent upwards of an hour in viewing the infinite variety which presented itself: The Alcide, of seventy four guns, was then nearly ready for launching: Mr. S. shewed me throughout the whole of that vast pile of wooden building, and explained the different parts and apartments, their uses, and designs——What a noble art, is this of ship-building? But, had it never been carried to the height of perfection it has, would mankind have been less happy than they are? Or had ships, never been built, or known, would not mankind in general, have been severally, happier, than they are at present? 'Tis a question which would involve in it, a number of arguments, as much might be said, on both sides.

If we consider the rude state the inhabitants of our own Island were in, as far back as history gives us intelligence, what an uncultivated, and to a modern consideration, what a wretched, situation they were in; yet I doubt not, enjoyed that heart felt happiness, which is the attendant of ignorance, and contributes more to the felicity of man, than that extensive knowledge, the communication with the world affords. We are more polite, more refined, more knowing, than

than our forefathers, and the advancement of literature, has helped to improve our minds, and enlarge our understandings : But, on the other hand, has not our intercourse with the world, introduced luxuries and vices, which weaken virtue, enervate our minds, and debilitate, and undermine our constitutions ? has not England, within herself, every thing which nature requires for her support, without foreign aid ? but in these times, how few live to nature ?

“ Man wants but little, nor that little, long.”

Goldsmith.

I confess myself unequal to the task, so must leave the subject to more able hands.

It afforded much room for reflection, as I walked the quarter-deck, to think, how many lives would be sacrificed, by a few years war, upon that walk of honor ; insatiate ambition, and lust of power, great springs of war, to foster which, what numbers bleed, and bleed in vain ? for when they cease, they are but checked, not satisfied.

After viewing what ever was worth our inspection, we left the yards, and took a view of the barracks, which are most delightfully situated on an eminence, above the docks ; the neatness, and regularity, in the inside of these buildings, was much to be admired. Leaving this,

we



we returned to our inn: Mr. S. soon after departed for his ship, and having transacted the business I came upon, I returned to London,

Amongst the customers whom chance, led to our warehouse, was the Hon. Mrs. L----, she came frequently to purchase goods, and I was sensible there was something particular, in her behaviour; she would not suffer any one to serve her but myself, nor would she hold conversation, with any other. One day she came in her carriage, but I happened not to be at home, and she left word I must wait on her the following day, to receive some orders: The morning after, my uncle, thinking there was something mysterious in this, went himself, without acquainting me, to receive her commands: On sending up his name and business, she returned for answer, "She would communicate no orders to any one but the young gentleman, whom she had desired to wait on her" This, was still heightening the mystery: My Uncle on his return, ordered me to wait on Mrs. L----, the day following, which I did; On telling the footman my business, I was shewn into a room, and desired to wait, while he informed his lady; in a few minutes he returned, and desiring me to walk up stairs, showed me into a room, and left me—I waited not long, e'er Mrs. L----,

came

came in ; she was in a loose undress, all white, she made an apology for not giving her orders, to the gentleman who called the day before, but, she was rather particular where she dealt, and liked not, having any thing to do with strangers, that, as I was the first person she had dealt with, she was determined I should be the only one. I thanked her for the honor she did me, and begged to know her commands? She then informed me, she had a house at St. A----'s, which, she intended new furnishing that summer, and wished to know if I should have any objections, to going, to take her instructions, adding, " I'll have no one from your house, but you " I said, " No doubt, my Uncle would let me go, and be obliged to her for the preference which she gave his warehouse " She then bade me sit down, while she looked over some memorandums, and she would consider what things she wanted at present : Going to an escrutoire, she took out a bundle of papers, and seating herself on a sofa, began to look them over ; asking me questions on different subjects, and putting herself in a variety of postures : I sat thus near half an hour, when with her pencil she wrote down a few things, and desired me to go with her, and she would shew me the quality, of the matters she wanted. She then led me up another pair

of.

of stairs, into a bed chamber, and turning down the cloaths, said, those were the sort of blankets she wanted: I took out my rule and having measured them, made a memorandum in my pocket book, and was withdrawing; when she said, she should want some for her own bed, and would shew me the sort: We went down into the room we first were in, and thro' that into her own bed-chamber, "Here I sleep" said she, the heel of her shoe catching in the carpet, she fell, but the bed caught her: I was alarmed and throwing away my hat, endeavored to assist her in rising, I gave her my hand, but in her eagerness to get up, she pulled before I was properly prepared, and down we fell together—Here was a situation!—Ye stoicks who boast so much of apathy, what would your feelings have been at this moment? We recovered ourselves as well, and as soon as the nature of the situation we had been in, would allow: And now how nature operated? My heart beat thick, my face burnt, and mine eyes looked confusion's height: Mrs L. was not much less embarrassed than myself—but going into her closet, she brought out some wine, of which she drank one glass, and made me drink two: We then recollected we came to examine the blankets---the wine proved a powerful heightener of the blood---she threw  
off

off all reserve, and---and---and---we examined the blankets. I saw her frequently for about a month after this, when she went to St. A----'s, she wrote for me to come there on some business, but my uncle would not let me go, and in about a fortnight, she sent her steward, and discharged her bill, which was pretty considerable.

Here was an instance of the depravity of blood, blest by heaven with a bounteous possession of worldly good, this lady gave the rein to passion, without restraint; nor was she without her virtues, being generous, hospitable, unaffected, and sincere. She was a woman of much reading, and possessed of a fund of liberal ideas, which could only be the result of a knowledge of the world, and a contempt of those doctrines, which would destroy the dignity of human nature.

Returning from the Hon. Mrs. L----'s, and passing thro' the piazza's of Covent Garden, I was alarmed with the report of a pistol, and turning my head saw the unfortunate Miss Ray, with her head resting on Mr. M'Namara, as if fainting, but was soon convinced she was shot, by the blood flowing down Mr. M'Namara's arm. At the distance of two yards was the unhappy Hackman, beating himself with the pistol which he held in his hand, and crying out "Kill me! kill



kill me!" Miss Ray was immediately carried into the Shakespear Tavern, and Mr. Hackman secured.

Let us here reflect a moment on this fatal catastrophe. Who, but a few moments before could have seen the gay, the lively, the agreeable Miss Ray, in the playhouse, surrounded with all the pomp of wealth, and attracting all that admiration bestowed on charms like hers; little thought she, that, was the last time she should sparkle in the side box, or draw the attention of her admiring beholders: When Lady Sandwich's carriage was called for, ah, little thought she, that, was the last time her ears should be saluted with the agreeable sounds; perhaps at the moment her companion, was whispering sweet notes of adulation, and her expanding heart, receiving with joy, the grateful incense offered to her charms; when without preparatory notice, or the least warning given, she's rudely thrust into the presence, of the great I AM! and with a soul unnoticed, unprepared, goes to the awful, great, and last account!! Tremendous consideration! ah, think on this ye gay unthinking fair and know, death in a thousand shapes, around you lurks unseen; and his ten thousand doors, on every side, wide open lie.

In the course of my uncle's business, he received

ceived from a correspondent at Manchester, a note of Ld. Verney's, for 163l. which, when due, I carried for payment. His lordship said, "He had not cash sufficient, but would call and take it up;" which not doing, a suit was commenced against his lordship, for recovery thereof. and at length brought before Lord Mansfield, for determination: As I was the only witness who could prove Lord V. acknowledging the note, and promising payment, I related the above circumstances to his lordship and the jury. His lordship asked me, "How I knew it was Lord Verney, who gave me that answer?" I replied, I know him, my lord, by his bandy-legs; which made the court laugh, and his lordship smiling, drew his pen across the list which he had before him.

The lawyer's expences in this cause, amounted to upwards of twice the amount of the note, as it had been in chancery, before it was moved to the king's bench.

My Uncle being fond of dancing, a ball was given at the west-end of the town, to which, we were invited: It was near five o'clock when the assembly broke up, and having seen our ladies into their respective carriages, it being a delightful moonlight morning, a party of us agreed to walk home: Coming through golden square,

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some evil Genii, put it into the head of one of the company, to seize the knocker of a door, his example being followed by the rest, rap, rap, rap, resounded from one door to another, and both knockers and plates, being brass, they made a most alarming noise—the watchmen, begun their rattles, and altogether formed a most inharmonious din! I luckily was the first, and made the best of my way; observing one of the guardians of the night coming along, I stopped, “What’s the matter watchman?” I don’t know; and on he went. That interrogatory, saved me from sharing the fate of my companions, who were not so fortunate as myself, but were by the gentlemen of the staff and lanthorn, conveyed to Mary-le-bone watch-house: They were carried before the sitting magistrates that day, and with some difficulty discharged.

This, is a part, of what is termed Life, and a young fellow can have no pretensions to the enjoyment of Life, ’till he has debauched a virtuous girl; knocked down a watchman; been in the round-house; carried before a magistrate; thrashed a waiter; or got beastly drunk: That is, in plain English, made the bottom of innocence the seat of infamy, or despair; endangered the life, of a guardian of his fellow citizens; disgraced himself, by being confined in the lowest

est of the receptacles, of the infringers of the laws of their country, been before the protectors, of the immunities, of a civilized state, there to be pointed at with the finger of ridicule, pity, or contempt! demeaned himself by wantonly and cowardly, striking one, whom the fear of power or punishment, hinders from returning, or, by inebriation, brought himself beneath the level of the brute creation. Horrid picture! of the soul, deformed by vice! But as Mr. Pope, very elegantly observes——

“Vice, is a Monster, of so frightful mein,

“As to be hated, needs but to be seen:

“Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

“We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Business being on the decline, and my uncle having a large stock of goods on hand, determined him on opening another warehouse, which he did, and gave the management of it to me: This was too dangerous, and critical, a situation for a youth under twenty years of age, in such a place as London, where temptation is ever on the wing, to catch the unwary, and seduce the unthinking. Mr. W-----m's house being rebuilt, the time approached that we were to begin housekeeping, for which purpose, we hired a servant girl: Betty was the perfect picture of innocence; fair complexion, light hair, and delicately



cately made. She came to be my servant 'till Mr. W——'s family were removed from the other house. On the third night of her sleeping in the house, she came down stairs in a violent fright, and awakened me with her fears, that, there were certainly 'Thieves in the house' I got up, and taking the candle in one hand, and a weapon of defence, in the other, I reconitered every room, but met with nothing human ; but still, Betty was not satisfied, and declared she would " Sit up all night " In order to prevent that, and make her as easy as possible, I very good naturedly, carried up my feather-bed &c. and slept upon the floor all night, in an adjoining room, to hers.

The day following, she was profuse in her acknowledgments, and I began to imagine, it was the idea of sleeping alone, hurt Betty, more than any fright from thieves. The next evening, I made some advances, towards a coalition, that we might be better able to withstand the attempts of any nightly depredators ; but she made a modest resistance: However, the key of her room door being *lost*, or *mislaid*, she fastened herself in with her garters ; but these, being made of as compliable a nature as their mistress, that is, only wanted a little *pulling*, and they would yield to your wishes, so a little strength, gently applied

applied to the door, the garters, stretched—  
 stretched — stretched — 'till they broke—  
 Thus the outworks of the city, being entered,  
 the garrison, surrendered at discretion, for, as  
 Betty said, “ I had such a sort of a way with  
 me, that---that, there was no *Irrisisting* me ”

This illicit connection, continued for some  
 time, nor would it ever have been exploded, but  
 in justification to myself, which will be men-  
 tioned in its proper place.

About this time, I became acquainted with  
 a young fellow clerk to a merchant in the city :  
 Tom Leebourn was a would-be buck, had his  
 girl, and a sute of regimentals, which he para-  
 ded away in, at the playhouse, the public gar-  
 dens &c. at those hours when he was not obli-  
 ged to be scribbling accounts current, or posting  
 the ledger ; an employment which Tom would  
 have dispensed without the least regret : How-  
 ever, in a few months, the London air not agree-  
 ing with him, he returned into the country,

Is it not a pity that young fellows who have  
 such a penchant, for dress, expence, and gallan-  
 try, are not born to fortunes ? what a many  
 disagreeable circumstances it would be the means  
 of preventing.

Dick Saddocks, was another of much the same  
 stamp, tho' in a different line, being artickled to  
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an attorney, in the Temple : Dick. gave into those extravagancies of dress, which a weak mind is so fond of, and growing tired of the dry study of the law, solicited his friends, to permit him to go to India, as a cadet ; They consented, and immediately Dick mounted a cockad, threw aside pen and parchment, for the musket and bayonet ; a serjeant of the guards, attended to learn him his exercise, and no conversation proceeded from him, but what was *a la Militaire* ; but like a child with a bauble, he was soon disgusted with the profession of arms, and resigned it for the safer, tho' less honorable employment, of quail-driving.

Tom Tidewell was another, who frequented the same porter house of an evening, and being a hearty good natured lad, we called him one of us ; Tom belonged to the custom house ; in his cups he was very loving, and made a point of kissing the girl whenever she brought a fresh supply of porter in, and the woman who attended with oysters, under a large mistletoe, which hung pendant in the room we generally sat in : One evening Tom being pretty forward, we had previously prepared a pretty large plaister (well glutonized) we laid him a wager he could not salute the next woman who came in, with his eyes shut ; which he accepted : The oyster woman

man coming in, and he making the attempt, she gently clapped the back side of the plaister to her mouth, and he saluted it most amourolly; this matter cured Tommy of being so lavish of his salutes in future.

Ned Frazer was a young scotch lad, a friend of Tide well's, but being quite raw and unpolished, he was the butt of the company, and if a joke was to be played off, Ned was sure to come in for his share. One instance I will give, as he had never been thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the cyprian goddess, and had often wished for a rowl among the nuns; one evening Neddy being in right trim, that is, more than half ocean over, we sallied out to a famous convent, in Sutton-street, Soho-square; in our way, Ned asked me how he must behave, as he never had been in a nunnery before? I told him to be sure to be particularly *modest*, and he would come off well enough: Having drank pretty freely of claret, in order to raise his spirits, it being a liquor he was unused to, before the finishing of the fourth bottle, Neddy was fast locked in the arms, not of a nun, gentle reader, but in the arms of Morpheus: There being a bed in the adjoining room, we conveyed him to it, and put a companion to him of a most *sable* hue; this was one of the waiters, who  
for



for a trifle we presented him, agreed to humor the joke: In this situation we left him, and the particulars, how he found himself, as I learnt it from him the following day I will relate. He informed me, that, "On awaking in the morning, and seeing his companion who happened to be asleep; he was struck with amazement and horror, and wondered how the Devil, could get there, for he thought it could be no less, than an inhabitant of the infernal regions, but how it came into his bed? or whether he was not himself, in Lucifer's dominions, was a mystery, when his bedfellow awaking, laid hold of him, but Neddy, jumped directly out of bed, and called for help, and running to the window, he would certainly have made his escape that way, had it not been fastened:" The black then asked him, "At what are you frightened?" At the sound of a human voice, his fears abated in some degree, and an explanation taking place, wholly relieved him from his anxiety, and he thanked heaven, that he yet might, contrary to the custom of his countrymen, again visit the north side of the tweed.

From the outlines which I have given of these characters, it will easily be perceived, they were not such, whereby the morals of any youth could be improved, especially with the licence which

had, of going home at any time at night ; none to mark my irregularities, or check the imprudencies of uncontrouled youth. My connection with the amiable Eliza still continued ; we met frequently, and in her company, I enjoyed that serenity of the soul, springing from conscious innocence, rectitude of intention, and mutual hopes of coming happiness : But when the seeds of virtue are once weakened, by giving way to temptation, and vice is admitted an inhabitant of the mind, virtue, as if shocked, at the entrance of so fiend-like a guest, shudders on her throne, and makes her appeal to reason, who pleads her cause, with energetic force : The soul surpriz'd, wonders at the accusation, when pride stepping in, upbraids her with weakness, and bids her enjoy the privilege to think and act, as she or passion bid—The soul, to folly prone, pleased with the deceitful smile, which on pleasure's countenance baneful dwells, to the delusive flatterer, gives way——Reason receives a shock, convulsive on her seat ; and virtue takes her flight, never to return, 'till gorged nature, with the feast of sense o'ercome, sickens with enjoyment, and the palled appetite, still lacks the food of reason, and fair virtue's limped stream.

Thus, it was with me : I felt the force of error, and powerful virtue, tugged with a Lion's

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force ;

force; long I tottered, between the magnetic beauties of Eliza's mind and form, and passion's iron gripe, whose strength superior proved, and hurled me headlong, with a madning whirl, to gratification's sepulchral regions; fair surfaced, but contagion filled, within.

This my situation, when my uncle and I, quarrelling about Betty, I rashly determined and did leave him: This was the master stroke of folly! The height of madness!

Indifferent where I went, I took a place in the York coach, and arrived there the beginning of the Assize-week; the Inn, the coach stopped at, was crouded with company, and the bustle of the place, afforded amusement to my spirits, depressed with the rashness of that action, which had brought me so prematurely there. At my inn, were a number of gentlemen, attending on the Jury; with some of whom, I went to the opening of the Court, by Judge Willes, and constantly was there every day during the sitting: On the last day, the cryer of the court, by the order of the Judge, turned round to the Juror's box, in which I sat, and directing his discourse, to me in particular, said. "Sir, and gentlemen, waiting on the Jury: The Court, returns you thanks, for your attendance, and your attention, to the duty's of your situation: You are now,  
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at liberty to depart home. " I very gravely bowed, as did the rest of the gentlemen, to his Lordship, and the court, who returned the salute, and we retired. At dinner we enjoyed an hearty laugh, at the clerk's mistaking me for one of the freeholders.

The first evening I went to the play, the house was but thin of company ; In one box, were two ladies, whom I joined : Nothing is more easy, for a young fellow to introduce himself in a public place, if he is possessed of those requisites, which appearance, must be supported by ; as an unstudied flow of words, an unembarrassed air, an easy deportment ; in fact, he must in some degree, as Lord Chesterfield, observes, " have studied the Graces." You may tell the polite lady, from the vulgar, with all the ease imaginable ; are you a stranger ? and, does she return your salute, with that ease, which good-manners dictates, and politeness warrants, to a stranger, you may enter into conversation with, without the fear of being affronted ; but the woman, who receives a compliment from a stranger, with an awkward, affected, or supercilious air, however disguised under the show of dress, believe me, is untaught in, and unknowing of, those requisites, which form the harmony, of social intercourse, between the sexes.



sexes. In the first rank of accomplished females, I place those ladies, whom, as I before observed, I had the honor of introducing myself to: I saw them to their carriage, after the play was over, and returned into the house: Kemble, spoke Dryden's Ode for St. Cecilia's day; but it was too much for his strength, and in his looks, he bespoke the candour of the audience; he delivered it with much address, and gave general satisfaction: That over, I returned to my Inn.

The evening but one following this, I had the pleasure of again meeting with the same ladies, whose company I had before enjoyed, and again joined them: They informed me, they meant to go to the assembly after the play, and asked, if I intended the same. As I, 'till then, had no thoughts of it, I replied, Could I have the honor of attending them there, I should be happy in the opportunity.

The play being over, I accompanied them; they would not get into their carriage, which was in waiting, it being only a few yards into the rooms; the youngest lady, who declined dancing, having joined a party in the card rooms, we sat down to quadrille; leaving this, we joined in the ball room, and early left it. I confess I had paid particular attention to this lady, and

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in handing her into her carriage, she said, "Sir, I should be happy to be favored with your address?" I replied, Will you oblige me with yours, madam, and I will do myself the honor of waiting on you in the morning to receive your commands. "You'll excuse me that, sir," and off the carriage drove. Now what could make me at that moment so wanting to myself, as to refuse my address, was nothing more than lodging at an inn, which my false pride would not let me acknowledge; a circumstance I have regretted ever since; and as it is not impossible but these memoirs may fall into the above lady's hands, I do most sincerely beg pardon for the breach of good manners I was guilty of.

From York I went to Chester, but understanding it was the fair at Wrexham, I hired an horse, determined to spend a few days there, before I pursued my journey to Holyhead. On my arrival at Wrexham, the medley group that presented itself, was sufficient to satisfy the genius of the most insatiate, in search of variety: all businesses confusedly mixt together, and a mixture of voices composed of Irish, Scotch, Welch and English, which formed a jumblement of sounds novel, and not wholly inharmonious to a taste like mine, to whom, whatever being new, had its charms. At the same inn,  
where

where I was, were some officers, on the recruiting service; Captain Boxley, of the Marines, Capt. Savage of the 40th regiment of Dragoons, and Cornet Eweson, of the 10th regiment of Light Horse: With these gentlemen I became acquainted, and we amused ourselves with whatever the fair afforded. One evening, or rather morning, the liquor we had drank, having got the better of our reason, we agreed to have a frolic; that is, to take a walk amongst the deserted stalls and booths, and do what mischief we could, so sallying out, we levelled the stalls from our inn to the church, and returned into our parlour, without the people of the house knowing of our absence.—The whole neighbourhood was alarmed, but could gain no knowledge of the authors of the depredations. What a deal of mischief is often the production of inebriation, what satisfaction can arise from any exercises of this kind? How much more to be coveted the sober enjoyment of rational amusements?

The Sunday following, we agreed to go to church, on entering, we looked about but no one attempting to open their seats, we proceeded to the upper end of the church; but still we were obliged to stand, we crossed to the opposite aisle, but with the same success as at first; so we bid adieu to so much ill-nature, as showed itself  
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in the congregation. The day after I proposed going to Chester, to order my luggage to Wrexham, and to take coach from thence for the Head : Boxley agreed to accompany me, and we set off, and a more agreeable excursion I never made : Boxley was an excellent companion to travel with, having an easy flow of conversation, and a fund of pleasing ideas. As we rode along, we observed several stones, placed in the fields, on each side the road, but were at a loss for the cause : A gentleman whom we overtook, Boxley accosted, and informed him of our ignorance, in the above particular, who informed us, those lands were formerly commonable, that the freeholders, having right of common, at the inclosing them, fixed those stones to ascertain their different boundaries.

Arriving at Chester, having given orders for dinner, we took a walk on the walls ; we twice met a good figure of a man, of a swarthy complexion, who seemed to draw the attention of every one we met ; amongst the rest who stopped to look at him, were two young ladies, whom Boxley accosted, and begged leave to ask them, Who that gentleman was, that so particularly drew the observation of every one ? “ The person you mean, sir, is a woman, of a peculiar turn-of mind ! Her complexion, which you may observe



observe, is much sun-burnt, is owing to working in a garden, which for her amusement, she does for weeks together, tho' she has a genteel competence of her own ; the habit of a man she wears, because it is better fitted to the above employment, and, as she says herself, is much more at ease, in it, than bound up in whalebone." Thanking our fair informers, we pursued our walk. Fair decorum, what an insult was this female to thy just rules — what a shock to delicacy ! How amiable is woman arrayed in those habiliments which reason assigns, and custom makes her own ; but when she puts on with the habit, the airs of a man, how disgusting to a feeling mind.

Returning to our inn, we dined, and having finished each our bottle, remounted our horses : Passing the outskirts of the town, our notice was attracted by two females looking thro' the window of an house we passed ; we stopped our horses, and they vanished from our sight. Our curiosity was raised, by their so sudden flight, and we alighted at the door : A boy just coming out of the house, took hold of our horses, and in we went ; entering the room, where we had seen the ladies, an elderly one, only, sat there, who rose up : B. who was spokesman, " Begging pardon for the seeming intrusion, very gravely asked

asked her, where his cousin Clara, was? she very gravely replied, I do not understand you Sir: Madam, I mean Miss Boxley, a young lady whom I saw looking through this window, to whom, I have the honor of being related, and which, is the reason of my now alighting at your door: Sir, said she, you labour under a mistake, the young ladies whom you saw in this room, are my daughters, and I imagine, their so suddenly retreating, was occasioned by your gentlemen stopping: Very extraordinary this, but could we not see the ladies? for, tho' I do not in the least doubt your veracity, madam, yet the impression, made on my mind, by one of the ladies, bearing so strong a resemblance to my cousin Clara, I must confess, I cannot at present erase: It is really as I tell you Sir, replied the lady, and am certain they will not make their appearance again, while you stay: So bidding her good day, and apologizing for his mistake, we mounted, and pursued our journey.

"This wore the appearance of an adventure, which might have been productive of more pleasing consequences, had not the old Dutchess, been in the way," said Boxley: "True, if an interview could have been gained with your *Cousin Clara*." "What is life, if not enjoyed, and what this small journey of ours," rejoined

Boxley, "without something to enliven, diversify, and make it agreeable? What would be a dull, silent ride, from Wrexham to Chester, and from Chester to Wrexham, but so much time, lost; without an adventure, big with novelty, to distinguish it from the common occurrences, we every day meet with? — You see yonder house?" continued he, and pulling his Cockade, out of his hat, "Now observe, you are Captain Tomlinson, my regimentals are sufficient, and, I have lost my hat-ornament."

Putting spurs to his horse, I followed, and we rode up to a house, a small distance from the road: The gentleman, who was owner of it, was then at his door, and B. paying him the compliment, of his hat, he returned the salute, and coming across the lawn, on his approach, B. addressed him, "Sir, my friend Capt. Tomlinson, and myself, struck with the beauty, and uniformity of your mansion, rode thus near, in order to have a more perfect view of it, but we have a dispute about the farther wing—My friend says, there is an artificial window, which I cannot agree to?" "Your friend is right," replied the gentleman, "It is a piece of painting but you are not the only one, who has been deceived by it; you had better alight, and take a nearer view of it," we did so: As I called B.  
by

by his proper name, the gentleman no sooner heard it, "Of what part, Sir?" Shrewsbury: "What the son of my old friend?" the same: He then desired to introduce us to his wife, and some visitors, whom she had at tea: This offer we declined, but would take a cool tankard with him on the green; he instantly gave orders, but recollecting, went himself, and brought a foaming jug, of old october—we finished that, and another; and at parting, he gave us an invitation to a hunting pudding, on the day following.

From these specimens, of Captain Boxley's happy address, my readers must be convinced, he was one, fitted to drive dull spleen away, and care, with all her melancholly train.

Walking the following day in the fair, we observed a pretty neat country girl, with a basket hung on her arm; going up to her, and chucking her under the chin, "My dear," said I, "What have you got to dispose of? Nothing Sir," she said, with an half curtsie, "Nothing child? why, have you disposed of all your ware? yes Sir: What every thing gone, your heart and all child? yes Sir," and blushed scarlet deep, "And who has got your heart, my sweet girl? Nobody, Sir: I thought you said, you had parted with that, with the contents of your basket? La Sir!" and a deeper tinge, glowed on



on her cheeks : I turned the conversation, (it would have been the height of cruelty, to have embarrassed her more) by asking, where she lived ? " About three miles off, with my father Sir, who would be glad to see any gentleman, at his house. " I thanked her for her invitation, from my soul, and a variety of ribbons hanging at my elbow, I pressed her acceptance of one, which she took, without any of that art, which pretends to refuse, while it wishes to accept, and dropping me a low, tho' rather awkward curtsie, said, she would wear it for my sake—— Happy state of innocence ! What a feast to my mind, were the few moments conversation, I had with this girl : Amiable simplicity ! What charms has virtue, thus arrayed !

The next morning, my friend Boxley, going to Shrewsbury, I took a place in the stage, for Bangor-ferry : In the Coach was a gentleman, of Carnarvon, Mr. O--n, who very obligingly gave me an invitation, to spend a few days at his house, this I declined, but accompanied him to Carnarvon : Being arrived there, Mr. O. procured for me, the Keys of the Castle, and I went to view it. On entering there were a number of cattle grazing, in what was formerly, the court yard, which was filled with stones and rubbish, overgrown with weeds and grass : The inside  
walls

walls, hung thick with moss, and here and there a lonely Bird, fluttered its wings, and gave it a most dreary appearance. I mounted the highest tower, with some difficulty ; but the extensive and agreeable prospect, which I enjoyed from thence, amply repaid me for my trouble. I viewed the room too, where our Second Edward was born, first Prince, of Wales : Alas, what a revolution, had all changing time made here ? The room, where pomp, and splendor, distinguished reign'd, where Majesty itself, once lived and slept, and in which was born a Monarch ; was now become, the drear abode, of the lone beetle, the screech-owl, and creeping things, unnumbered. A sight like this, strikes on the soul, and awful warning gives, of that great hour, when time, shall in eternity, have end ; and bids prepare to meet the great, the final, and the last account.

In the evening, Mr. O. introduced me to a club of gentlemen, who met every week to enjoy themselves, that is, to get drunk : This was the first instance I received, of friendship, from the Welch, that did *not*, agree with me ; being early there, as each Member came in, I was introduced to them, and each drank my health, and an hearty welcome, in a bumper, which I understood, I was to return, so that by the time

I had run the gauntlet, if I may be allowed the expression, I found myself not so well as I could wish, and withdrew: The gentlemen enjoyed their triumph, but it was not of long duration, in half an hour I returned to the charge, and before eleven o'clock, smoaked, and drank, them all out, and challenged the best in a pint bumper, two gentlemen accepted it, the Rev. Mr.----- and the Surgeon, but they both failed in their attempt, and yielded the palm of victory, to an Englishman! I now triumphed in my turn, and with much satisfaction: Weak pleasure! unmanly triumph, to boast the loss of reason: The feast of Body, where the Soul, partakes not!

The day following, my head, felt powerfully the effect, of the preceeding night's folly—How ought those pursuits to be avoided, which will not bear, the reflection of reason, and leave a distinguishing sting behind them.

I bade adieu! to my Carnarvon friends, and arrived at Bangor-ferry: In the Boat, I met with the Rev. Mr, E---ds, who, after an introductory conversation, informed me, he was going to perform the functions of his office, at J. L----, Esq. This being the gentleman, whose daughters, I had been acquainted with in Liverpool; I told him my intentions were to pay a visit, to the ladies, of the family, he had mentioned

tioned; which he was glad to hear; would be my conductor, and likewise introduce me: I thanked him for his first offer, for the last, it was superfluous, so taking post horses, for myself, and luggage, we set off: Mr. L. house, lying a little out of the direct road to the head.

On our arrival, I enquired for the ladies, with whom I was acquainted, and received the disagreeable information, that Miss F. L. was confined to her bed with a fever: I was introduced to the rest of the family, and received, with that hospitable politeness, which characterises the enlarged minds, of Ancient Britons.

My name being sent up, to Miss F, she returned her respectful compliments for the honor, as she was pleased to express it, of the visit I had paid her, and hoped to be well enough to see me on the morrow. Mr. L. previous to this, had informed me he should insist, on me staying a few days, being no stranger, to the civilities I had shown his daughters, in Liverpool: I apologized on account of my horses and servant; "Phaw!" said the old gentleman, "we have hay and grass in plenty, and as for yourself, you will find amusement enough with the girls." Dinner coming in, we sat down—— The table drawn, and the ladies retired, with whom I would gladly have gone, but was stopped, and  
fixed



fixed between Mr. L. and the Parson, and all the paraphernalia, of the rites of Bacchus, placed before us; Mr. L. drank an oblation to the rosy God—Mr. E. pledged him, and I followed their example—— Thus we sat, 'till the ladies sent a message to announce Tea being ready: This opportunity, I would have made use of, not only for the agreeable company of the ladies, but for a relief from the power of the bottle: Mr. S. of Red-hill, who was likewise present, made the same motion, for attending the tea-table, but in vain, Mr. L. saying, ‘ ’Twere a pity to break up good company, for the conversation of puny girls, and he could not have so simple an opinion of our judgments, as to suppose, we preferred Tea, to the more invigorating juice, of the Grape; and the Parson and I should only go to sleep, should we not Docter? ’ Most probable, replied the Docter, and down again we sat: At length, supper came; which being finished, no sooner had our Chaplin returned thanks, than Mrs. L. who had done the honors of the table, withdrew; and we again began the same insipid round of toasts, which we had drank after dinner: About two in the morning (sunday) I retired, and left them in high glee Mr. L. and the Parson, roaring out, “*Hark the bonny Christ Church bells, &c.* and they continued

tinued at it 'till about five o'clock, in the morning. I had often heard of the Welch Clergy, making free with the Bottle, but never imagined they carried their complaisance, so far, as to infringe on the *One Day*, out of seven, set aside by their great Master, for the exercise of moral and religious duties!

This day Miss F. was well enough to admit me in her chamber, tho' unable to sit up.

I recollect with much satisfaction, the pleasure I enjoyed during my stay at Mr. L. and the civilities I received, have made an impression, on my mind, that whenever I turn the page of remembrance, gives me the most delightful sensations. I arrived at Hollyhead, but had to wait a few days for a Packet sailing; part of that time I spent in company with Miss W---- a relation of the Miss L----'s, and the rest, with an old Officer, who was likewise waiting for a passage, in playing Back-gammon— At length notice being given, that a Packet would sail that evening, and there being a number of ladies and gentlemen, waiting for a passage, all was hurry and confusion, making preparation for the voyage—so ringing the bell, the landlord came in, “ Mr.---what's your name ?---as the Packet, is intended to sail this evening, it will be requisite I lay in my provisions for the trip, That is, your  
O sea-store,

sea-store, sir," interrupted he, "Yes, my sea-store, what would you advise me to have? Um! why sir, you can't have less than---a bottle of brandy, one of rum, and a couple bottles of wine—and as to eatables, a cold fowl, a neat's-tongue, and a small leg, or neck of mutton, to make broth, if you should chance to be sea-sick, which is very probable--or--or---My good friend, I have only myself to provide for, and what would you have me do with the quantity you have mentioned? O sir, Gentlemen, laying a particular emphasis, on the word Gentlemen, don't mind what they shall want themselves, 'tis generally considered as a compliment to the Captain of the Packet: "O that is the case, I will consider, of what you shall provide, and give you timely notice." Now, though I was a gentleman, yet I had no notion of behaving in so gentleman-like a manner, whatever the Captain of the packet might think of the matter; so ordering one pint of brandy, one of rum, one gallon of ale, a neat's tongue, and a loaf, got them, with myself, on board, about eleven o'clock, that night: I had a good bed, and the rest were filled, but with whom, the darkness, prevented me from seeing—I was awakened about four in the morning, by a female voice, squeaking out, "We shall certainly

tainly go to the bottom," "I hope not, said another," and just at that moment, a heavy sea breaking over the deck, a large quantity of water, coming down stairs into the cabin, at the same time our vessel, to my feeling emerging an hundred fathom deep, we are going sure enough, thought I, when a voice from the deck cried out, "Look to your provisions, below." This relieved my anxiety----I smiled at my imaginary fears, and composed myself to sleep again, but in vain, the noise of the water, beating against the sides of the ship, forbid all expectation of rest: As soon as the morning peeped through the windows of the cabin, I arose and dressed myself: At the same time, a young gentleman who lay under my cabin, arose and we went on deck— The sun was just rising — what an awful, what a glorious sight! At irregular distances, were vessels to the number of seventeen, whose sails, opening to the wind, and the brilliancy of the sea, whose saline particles, glittering in the sun's beams, afforded a prospect, of which, imagination can form but a faint resemblance: The gentleman with me, his name was Smith, he was returning to Dublin, after an absence of seven years, in India—the prospect was nothing new to him, and while I was enjoying the food of sensibility, in the scene before me,



me, his thoughts were turned to the food of the body : He had got the Cook, to prepare his fire, and in a short time, presented me the product of his cookery, of which, we made a tolerable breakfast : Smith then proclaimed in the cabin, " If any lady or gentleman, are in want of assistance, I am much at their service. " " There's my hamper there, shipmate," cried a hoarse voice, " with you'd help us to a glass ? " " That I will," taking out a bottle of his own " That's not mine," — Pshaw ! 'tis all the same, we are all in a mess here---when mine is out---have at yours, that's all my hearty !----agreed. An elderly gentleman, thrust his head, enveloped in a woollen night-cap, from behind the curtain, " I should be obliged sir, if you would call my servants ? " Whose shall I say sir ? The speaker's : The *speaker's*, I imagine, but what name sir ? He smiled at my interrogatory, " If you will call the speaker's servants, will be sufficient. " I called and they came. — This was no less a personage, than the Right Hon. E. S. Pery, speaker of the Irish Commons — Get tea John, this gentleman, will perhaps partake ? I politely thanked him, and tho' I had breakfasted, yet I could not refuse the superlative honor, of drinking tea with one, whose Nod ! the Representatives of Hibernia, obey ! The cabin table  
was

was spread, on one corner was placed, a fine ham, at another, cold fowl, a tongue, &c. Mr. Pery, did several gentlemen the honor of asking them to partake, which none accepted.

The day past on very agreeably, and about nine o'clock, being opposite to Dunleary, the speaker would have gone on shore, but the signal for a boat, not being answered, in about an hour, a pilot's boat came along side, into which we got, to the amount of twenty souls: The wind was quite fresh the sea ran high, and the boatmen drunk, a debate arose concerning our safety, which was heightened by our pilot's quarreling about carrying sail; our danger was now apparent, the Speaker put the question, "Gentlemen, these men are drunk and obstinate, I think we had better return on board again, what's your opinion?" Contrary sentiments were declared, 'till a broad shouldered Irish Officer, clapping his hand on his sword, swore, "By the great G— of Dublin! if you do not be putting us on board again directly, I will run you up to the hilt in this, in no time at all; by the sweet J—— will I." This argument had more effect than a hundred speakers would have had, so tacking about, we were again put on board, to the no small mortification of the crew. We now began to think of supper---and Mr. Pery

Pery, giving orders to his servants, an hamper, which hitherto had not been touched, was opened, and out of it two fine turkies were produced, with other matters in plenty, and at the sight of so many good things, no one regreted their return to the vessel: As we had plenty of liquor, few went to bed: The Pilot staying along-side at day break we got on board him, and landed safe on George's Quay.

I was now entered into a new world--Dublin presenting new faces, customs and manners. Ordering a coach, I proceeded in company with Mr. S. to the hotel in Aungier-street; it then being about eleven o'clock, we asked the waiter if we could get a beef stake, by way of relish: He said, "He would send in the cook"--a drab of a woman came in--You are the cook? "Yes, sir." Could we get a relish, by way of wet to our appetites, before dinner? A beef-stake and a few potatoes, added I. "Yes, sir." In about half an hour, the cloth was laid, and in came the waiter, with a dish of potatoes in the husks, and the cook followed with a piece of beef, in the shape of a stake, 'tis true, but full three inches and an half in thickness; I d---'d both waiter and cook, and asked them if they were going to feed hogs? they both made their escape, or I should certainly have thrown the potatoes

potatoes at them, when in came Mrs. Riley, with a number of "Very sorry's, gentlemen, but it is our way of dressing." Smith during this, had cut the meat into four good slices, and giving it to Mrs. R. to warm. we sit playing with our knives and forks. At length she returned, but we made a poor relish. "I'll thank you for the Papers, waiter? The Papers, sir? Yes sir, the New -papers! Here Tabby run and fetch the---would you like Saunder's? or the Dublin Evening--or the Dublin Journal? or—Plague on your Dublin evenings, and Dublin days too, bring me a News-paper," and out he went.

Waiting upwards of ten minutes, I rang the bell, and in he came again. "The--- Tabby is gone for them, sir, and she has to go as far as Essex Bridge, which you know sir, is a great way." "It may be-- but do you not take them in regularly? No sir: They are cried about the streets, sometimes we do, sometimes not. And pray waiter, where do the printers of these papers live? There is one lives in the next street sir: You sent there I suppose? No faith sir, I forgot that, I'll step myself." This was a specimen of their national characteristic for blundering; e'er I had made the observation to Smith, he returned with the paper—I perused it while S. was under the hands of an hair-dresser, and



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and then gave it him while my hair was Dublinified. "Would you like your hair crimped sir?" Not at this time, Mr. Friz. "Cannot dress it in the fashionable taste, without sir." I do not want it dressed now, roll up the sides, and put some powder in, 'it will do. "I am remarkably fond of dressing English gentlemen." said Mr. Friz. You are? Yes sir: The last gentlemen, whom I had the honor of attending, though he gave very little trouble, presented me with half-a-crown. Was you ever in Carrickfergus, Mr. Friz? No sir:— Because, that is the Town I was born in—— I beg--beg---beg, pardon sir, but I really took you for an Englishman.

What a check this gave to his half-crown hopes—— Some simpleton, charmed with the sounds of flattery, flowing from the lips of this brazen-fronted professor of the comb, had been weak enough to give him what he said --and he was not without expectation of again meeting with the same success: However I gave him six-pence, which he received as from a countryman, with an half unthankful bow. Just then, in came Tabby, with Saunder's News-paper: "Why my girl, where have you been all this time? Faith sir, and I was obliged to go all the way 'till I could get it," replied Tabby.

Parting with Mr. S. I took a walk to the  
Exchange,

Exchange and enquiring of a gentleman, who was, with myself, viewing the statue of that famous patriot Lucas, for an eating house, he directed me to Derham's; it being half-past three I went—Entering the public room, I found it filled with—empty boxes; but seeing the handle of a bell. I made immediate application, and in came the waiter——“What have you ready for dinner? It is early sir, but will enquire: In fifteen minutes, the cook can forward, fish, flesh, or fowl sir: In the interim bring me the Papers?”

'Tis very odd, thought I that the same regularity which is observed in London, with respect to the news of the day, should be omitted here: In London, the most paltry hedge porter-house you can enter, is not wanting of a paper, to amuse their customers—and this house, the first in Dublin, is totally unprovided—are the Irish more deficient in curiosity, than the English, and less fond of novelty? It must be so: And no inconsiderable proof, of their good sense.

Having dined, I communicated my inclination to a glass of Punch, to the waiter, who instantly brought the liquor and ingredients, to mix it as I thought proper: An excellent way this, as you can not only judge, of the quality of the spirit, but likewise prepare it to your own palate.

As I had no company, I pulled out a volume  
P of



of Sterne's works, which I chanced to have in my pocket, and opening it at that part of the story of Le Fevre, where Uncle Toby, had sent Corporal Trim, to enquire after Le Fevre's health, when Trim returns, saying, "He must Die!" and Toby answers, "He shall not Die, by G--!!" Full of the Idea of my author, I could not help mimicking with my hand, his supposed action in making the exclamation, but instead of striking the Table, struck the Pitcher that contained my Punch, the greatest part flew upon a gentleman that moment passing my box: I apologized to him, for the unintentional injury I had done his cloaths—He accepted my explanation, and sat down in the same box—I read to him the passage, where the accusing spirit, is supposed, to fly to heaven's gate with the charge against Uncle Toby, for the oath he had sworn, and "Blushed as he gave it in! The recording angel as he set it down, dropt a tear upon the line, and blotted it out for ever." There is something so noble, so sublime, in what you have read, that I would not have been without the knowledge of it, though at the expence of a sute of cloaths." said Mr O'B---n—I was honored with this gentleman's acquaintance, from this accident, while I staid in Dublin, and a more worthy, friendly character could not exist.

Parting

Parting with Mr O'B. I went to the Play, to see the School for Scandal, prompted by curiosity, wishing to see how one of the first Comedies, in the English language, would be performed, on the Dublin stage --- Daly played Charles ; Rider, Sir Peter Teazle; and Mrs. Daly, filled the character of Lady Teazle, with infinite taste, spirit, and propriety --- in my humble opinion, nothing inferior to Mrs. Abington : Daly, tho' inferior to Smith, yet supported the gay, generous libertine in Charles, with much propriety ; Rider, in Sir Peter, was not to be compared with Tom King, yet, from his judgment, supported the character, with great eclat, and I was satisfied, not expecting to see characters, which in London had stood the test of severest criticism, filled here with any degree of propriety --- A Play, gentle reader, is a rational, nay a refined amusement, and I know not where a few hours, can be spent more agreeably, whether by improving the mind with the moral observations, to be met with in our best tragedies; or enlarging our understandings, by the generosity and nobleness of sentiment, with which our best comedies abound. How much to be preferred this, to those hours spent in the Taverns, in destroying our understandings, and undermining our constitutions : The one, the enjoyment of beings made little less

less than Angels: The other, the gratification of beings, a small degree removed from brutes!

The following day, I took a walk, in company with Smith, who called on me, to take private lodgings; and having fixed on chambers in Grafton-street, at the rate of twenty-six guineas per annum, I that afternoon, removed my luggage, and took possession of them: I then wrote an account of my arrival and residence in Dublin, to Manchester, and then sat down to answer a letter from Eliza, which I had received at York; in which I assured her, "That no change of place or clime, could alter the affectionate regard I should always possess for worth like hers---- that, though absence, was a most cruel circumstance, yet situated as we were, it was not so wholly disagreeable, from the reflection of the firm and unalterable attachment we had to each other; that we had nothing more to do, than wait 'till time gave a more favorable prospect, from our friends, for a union of bodies, where souls had been so long cemented, and concluded myself, her unalterable

Clerimont."

The house where I lodged, was kept by a gentleman, who was called Captain H—what right he had to the title, I know not. The lower front part of the house was occupied by a milliner

liner—a gentleman of the bar had the first—and I the second floor: Going down stairs, to put my letters in the post-office, I met Mrs. H--- who, in a polite manner, begged the loan of four guineas, 'till Mr. H. returned, who was out on particular business. (This was an Irish way of getting paid rent before hand, and likewise securing their tenant.) I returned up stairs, and brought her down five guineas, and giving it her, “this sum, madam, will more easily be remembered, and 'tis much at your service.” She received it with a low curtsie.

The milliner, whom I before mentioned, was young, and not altogether without beauty. I introduced myself into her shop, and made use of a good deal of that attention to please, which often makes an impression wholly undesigned, as will be hereafter seen.

Stephen's Green, being the chief walk, and generally crouded with people of fashion, I often amused myself with viewing that elegant assemblage of beauty, which resorted thither, and which cannot be outdone by St. James's park, in all its splendour; for here, the ladies have the advantage in shewing their charms, by wearing no hats. One evening, without the least notice, came on a shower of rain, and every one made the best of their way for shelter: As I was  
only



only a few steps from my own door, I went, and procuring my umbrella, returned, and presented it to two young ladies, who had taken shelter under the trees. There were several who would have been glad of the offer; but there was something in the eldest of these two ladies, that bespoke a preference to the rest; so presenting it to them, after a little hesitation, it was accepted of, and enquiring my address, the next morning, a servant returned it, with a card of thanks from Miss G---ds. Some evenings elapsed, without me going on the Green, but when I did, I met and accosted the Miss G---ds, who after returning me, in a polite manner, their compliments, for the service I had rendered them, concluded with saying, "Our papa and mamma, being acquainted with your good-nature, sir, would be happy in seeing you at their house, at any time, sir." Giving me their address, after a few turns, I handed them to their carriage, which was then in waiting. A few days after, I introduced myself to Mr. G---'s family, and was received with much politeness. Mr. G. was so obliging as to give me a general invitation, to his house, whenever opportunity served, and I paid several visits on quite a friendly footing. Going one afternoon, I found Miss G---- alone: "I have received a letter from an unknown hand, sir, which  
concern

concerns you." "Me, madam?" "The writer of it can have no other ground, for its contents, than your having made an improper use of my name; and, I expect, in justice to yourself, you will see the matter cleared up, or a discontinuance of your visits will be expected."

I read the letter, which was nearly as follows:

"Madam,

"I would wish to warn you in time from the deceit of the English gentleman, who visits at your house. He is a great libertine, and a villain among the ladies, and he will only deceive you, if you put any confidence in him.

"I am, your sincere friend, tho' unknown,  
Truth."

This was wrote in a woman's hand, and I thought not unlike my laundresses writing: Miss G. informed me, it was delivered to their servant by a woman; she then told me, "She expected I would clear up the matter, before I made another visit there," which I promised doing soon as possible—On returning to my chambers, I compared the letter with my laundresses bills, and had little doubt but she was the writer, but at whose instigation? I was puzzled to find out.

On challenging her with it, she wholly denied any knowledge of the matter. I then drew up  
the

the following advertisement, and had it inserted in the Papers.

“ If the writer of a letter, signed Truth, to a young lady, highly reflecting on the honor of a gentleman, will leave their address, with the printer of this paper, if a man, he shall receive the chastisement of a villain; if a woman, be treated with the contempt she deserves.”

I now recollected, having made enquiries of Miss — the milliner, of the family of the G. on my first acquaintance with them, and had said something in praise of Miss G. So taking a newspaper in my hand, went into the shop, and gave the above advertisement to her to read. She had no sooner read it, than she tore it into a thousand pieces, and left the shop——The mystery was now unravelled: This lady had got my laundress, to write implicitly what she dictated, as she afterwards confessed—I then obliged her to write an account of the whole, which I presented to Miss G. with which she was perfectly satisfied.

The spirit which had dictated this curious epistle, was jealousy, tho’ I never gave her any reason to suppose she was a particular favorite, yet she construed the goodmanners, and gallantry, I had treated her with, into something more.

How cautious should youth be, in their intercourse with the fair; to treat them with that respectful

respectful attention and politeness, which is their due; but carefully avoid going beyond those bounds, which reason, on being consulted, will dictate: On the other hand, how much on the watch should the female be to guard her heart from construing into affection, what was only the effect of good manners, and a desire to please.

Dining one day at Derham's, in the same box was a gentleman, whom I learnt to be Colonel W. In the course of conversation, the Colonel asked me if I intended going to the masquerade the following week? I replied, I was not determined: As I was a stranger, he would procure me tickets for the Dutchess of Leinster's route, who opened her house for the reception of masks, previous to going to the rooms; I returned him suitable thanks for his obliging offer, and exchanging addresses, we parted.

Meeting with Mr. O'B----, and communicating the above to him, he agreed to accompany me, so we both bespoke domino's: Waiting on Colonel W. he presented me with a card; but informing him, I had a friend who wished to attend me, he gave me his own ticket, and offered to go himself with us, which offer I gladly accepted. On the day, I took a coach, and calling on O'B---, we went together to the Colonel's, to whom I introduced him. We arrived

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at



at the Duke of Leinster's. The throng of carriages being great, it was some time before ours could get up to the door. It is customary in Dublin, to stop the carriages, and make the masks get out and shew themselves; some of the Mobility, coming to our carriage; one, thrust his head in, "Arrah, what characters are you now?" "Irish blackguards." replied the Colonel, and away went the fellows. We now entered Leinster-house——there were but few Characters, being chiefly Domino's; making but a short stay here we proceeded to the Fishambles——Here Variety presented her motley crew, but in my opinion, there was not one characteristical figure in the rooms, that supported their assumed appearance, with propriety; there was an Harlequin, who moved like a Dutchman; and a Dutchman, with all the hilarity of a Frenchman. The supper and wines were excellent, and about six o'clock in the morning, I got safe to bed.

The amusement of a masquerade is well enough once seen for a man, for a woman, never—— There is a licentiousness indulged, which cannot improve, but must weaken the seeds of morality and virtue, and, how cautious ought we to be, in avoiding any thing pregnant with such a dangerous tendency, as blinding our reason, and corrupting our understandings; the wine, the music,  
the

the consciousness, of being unknown, gives a licence of thinking, saying, and doing, what at other times, we should blush at the most distant idea of.

About this time, I received a letter from Eliza, and one from Manchester; in the latter I was directed to pay a visit to a relation, J. W. Esq; at ——— Castle, and the following morning, I set off, where I spent some months in the utmost felicity. The day after my arrival, Mr. W. took me out on horseback, and we enjoyed a most agreeable ride, through a very pleasant country. Amongst the families that visited at Mr. W's was that of Mrs. S—. This lady was a widow, and lived about a mile from the Castle. She had two daughters, the eldest twenty, the youngest eighteen years of age. Miss S. an agreeable, sensible young lady; of a sentimental turn, with a peculiar sweetness of disposition, and a mind well read.

Her sister, beautiful in a finished degree, with a natural sprightliness and vivacity, which gave her an animation peculiarly striking; raillery and satire were her forte, in which she was happily successful. My correspondence with Eliza, being known to my Cousin W. in a short time Mrs. S. was acquainted in general terms, of my attachment, so that being looked upon as good

good as married, I was received by her family on the most intimate footing: This gave me too frequent opportunities of being in company with the amiable —, whose charms it was impossible to be insensible to, especially an heart like mine, susceptible in a great degree.

I steeled myself as much as possible, against the power of her charms, but in vain, and my heart fell a sacrifice! I concealed my feelings for some time, 'till I could suppress them no longer; my frequent sighs, my looks, the attention I paid to the object of my wishes, betrayed the secret I wished to hide. One day, walking in the garden, with her, I laid open my heart, I unburthened my whole soul to her! She heard me, without interruption, and answered me, "She esteemed me much, but could never think of love." She then reasoned with me on my situation, the obligations, the ties I was under in England--"I was but a momentary passion, and the next agreeable female I met with, would make a fresh impression." I grew ashamed of myself, my ingratitude to Eliza, struck me most forcibly--I confessed myself to blame, and the tear stole down my cheek---a sympathetic one moistened her eye! I would have kissed it away---she check'd me---"Remember your Eliza," she said, and left me. I saw her not again for three weeks. I

I had been sometime at the Castle, when Miss W—— arrived; this lady is daughter of ----W. Esq. of S-----, in Cheshire; who had resided some years at the Castle, but was now returning from a visit she had been paying in Dublin.

The amiability of this lady's disposition, made her most agreeable company, and the remembrance of the many happy hours I have spent in it, I renew with the utmost satisfaction: She had an agreeable person, and a mind expansive, and enlarged: Her notions of human nature, were just, and showed a thorough knowledge of the heart: Her penetration was keen, and not easily deceived; and possessing a liberality of sentiment, which added an indubitable lustre, to her every action.

As a relation of Mr. W. I was introduced to all the families, with whom they visited, which were numerous—and there were none, however noble, but what thought themselves honored in an acquaintance with them. Thus I lived, in all the ease and pomp, attendant on elevated rank—Dining one day at the late Lord Trentown's, who was then, Lord Chief Baron, of the Exchequer, as I sat next to his Lordship, directly before us was placed a fine Haunch of Ven'son, but of so elevated a degree of Fœtidus, that the effluvia, was too powerful for his  
Lordship,



Lordship, epicure as he was, and it was removed; the butler, was directed to enquire of the house-keeper, and returning, informed his Lordship, that "It really had not been kept a month." tho' this was in the middle of Summer.

I remember reading an account, in Lady M. W. Montague's letters, during her residence in Turkey, of some conversation which she had, with a Reverend Effendi, concerning the laws of Mahammed, which forbid the use of wine; he answered, that it was a law made to keep the vulgar in subjection, and ignorance, for were they once to have the liberty of tasting it, they would not be hindered from drinking it in common, which would rouze them from that supineness, which was the cement of their slavery, &c. This put me in mind of a conversation, between a Romish Priest and Mrs. W. The Doctor had dined with us: What gave rise to the conversation, was the death of an old woman, who had left a considerable sum of money, for masses to be said, for the good of her soul, after her decease. Pray Doctor, said Mrs. W. will you give me leave to ask you one question, and give me a candid answer? Certainly, madam. "Do you think that it will avail any thing, in this woman's favor, all the masses that can be said or sung; or that her soul will come out of purgatory,

purgatory, one moment sooner; or that a tittle will be abated of that judgment, which the Omnipotent has fixed as its doom?" Really, madam, to be ingenuous, it is but a vulgar opinion, founded in error; but it is necessary for the well being of the church to be supported, and in my judgment, none but uninformed and ignorant, hold it as a rule of faith. Your answer is tantamount, to one I received on the same subject, from the Reverend ----- Alexander, Titular Arch-bishop of Dublin---but give me leave to ask you? knowing you are wrong, how is conscience satisfied? Faith Madam, as I before said It is a doctrine, which necessity obliges us to support, and---nay, nay, I wish not to press the matter, and she turned the conversation.

I find here a familiarity of answers between the Turk, and the Christian, very striking.

The Stag Frigate, lying then in Dublin-bay, I went frequently on board, Captain C----- being very intimate at the Castle- which he always saluted with eleven Guns, in honor of its possessor, on his arrival opposite to it. I went in company with Mr W. to dine with Capt. C. on the King's birth day, which happened on a Sunday: Walking the quarter-deck, with Lieut. V. tho' I knew there would be a discharge of guns, in honor of his Majesty's birth-day, yet, on the first

first report, I jumped, to my imagination, a vast height, and laying hold of the railing of the deck, I continued in that position, 'till the whole were fired, and the effect, upon my organical powers, was such, that I did not perfectly recover my hearing that afternoon.

It would seem that I was doomed, for my perfidy to the amiable Eliza, in alienating my affections from her and fixing them on another--to feel the torments of disappointed, unreturned love\_\_\_\_It was impossible to avoid seeing Miss \_\_\_\_and it was more impossible to see and not to love her---I now saw her frequently, and forgetful of my vows--of my honor, I gave way to the sweet delusion, and hope flattered me, it was not impossible to gain the summit of my wishes, in the affections of so desirable an object; but there were insurmountable obstacles--the known engagements I was under in England, the little faith to be put in one, of so wavering a disposition ----the distance of our families----in short, her prudence proved superior to my passion, and the time approached for my return to England.

The recollection of my then situation, oft draws the regretive tear of sensibility, and the sigh of remembrance oft rises from my heart uncheck'd.

Amongst the number of gentlemen, whose  
characters

characters I became acquainted with during my residence at the Castle, I shall mention a few, the most striking and original. — M----- Esqr. This gentleman is possessed of about 3000*l.* per annum, is in the decline of life, but blest with a hale constitution--and a most liberal way of thinking: Of what religion, 'twere difficult to determine: He once professed the faith, according to the reformed Church of England, but going to reside in France, Mr M. embraced the doctrine of the church of Rome—Coming again to reside in Ireland, he read his recantation: Again he went to France, and was a Papist; returned to Ireland, and again recanted! What a happy pliability of temper this, that can suit itself to various sects. A poor petty Devil, who did a thing of this kind for bread, would be branded with the epithet of Turncoat, Hypocrite-----but, censure be dumb! he possesses Three Thousand Pounds a year!! What a multitudinous overflow of----will not that hide? with man---mere dross! with HIM who only knows the heart!

Manelo, was a young gentleman whose father, was a practitioner in the court of Lycurgus-----

—“Heaven gives you one Face,  
And you make yourselves another.”

Shakespear,

This was perfectly applicable to him, Heaven



had given him a Face, which in the common run of faces we every day meet with, would have passed well enough, had not affectation spoiled it, and by making it conspicuous, rendered it ridiculous. Manelo, was struck with the charms of a red coat, and would be a volunteer: He was enrolled in the R---down L---t H---e.

Behold him mounted---under his Cap, his flowing side-locks, wantoning in the Wind: He looked like a winged Mercury, mounted on a Pegasus. Had the ancients, when they feigned the fable of the Centaurs, but seen a figure like Manelo, they would certainly have thought, it had been a messenger of the Gods, bound on an embassy, from Ixion, to Juno: However, the advice of Melanthus, shortened this protuberance of hair, and with his instructions, Manelo soon cut a more martial appearance.

Ireland would not have raised so many volunteers, had not the charms of an uniform, had most powerful attractions.

What a contrast to this was Melanthus, he had made the grand Tour, and had brought home with him, nothing, but what gave a pleasing addition to his manners, conversation, and behaviour. His Father had sported the gifts of fortune, with a hand too lavish---so that on his return from Travel, he took possession of an estate  
much

much encumbered--Prudence dictated what was to be done, and he implicitly followed her suggestions--Retrenchment was the word, he became his own steward, and a few years, brought him about. Dining one day at a gentleman's house, where Melanthus was present, with several other gentlemen. After dinner being asked my choice of wine? I preferred Red-port: The rest of the gentlemen drinking Claret, I had a bottle to myself--The conversation, as it was general, so it was various: I had finished four bottles, when I missed my relation; "Is Mr. gone home I wonder?" Interrogated I, "He certainly is sir:" "Without taking notice?" and I felt myself a little surprised--- O sir, said Melanthus, "In Ireland, we do not reckon it polite, to stand the ceremony of taking leave." "Why sir, it is on the whole but a simple custom, however gentlemen, I am still so much an Englishman, as to wish you pleasure during the remainder of the evening." So saying, I left them: I had the offer of a Footman to see me home, which I refused, for tho' I had drank so much wine, I found myself not in the least affected, and having only a few fields to cross, arrived at the Castle perfectly safe.

Preparing to return to England, I was honored with letters, from Mr. and Mrs. W. to my  
 Friends,

Friends, filled with Eulogiums too flattering to be here repeated, and their opinions which they were pleased to express of, and their satisfaction in my behaviour during my residence at the Castle, gave to my honored relations, the most distinguished pleasure, and inspired them with gratitude, for the respect, with which I had been treated, and the esteem I was held in,

I took a most affectionate leave of this worthy Family-----I went to take a farewell of Mrs. S. and daughters, our parting was that of Friends, who hoped soon to meet again, nor did the sisters deny me the tribute of a tear: Delightful sensation! that does such honor to the Heart!!

I arrived in Dublin and on enquiry, was informed, a Packet would sail the next morning, for Liverpool; leaving my address at Wybrant's, the Packet-house, I made the necessary preparation for my voyage. The next morning, I had notice of the Packet being ready for sailing, but some time elapsed, e'er I arrived at Wybrants, "God bless me, Mr. you are too late--the boat is gone--you have kept the *Quality*. waiting upwards of an hour---it was very wrong of you to be keeping *Quality*, waiting so." continued Mrs. Wybrant, "I am sorry," replied I, "that their *Qualitiship*, should wait for me--but could not you let me have a bottle of Rum?" "O yes

O yes

O yes, you'll be time enough, hem ! John, see and get a boat ready for this gentleman." and the tone of her voice, was changed from the harsh and disagreeable, to as soft and melodious a sound, as the brutism of her nature would admit of: Two gentlemen that moment coming up, who were in the same predicament as myself they bespoke what they thought requisite for the voyage, which took up full half an hour, in preparing; but had as many more passengers come with the same wants, Mrs. W. would have assured them, they were quite time enough, tho' the Packet was now under way: At length we got into the boat, and had to row some miles, e'er we reached the Packet. Being got on board, I enquired of Captain Brown, what *quality*, he had on board? "There are none but yourselves, there are some men and their wives below." I then gave him my reason for asking: On going into the cabin, I found some Manchester people, but none, that had the most distant pretensions to the title of *quality*, which Mrs. W. had so liberally given them. We had a tedious passage, and in four days, came in sight of Holyhead: The *quality*, being tired of the sea, a signal for a boat was hoisted, into which they got, and landed at Holyhead; there were now only four passengers left, and a happy circumstance it was  
at



as our provisions began to fall short, and, being five days more e'er we arrived in Liverpool, there was not a biscuit, nor a glass of even water left.

On my arrival in Manchester, I made what interest I could with my friends, to return to Dublin, there to begin a manufactory of Checks, the branch of business I was brought up to; they consented, and I went back to Liverpool, I had to wait there for a wind, upwards of a week---in the interim, my Uncle came down from London, and undid with my friends, what I thought I had so happily accomplished.

I received a letter, informing me, "I must go to sea." I returned a very laconic answer, "I would not, let the consequence be what it would." And the consequence was, my uncle arrested me, in order to force a compliance.

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### THE PRISON.

The melancholy change which this situation made in my affairs, gave me much uneasiness: The horrid idea of confinement, struck most forcibly upon me, and I entered with a heavy heart. I had made interest with my conductor to procure me the best accomodations the place afforded, which

which he did, and having acquainted the Keeper's family with my story, they treated me with that respect and civility which I shall always retain a grateful remembrance of. My spirits were too much damp't for society, and I was accommodated with some books, which were my only companions for sometime — The friendly commiseration which I received, and the respectful attention shown me, relieved, in a great degree, my loss of liberty, and I grew in a manner, familiar with captivity; but solitude growing irksome, I ventured down to take a view of my brethren who mourn'd the want of freedom with myself.

A prison, is a living epitome of the grave, distinction is lost, and the yesterday man of wealth, having been visited with the shafts of misfortune, is to day levelled with the sons of penury and wretchedness.

Amongst the objects, which drew the sigh of sensibility, and in particular attracted my attention, was a gentleman of the faculty, Dr. H. With the loss of reason, this gentleman likewise lost the feeling of his misfortunes, and if there can be happiness in the want of that, which is the great distinguishment of man from brute, he was happy.

His turbulent behaviour had necessitated the keeper to lodge him in a dungeon; at his coming

ing out in a morning, he would pull off his shirt, and taking it to the pump, would wash, then wring it, and thus wet, put it on, which he did for a number of days, in my own observation; so that his body was as insensible to the effects of irregularity, as his mind was incapable of receiving rational impression. He had his lucid intervals and would discourse with much strength of expression, though incoherent, and delighting in hyberboles: He would amuse his fellow prisoners, with strange stories, amongst the rest, of a number of tame rabbits, which his father kept, that would go thro' their manuel exercise, with as much regularity as disciplined soldiers, and would beat the drum, and play the fife to a degree of astonishment--This story he had repeated so often, that I believe he brought himself into a habit of thinking it a fact. One evening, he very seriously told some that he could raise the devil, and putting his hat over his face, and muttering some cramp words, he began turning himself round in the house: On the fire, the maid was rendering a pan full of suet, but, neglecting it, just as the infernal deity was to make his appearance, it boiled over into the fire and the whole place was instantly in a blaze.—The Doctor, who felt the influence of the heat, and not knowing the cause, took to his heels, as did  
the

the rest—and it was then, to use a vulgar expression, “the devil take the hindmost”

I now received a letter from Manchester, inclosing one my friends had received from Eliza; who having heard of my uncle's intention of forcing me to sea, wrote to know the truth and where I was: I wrote to her, “Returning thanks, for her wearing me still in remembrance, as I did her, and hoping e'er long to be at liberty.” But alas, absence and the sight of others *thought more fair*, had weakened my affections for Eliza much—I did not use her well, far from it; but there was a strange fatality attendant upon me, which hurried me from one inconsistency to another, in an unaccountable manner.

I here became acquainted with a Mr. Moreton. This gentleman was an officer on half-pay, but having been obliged to stretch beyond his income, was forced to take refuge here, 'till regularity of living, had brought him again out of debt: There was a fixed melancholy in the features of Moreton, and a heavy sigh would often escape him, unawares; my curiosity was much raised, and one day I took the liberty of asking him the cause, why that settled gloom overshadowed him, and so forcibly damp't his  
S spirits?—



spirits? "I will inform you of my story," he replied, "Your wonder will then subside."

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### THE STORY of Mr. MORETON.

My father possessed a genteel fortune, which he improved by trade: As I was the youngest son of four, I was destined to the army, and at eighteen years of age, I carried a pair of colours in Germany, during the first part of the last war. I had been two years in the service, when I got the command of a company; we were then going to lay siege to the castle of Le Duc, in the possession of the French: I was sent forward with my company, to reconitre---the garrison made a sortie at the same time, and coming so suddenly upon us, we had not time to retreat, with any regularity: The enemy were four times our numbers; however, we determined to sell our lives as dear as possible: We received their first attack with firmness, and broke their ranks; in their second, I received a blow, which deprived me of my senses---and, when I recovered the use of my reason, I found myself a prisoner, in the castle of Le Duc: I had received a contusion on my head, and a wound in my sword arm. Making enquiries, of the person who attended

tended me, I understood the castle was commanded by the Chevelier de Cour; that I had been a prisoner four days, and all my unfortunate soldiers were cut to pieces, except one, who was a prisoner with myself. In a few days, I was so well as to be enabled to walk about, and was informed, I had the parole of the castle. I was conducted into a spacious garden, where I amused myself as much as possible. One day, having walked a good deal, the sun, being then in its meridian, I retired into an alcove, covered with eglantine, and reclining on a bench, fell into a profound slumber: On my awaking, I found my face covered with an handkerchief! surprized at this, I was at a loss for an explanation, and sat musing, who could be the principal in this adventure—I had not been long thus, before I observed in an adjoining walk, a female of a tall and majestic appearance, this was Eleonora De Cour, daughter of the Governor of the Castle: I approached, and address'd her, "Presuming it was to her I was indebted, for the protection I had received from the insects in the alcove, I begged she would accept the thanks of gratitude, and permit me to keep possession of that, (shewing her the handkerchief) as a testimony of her goodness." She made me an obliging reply, and from that time, I had almost every day,

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the happiness of her company; in short, this intercourse inspired us with a mutual passion; we gave way to it, in hopes that one day we might be united in those bonds, which death only could sever. In this situation, blest with Eleonora's company and affections, I remained 'till a cartel was established, and then the time coming, that I must bid adieu to the object of my wishes. I determined to speak to Monsieur De Cour and inform him of my attachment to the amiable Eleonora. The Chevelier was of a good family, proud of his descent, and an inveterate enemy of the English--He heard me with a mixture of surprize and haughtiness, and told me, "I courted an alliance, which he was determined to prevent;" so saying, he left me, overwhelmed with despair. I then repaired to the garden, where I met with the object of my love. I informed her of the ill success of my visit to her father---It was as a shock of thunder to her soul! We mingled our tears together---I used every art I was master of, to soothe her griefs, to assuage her anguish. I was the morning following to leave the castle---Love proved superior to the dictates of honor! tho' a prisoner, I used all my rhethoric to persuade her to an elopement: Though her love for me was sincere, yet her duty, was superior, to every other

other consideration, and she rejected my proposal; "No, Moreton" said the amiable Eleonora, "leave me! pursue the call of glory, and never lose sight of that rectitude of sentiment and action, which the belief of your possessing, binds me strongly in your favor; and be assured, time, can never erase the impression, you have made on my heart: You will again resume the profession of arms---I have a brother, whom our nation's quarrel has made your enemy; he is in the regiment of Le Blois:---If in the career of honor, you should chance to meet, remember he is the brother of Eleonora. You will know him by the copy of this picture, which he has fixed in his breast-plate," She then gave me a portrait of herself, which I put next my heart; (at the same time pulling out a miniature) This is it, said Moreton. We then, continued he, after vowing eternal fidelity to each other, parted.

The next morning I set off, and with the privage who had been companion of my captivity, in a few days joined my regiment, which then formed part of a Brigade under the Marquis of Granby.

I fought three more campaigns, without any thing material happening, 'till being ordered to attack a pass, then in possession of the enemy; we



we marched and attacked them with vigour: They received us with so much resolution, as to throw our whole body into disorder: However we rallied and again charged them with re-animated courage: I observed an officer particularly active in encouraging his men; I made my way, 'till coming up to him, I beheld the Brother of my Eleonora—he observed and met me—I dropt the point of my sword—my eyes were fixed on the resemblance of my charmer—He cried, “Defend yourself.” My coolness gave me the advantage, and I disarmed him; the enemy at that moment sounded a retreat, and we were victorious——“You are now my prisoner Chevelier, but, wear your Sword” at the same time presenting it to him, “Generous Conqueror, but this restores not my Honor,” “’Tis the will of Heaven,” I replied, and pulling out the picture of his sister-- he gazed on it a moment, and then clasping me in his arms, “My Brother, how happy am I to owe my life to you.” Our End being attained in gaining the pass, after making the necessary dispositions, I took my prisoner to my tent, and procured leave from our General, for him to stay there under my protection---I learnt from him, my Eleonora’s history, since I was a prisoner in her father’s Castle-----She had been troubled with a number  
of

of offers to change her situation, but had rejected them all--and I still hoped when the horrors of war were at an end, to gain the charming Eleonora for my own---vain ideas ! transcient hopes ! The Chevelier De Cour, wrote an account of his being a prisoner in the enemy's camp, and likewise a detail of the circumstances----a few weeks brought him a messenger, dispatched by the fair Eleonora herself, under favor of a flag-----but, the horribility of his tale, while remembrance lasts, I shall always have the most lively impressions of !----Not to tire, with what so little concerns you, suffice it to say, he brought intelligence, that, Eleonora was married to Don Manuel of Castile, an Officer in the French service. Imagine to yourself, what were my feelings at this moment--The Chevelier did what lay in his power to console me, but in vain----The exercise of war lost all its charms and being soon after wounded in an engagement, my recovery was long doubtful ; indeed I was indifferent about it, but my constitution brought me through, and my health was again established, the war being ended, our regiment was disbanded, and I have lived ever since, on my half-pay.

I thanked Mr. Moreton, for the trouble he  
had

had taken in the above recital, and hope the digression from my own history will not prove disagreeable to my readers.

All endeavors to force me to sea, having proved abortive, a gentleman called on me with a discharge from my uncle, and the same post bro't me a remittance from Manchester, with leave to pursue my former plan, of going to Ireland, in pursuit of business; which I determined to do: In a few days I was on board the Packet once more---we had a favorable passage, and in twenty-four hours, landed safe in Dublin.

Nothing occurred out of the common track of things, 'till I suffered an imposition---tho' that you'll say is not out of the common track at all, and that was the *Qualitiship* landlady, making me pay twice for some refreshment, which a Welsh parson and I, had on our arrival, at her house—What Welsh Parson? Pshaw, I had forgot to inform you. This son of the Cassock, had been my companion from Liverpool, in the Cabin and on the Deck, in eating and drinking, particularly the latter, and often expressed, “How happy a thing it is, to have a jovial companion to travel with” as we had eat and drank together on board, it was but reasonable we should eat and drink together on shore, so going  
into

into the King's-head, we had some refreshment which as I before observed, we paid for twice.

The Parson being a stranger, and wanting to find Alderman Sanderfon's, I conducted him, where he received a pretty round sum of money. On our return, "Did you observe those ladies in the Cabin?" said he, "One in particular, that would not drink wine? Yes, what of them? They come from Cork---I have an amour with one of them--I intend following them this afternoon." and in the evening, he set off, in a Chaise and four horses, for Cork. 'Twere a pity I thought, but he had less money or more wit.

Calling on my friend O'Brian, he informed me that having some business to transact at Drogheda, he should be glad if I would accompany him? I consented, he accommodated me with a horse, and we set off together.

Having rode about eight miles, we came to a large farm yard, in which a number of Fowls were feeding, "Suppose we alight," said he, "There is plenty of Eggs to be had here let us try if we cannot get a few drest?" Riding up to the door we alighted, and fastening our horses, went into the house---an elderly woman sat spinning by the fire place, the fire was made of faggots, and over it hung a large copper filled

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with



with potatoes, for the family's dinner. We told the good-woman, that, "Being tempted by the fine show of fowls we saw about her house, we had taken the liberty of stopping, to see if we could not get a few Eggs boiled, without putting her to inconvenience?" She answered, very obligingly, "We might." She then called a boy, who was at a short distance, and he took our horses, and put them into the stable. She then shewed us into the garden, saying, "We might amuse ourselves there, 'till our eggs were ready. We were well pleased with her civility, and entered the garden: It was laid out with more taste and judgment than could be expected, as a farm garden; it was pretty extensive, and turning the corner of the first walk, we saw a female of a most delicate form and appearance; she was dressed plain, but remarkably neat; she sat, one elbow resting on the arm of a garden chair, supporting her cheek with her hand, whilst in the other hand she held a book, on which her attention seemed wholly fixed: We stopped, debating whether to go on, or turn aside; the latter opinion prevailing, we crossed the garden, and shortly returned into the house. Our good hostess desiring we would follow her, led us into a small but neat parlour, and really most elegantly furnished; a table was spread,

and

and not only a dish of eggs, but a piece of cold roast beef, and another of pork, with every et-cetera we could possibly wish for. "This is a specimen of Irish hospitality, said O'B —, what think you of it?" I know not what to think-----I have seen nothing since we alighted, but what has served to raise my wonder-----Who can that lady in the garden be? she's no farmer's daughter---and yet, why not? -----We were interrupted by a boy, whom we had seen before, bringing in a jug of water and one of whiskey, with sugar and fruit.

"My boy, is that your mistress, whom we saw just now?" Yes, sir. "And where is your master?" In the fields, sir. "And who is that young lady in the garden?" My master's daughter, sir---she is in a decline. "She looked more like an angel than a mortal," said O'B----, and a deep sigh escaped him. "What is your master's name, my boy?" Leeson, sir. "Leeson," exclaimed O'B. and rising up, overturned both water and whisky, and into the garden he flew like lightning! I was much astonished, and knew not what to think, but followed him; I naturally supposed him gone to Miss Leeson---and found him with her in his arms! The surprize at seeing him, had proved too powerful for her spirits, and she had fainted. By the time  
she

she came to herself, the mother, (who had been told by the boy that we had run into the garden) was arrived; but what language can paint them as they stood? The mother, unknowing of her daughter's disorder, and the cause of the agitation of her spirits, could scarcely ask the question. On Miss Leeson's countenance, a languid joy, was expressively depicted; and O'B--- hung, with love, joy, and sorrow, confusedly imprinted in every feature; whilst I stood, full of amazement, at the unexpected scene which presented itself. When words found utterance from O B---, he exclaimed, "My much-lov'd Maria, what a happy meeting---but to find thee thus!"

She heaved a piteous sigh, and leaning on him, and her mother, they supported her into the house. She then desired to be left alone with Mrs. Leeson, and we retired. Oh! Clerimont, said O'B--, "it will be impossible for me now to pursue my journey; I must intrude upon your friendship, to proceed and transact the business at Drogheda, which I should have done myself; on your return, I shall be more composed, and will then acquaint you with the particulars of this mysterious adventure." He then gave me charge of some papers, with the necessary directions, of what I was to transact for him, and I pursued my journey alone. It was three days, before

before I had accomplished the intent of my journey, which time I spent in an uneasy state of anxiety, for the situation of my friend, Drogheda, at that time, affording no place of amusement, (the play-house being shut) but the billiard table, and at that there were no company. Having concluded, to my satisfaction, the business I came upon, I set off for Leeson-farm: On my arrival, I was received with an affectionate welcome by O'B---, and conducting me into the garden, "I will now inform you, said he, of what, no doubt, must have much excited your curiosity; the strange cause which prevented me from accompanying you to Drogheda."

On my first acquaintance with you, at Derham's, I was but just returned from Donnegal, where I had resided upwards of four years, with a brother of my mother's. As my uncle was a batchelor, I was looked upon as his heir, and treated with all that respect which my situation demanded from his tenantry and the neighbouring gentlemen; but unfortunately, my uncle being of the Romish persuasion, and bigoted in that, he hated every one who was not in the same way of thinking with himself. Amongst the gentlemen who had seats near my uncle's, was one to whom he bore a particular antipathy,



on no other account than their difference in religion. Not being so blind to reason as him, I entertained quite different notions, and in consequence, frequently visited at this gentleman's house: It was here I met with the amiable girl, whom you saw in the garden; she had been brought up with her uncle from infancy, my attachment to her increased each time I had the happiness of seeing her, and I was blest in inspiring her with sentiments equally in favor of myself-----My uncle found out my connection, and forbade my visits to his enemy's (the enemy of his God, he would call him) house; and likewise wrote a letter, full of invective, charging the uncle of Maria, with endeavoring to inveigle his nephew into a marriage with an heretic. Picqued at this treatment, he forbade his niece any communication with me, but we still by stealth, continued to see each other, till one evening, being in a grove of trees, the usual place of meeting, we were surprized with the sight of my uncle, who had observed, and listened to our conversation: In a peremptory voice, he ordered me home, I hesitated; he again commanded me, when taking Maria by the hand, I said, I would first see her safe, and led her to her house. My uncle again wrote to his now real enemy, and the consequence was, I never saw  
Maria

Maria more: He sent her home, nor could all the enquiries I made, gain me the least satisfaction; till by Heaven led, I stopped at this house, 'Tis now three years ago since we were parted, but I hope we are met, never to part again. I congratulated with him sincerely on the happy event: He then led me into the house, and presented me to his Maria, as his friend; she received me with an easy politeness, which would have done honor to the most elevated rank; a faint tinge blushed on her cheek, and promised a future bloom, tho' grief had well nigh worn her to a shade, yet she seemed much altered for the better, in so short a time. How powerful is ease of mind, on the well being of the body.

O'Brian's uncle being dead, there was now no obstacle to their happiness, but Maria's ill state of health. I enquired after her uncle, and was told he was still living: I then hinted, if it would not be necessary to acquaint him with the change in Maria's health, and of her meeting with the cause of its decline? Mr. Leeson, who was present, approved the hint, and retired to write to his brother.

I then made mention of returning to Dublin, I must return myself, this evening, said O'Brian, we'll go together; but you shall promise Maria to spend a few days here, very soon, will  
Maria

Maria say when? "I shall always be happy to see you, sir, (addressing herself to me) but in a fortnight's time, I hope to be in better spirits for company, than at present." Generous girl! said O'B----, and giving me a significant look, "How anxious shall I be for that happy day." Mr. Leeson soon returned with the letter to his brother, and not caring to send it by the usual conveyance of the post, dispatched a man with it. In the evening, we left the farm, and returned to Dublin.

I must now bring my reader acquainted with a circumstance, which happened when I was last in Dublin, the day I was to set off for B--- Castle; I had sent the chief part of my linen to my laundress, to be got up against that day, but she neglecting to bring it home, and Mr. W's. servant waiting for my luggage: Mrs. H. with whom I lodged, very civilly offered me the loan of any of Mr. H's linen, &c. which I might want, which offer I accepted of, on condition he made use of mine, whilst I had his, (the reader may recollect I had lent Mrs. H. five guineas) so taking what I thought proper I sent them off with the rest of my things. I now received from Mr. H. a parcel, containing my linen, which he had made use of for upwards of six months, and a most extravagant bill,  
charging

charging me the full value of his linen, &c. as when new, I objected against this as an imposition, and would not pay it, the consequence was, he took out a writ against me; I had been out shooting, returning home, a man accosted me, and informed me he had got a writ against me, "That's impossible my friend, you are mistaken in the person," "No I'm not, and it is at the suit of Mr. H. he is at my house, if you will step with me, you may perhaps settle with him". I was thunder struck, when the man informed me H. had been v---n enough, to do a thing of the kind; I desired him to accompany me to my lodging, to lay my fowling-piece by, and then I would go with him, where he pleased; he accordingly went with me, I'm now at your service, said I, and he led me to his *Spunging-house*. The fun had been set an hour,\* when we entered this receptacle of the unfortunate; the door grated harsh upon its hinges, I was led up one pair of stairs, where another door was opened, with a double lock and a chain across it; which led into my apartment, which was a dark room made horrible by the grating on the windows. "You may have fire and candle, if you please to order it, sir," "Let me have both immediately, with pen, ink, and paper." And throwing myself into a chair, I gave a loose to reflection.



The ingratitude of the man at whose suit I was there, hurt me much ; in about half an hour, I had a fire and candle, " This candle gives a bad light," said I to the man who brought it, " White fir, ---- Yes, fir, Mountain or Lisbon, fir, ? " " Your candle gives a bad light, " " I beg pardon fir, I thought you said a Bottle of White. " I took the hint, and ordered a bottle of Port, I then wrote a note to my friend O'B. who was with me, e'er I thought the messenger could have reached him, " My dear fellow, how long have you been here ? " " An hour. " I then acquainted him with the circumstances, he left me but returned in a few minutes, " You must make yourself content till morning, the offices are shut, or you might have had your discharge this evening, but make yourself easy, we will sup together. " He then went and ordered supper from a neighbouring tavern, and we spent the evening very comfortably. In the morning I procured my discharge.

Soon after this, I received a letter from Eliza, in answer to one I had wrote, informing her of my being in Dublin. The amiable girl painted her feelings, with much sensibility, and pressed me to return to London. not doubting but her friends would conclude every thing to my satisfaction. This awakened in me every tender

tender sensation I once felt the utmost force of, but which, for some time had lain dormant.

I answered her in the warmest terms of real friendship, and concluded with assuring her, I would write to my own friends, and do every thing in my power to bring about, what we both wished for, a meeting, to part no more.

I wrote accordingly to my friends, informing them of my inclinations for marriage, and begging their concurrence and approbation. I received a very dissatisfactory answer, owing to some letters from London, filled with the most inveterate falsehoods, informing them, "Eliza, was on the point of marriage with a gentleman of family and fortune, and they might be assured she held no correspondence with me, but looked on me with the most sovereign contempt." with many more, equally friendly and equally false calumniation. Tho' I could not help smiling at these malignant attempts to injure me——yet it hurt me much to think, there were in the world——who could be base enough to pursue malice to so rigid a length.

In due course I received a letter from Eliza, and one from her Aunt, informing me, that, "As it did not seem agreeable to me, coming to Town, if I would fix my time, they would meet me in Liverpool." I returned an immediate

diate answer, that, "Themselves might fix the time, and I would meet them with the greatest pleasure, and punctuality." I then wrote an account of the above, to Manchester.

As I often went to play Billiards, I formed an acquaintance with several gentlemen of Trinity College, who frequented the tables, like myself, fond of the exercise. We one evening made a party to go to the theatre, Mr. M---r, Mr. C-----y, Mr. B---n, Mr. L-----d, and myself. After the farce was ended, as we came out of the house, Mr. M. asked the first watchman he met with in Crow-street, "What's the Hour." but not receiving so civil an answer as he expected, blows ensued: The watchman began his rattle, and his lanthorn was instantly broke——this might be called, the signal for battle, watchmen poured upon us from all sides, we were obliged to make use of the signal of distress, by vociferating Trinity---Trinity---Trinity, nor were we long without a reinforcement: The combat became now more equal, two watchmen were levelled with their mother Earth——and staves and lanthorns, lay thick strewed around—when an unfortunate blow, from a quarter-staff, struck Mr. L-----d, to the ground—we droye the watchmen up Crow-street, and returning, with some difficulty got

Mr.

Mr. L. into a neighbouring house—he had received a violent blow on his head, and when the wound was examined, his scull was found to be fractured—The unhappy youth languished till the following evening, and then, Died !

What an awful event was this ! Mr. L. was a most amiable young gentleman ; in his twentieth year—an only son, the hope and joy of his family ; heir to a genteel estate, which a short time, would have put him in possession of.

How near allied is Life and Death ? This gentleman was a melancholy instance ! He was yesterday, in the height of youthful strength and vigour---his heart beat high in pleasure's round, and promised him a long length of years——But, alas ! to day, the bloom has left his cheeks, and strength his limbs ; his pulse, no longer beats, nor does the invigorating thought inspire his soul, to fresh pursuits of sensual bliss : Cold ! Cold and lifeless ! stretch'd at full length he lies ! unheedful of the world he sleeps ! but, reason-rouzing thought, he sleeps, to wake no more ! !

How ought an instance like this, stir up the soul, to consideration of the world to come ; for fear, we should be summoned to the great tribunal of souls, unprepared to meet that *Day*,  
which



which shall crown us with eternal happiness, or plunge us into never ending misery!

Where I lodged, a widow lady of the name of Y---g, occupied the lower part of the house --- she one morning sent me a polite card of invitation, to cards and supper, taking that liberty, as I was a stranger in the house. I accepted her invitation. She had two ladies visitors, whom she introduced to me as her sister and cousin: We passed several very agreeable hours at quadrille---The conversation of the ladies, was sensible, polite and entertaining, nor do I ever remember spending an evening more rational, or more pleasing. We broke up at twelve, and their own carriage conveyed the ladies home. I made some enquiries of my landlady, about the family of Mrs. Y. but she informed me she was unacquainted with them, nor had she the least knowledge of her sister or cousin. Returning from seeing a review of the regulars, in Phoenix Park, Mrs. Y. and her sister, passed me in the latter's carriage: They checked their coachman, and I rode up, and after saluting, accompanied them into town --- They stopped at the sister's house in F-----street, and I took my leave, not without having first received an invitation from Miss -----, to tea and supper, the next evening, in company with her sister.

I waited on Mrs. Y. to F----- -street, and we were entertained with much easy politeness, and received with elegance: At supper, there was great variety, and a profusion of wines, (but all this while I had not learnt the name of our entertainer.) After enjoying the evening in a very friendly manner, I conducted Mrs. Y---- home.

The morning after, being under the hands of Mr. Scrapeclean the tonfor, "Pray, Scrapeclean, do you know a young lady who lives in F----- street, whose servants wear such a livery?" (describing it) "O yes, sir," replied he, "It is ---- she is ----- and has been ----- but she did not always ----- keeps her ----- carriage ----- livery servants ----- and, and, \* \* \* \* \*

Thus Scrapeclean was ruuning on, with a volubility of utterance, which would not have disgraced a Demosthenes, (provided Demosthenes had been a professor of the strap and razor; instead of philosophy) to the end of the chapter; I was too much astonished at his tale to interrupt him; if he had not unluckily made an incission, as with his razor he was endeavoring to turn the right corner of my chin, owing to the perturbation of his understanding, which affected his body in such a manner, that he in turning, turned

turned too sharp, and was near taking the right corner of my chin with him. This mistake of Scrapeclean's being rectified, I will give you the meaning of them dashes and astericks, which you met with above, and the astonishment which I was filled with.

The lady in question, whom I took for no less than some demi-dutches, was a well known Thais---Miss N.!!

I would here remark, how cautious youth should be, of making strange connections, with whom they do not know-----What an opinion would my friends have had, if informed that I had visited this lady? for, tho' perfectly innocent, yet, 'twould have been hard to have convinced prejudice of that. However I informed our landlady of the above particulars, and she gave Mrs. Y. notice to quit her apartments.

My Friend O'B ---, calling on me, informed me, he should set off on the morrow for Leeson-farm, and should expect my company, and that I would stay untill the ceremony was over, that was to give him possession of all he held dear in the world: I promised to attend him, and on the morrow we set off.

On our arrival, we were agreeably surprized, to find the elder Mr. Leeson there, who received his intended Nephew, with much satisfaction,

tion, and gave me a friendly welcome---He had his carriage and servants, to whom he had given a new livery on the occasion. The beautiful Maria had recovered much of her natural bloom, and a satisfactory joy was diffused through every feature of Mr. and Mrs. Leeson; the servants partook of their superior's happiness, and a sensible pleasure, brightened every countenance. It was monday when we arrived at Leeson-farm, and the wednesday following was fixed on, for the celebration of the nuptials of O.B. and Maria--that time was spent in preparation for the reception of the guests who were invited; consisting of the neighbouring families for miles round. The much wished for morning came, the Bridegroom was up e'er the sun, and coming to my chamber, awakened me, "How can you sleep so soundly, when I have not slept all this long tedious night?" "I am not going to be married my friend, or perhaps I might have been as restless and impatient as yourself," I arose, and going down stairs, O.B. stopped and whispering, said, "This is the door that incloses all I hold dear in life," and giving a gentle tap, "Are you well Maria?" "Perfectly so," replied she, "Then all must be well." said the lover, and into the garden we went.

"This day, Clerimont," said O.B. "is the



most momentous one of my life, and I hope it will prove the happiest." "It is so, and I sincerely wish your expectations may be more than fulfilled: You must now in a great measure, lay aside, the pursuits of youth, and the gratification of your own appetites——You will have a companion to partake of your pleasures and amusements, and to participate in your endeavors to pass away life agreeably: She will not only be your partner, in partaking of the pleasures of life, but, when misfortunes visit, and troubles assail, and who from them are free? She will be your comforter, and by her tender care, soothe the anguish of your mind, and by sharing, alleviate the burthen of your sorrows: Happy consideration! in a wife, to find a friend!

Thus we discoursed for some time, when returning into the house, we found the Bride, and her friends, ready for breakfast. "We have been conversing," said O'B. addressing himself to Mr. and Mrs. Leeson, "on the happiness of the married state; and I am convinced it is the only situation in life, in which real felicity can be found." "It is undoubtedly a foretaste," replied Mr. Leeson, "of that bliss we hope for hereafter, especially where souls congenial are joined; but my children, you must not expect to go through the world, with  
nothing

nothing but the smiles of content, attending on you ; life would grow dull and insipid, in one continued round of enjoyment, without some alloy of misfortune, to embitter the sweets of it : But remember this, the generality of what the world call Ills, are often blessings in disguise, and it is our duty to receive them, with resignation to the divine will, and wait with humble patience, 'till it shall please him, to remove them from us ; and, tho' it is impossible always to avoid misfortunes, 'tis easy to learn to bear them, and then, their poignancy will be much softened. "----Some company coming in, prevented Mr. L. from proceeding.

We now set off for Church, the Bride, her Mother, and myself in the elder Mr. L's. carriage : The Bridegroom, Bride's-maid, and the two Mr. Leefsons in another ; there were four more carriages filled with ladies, and a number of gentlemen on horseback, brought up the rear. It was eleven o'clock, e'er we arrived at the altar ; the Clergyman went through the service, with much devotion, and I observed the impression made upon both bride and bridegroom, as he repeated the awful ceremony ; they received the concluding benediction with much humility, and I believe, an happier couple, ne'er bent the knee, at Hymen's sacred shrine.

We

We returned much in the same manner to Leeson farm, as we left it, excepting the bridegroom and I changing places, and we had the addition of the minister, to our company. The day was spent in the utmost harmony and conviviality, and in the evening, we had a very genteel, assembly. Often did the impatient bridegroom accuse the hours of slowly lingering in their career, envious of his happiness; but at length, the bride and her mother slipped away nor was he long after. We continued footing it to the music, 'till the morning's dawn; when each retired to rest, well pleased with the preceeding night's entertainment--and, for my own part, I can add well tired.

A few hour's sleep, having restored nature to her wonted vigour, I arose, and paid my respects to Mrs. O'B ---, as I saluted her by this matronly title, what a livid blush o'erspread her face! but it was the blush of innocent sensibility, and delightful sensations.

This was the spring of wedded love, the source mysterious, of rapturous bliss, and nature blooming in luxurious pomp, displayed the richness of the coming year. Wedded lovers, to the banquet go, charmed with the tempting feast before them placed; they feed and feed, 'till nature gorged, is sickened at the sight of so much

much food, that still presents itself, seemingly untouched ; Again they try to taste the sweets, that challenge them to the attack, but ah, in vain---and quit the field, tho' wishing still to stay. Be cautious then, and moderately enjoy the blissful theme---not riotously insatiate, 'till the palled appetite, sickens at the sight, and loathes the luxury it once d d court.

A fortnight elapsed in one continued round of receiving and paying visits, when I returned to Dublin. On taking possession of my lodgings I found Mrs. Y. had left hers, which gave me a secret satisfaction.

Returning home one evening near twelve o'clock, I met with a gentleman, with whom, I had some small acquaintance. As he was going directly from home, I took the liberty of asking, whither he was bending his course at that late hour? "Faith sir, I am going to a place, where, if you'll go with me to it, I'll tell you where it is." "I am obliged to you, but when there, I shall not thank you for your intelligence."---"Pshaw! but you know my meaning; unless you will go I am rather ashamed to tell you." "So I must participate of your guilt, to come at your secret? Nay, there is more of folly than guilt in it---in short, it is to the hazard table I am going, and should be glad



glad of your company? " As I had never been at one, I consented.

On our arrival at Daly's, there were several gentlemen round the table, and the groom-porter was crying, "Seven's the main, seven," "Six is the main, and twelve is a nick," said the thrower, and swept the table of near a hundred guineas, "That was a lucky hit," said my friend, and he took the box "Who covers 5 - 10--15--20 guineas, seven's the main" and he threw--again--again, "and eleven's a nick." A good harvest this, said I to myself. My friend kept the box, and threw once more, but with different success; the fickle goddess had changed sides, and he threw out, away went his former winnings, and something more. Thus they continued for some time, when a gentleman came in, who was a foreigner, some of the company saluted him by the title of Count, and an important buz! went thro' the circle. In a short time the Count took the box, and played high, but he was unsuccessful, which seemed to affect his spirits, and much agitated him-----Buck England, a gentleman well known in the polite, to-nish, and fable-legged circles, just then entered the room, he presented the Count with a note, which the Count had given him for 30 pieces, on a former evening: The Count confessed the  
bill

bill, a true bill, but shrugging up his shoulders, he looked a ghastly phiz ! quite poverty struck. "Why look ye here gentlemen, this fellow owes me a debt of honor, which he is unable to pay ----that I let pass----but he is an impostor, (at the same time collaring the was Count, for now he had lost every exalted thought or look) he has borrowed his master's title with his cloaths, and no doubt has made free with his purse, therefore I'll give him the chastisement he deserves," so saying he gave the pretended Count a good caning, and then kicked him out of the room ----- Did impostors always meet with their deserts, what a revolution would be made in every state thro' life ; law, physick, and divinity, would tremble at the thought, but I'm now in the hazard room, which is not a place for moralizing.

The bustle which the dismissal of the would-be Count, being subsided, the Dice again rattled--Fortune took her seat, and hope reanimated every bosom. My friend being rather successful, and I, tired with the noise, being an unconcerned spectator, pressed him to withdraw, which he consented to, and together we went.

Passing along, our ears were saluted with more dice rattling--"This is the silver table," said my friend, "you will see here a far different group,

group, than that we have just left" We found here, about twenty young fellows around the table---shillings, instead of Pounds, was the word, and the same vicissitude of passion, marked the features of the winners and losers, as tho' millions had been depending! Fools! to venture happiness on the cast of a die!

My Friend O'B---, calling on me one day, "Clerimont," said he, "I have heard you express a desire to see an Irish funeral? True, I should be glad to see one: Come along with me you shall see the whole—I am now going to the house of Mr. — his Nephew's body is to be interred tomorrow, and you shall if you approve of it, stay all night with me." I attended him to Mr. — On entering, my ears were saluted with music, "Why this is not the house of mourning, but of rejoicing, that you bring me to?" "This is nothing," he replied, I was introduced to Mr. — who received me with much civility. After a short time, we were shown up stairs, into the room where the defunct lay—but, what a scene presented itself. it was a large room, and I imagine fifty people in it---at each end was a fiddler: To the music or rather noise, of one fiddle, a man with a wooden leg, was stumping away time, and to the other, an old man and an old woman, were making

making figures and faces one at the other--dancing it could not be called: In the middle of the room, a large table was placed, covered with pitchers, glasses, pipes and tobacco, and flowing with whiskey, and other liquors; several were leaning with their heads upon the table, drunk and asleep; some were drinking, some smoking, some laughing, and a few crying! but these I set down as crying drunk---for their tears were the overflow of the liquor, perfectly fresh, nor, I dare be sworn, a briny particle amongst them. On one side lay the deceased, shrowded and confined, nor did he cast one look at, or bestow a single smile on the scene around him, (and I may be justified in adding) nor did he vouchsafe a thought of, or wish to be partaking of the festivity that surrounded him—I was pressed much to make free with the cheer which presented itself---It was far from suiting my constitution, to mingle in a company like this, but not to have done it, would have appeared particular, if not ill-natured; so I sat down, and lighted my pipe, (which I found requisite for certain reasons) Mr. O'B---, did the same: I drank to the deceased, as I observed the rest do; for they imagine he still hears them, and though he does not answer, that, they account for, as owing to his ill nature, in not being able to drink as well



as hear. Several of the company, went to the coffin, "Arrah, Donald, will you take a little drop now? Ah, why can't you now? How ill natured it is of you now? But this whiskey is of your own mother's making, honey, and I'm sure you would like it, if you would be after tasting a little drop of it now?" But all this flow of rhetoric, was thrown away, for poor Donald did not take the least notice of them. A short time satisfied me with this scene, and I begged my friend to let us depart---we withdrew. "Tomorrow, if you'll attend me, you shall see the CONCLAMATIO:" "What is that pray?" "'Tis a very old ceremony, made use of by my countrymen, before the interment of their friends; from whence it arose, I cannot inform you, but ocular demonstration, will perhaps prove more agreeable than oracular, therefore you'll be ready, and I will call on you."

Punctual to his promise, my friend called the following day, and we again went to Mr ----- . On our arrival, there was much noise and bustle in the house, and to the honor of most *potent* whiskey, be it said, there was not a dry eye to be seen! It was just before the coffin was screw'd down, that we went up stairs, and then began the CONCLAMATIO; but, heaven defend me, from such another scene of uproar and confusion:

There

There were upwards of twenty voices talking to, and asking questions of, poor Donald. One crying out, "Ah! why will you leave us, Donald?" another, "But it is very ill natured of you, so it is, to be leaving all your relations and acquaintances?" a third, "Ah, Donald! well, and if you will go, here's good luck to your soul honey," at the same time, tumbling down about half a pint of whiskey.

The motion being made, for closing up the peaceable Donald—there broke out such an hideous concatenation of disagreeable sounds, that I would have preferred being in the habitations of the Cyclops, when forging thunderbolts for Jupiter, sooner than where I was---I know not what to liken it to—was thou ever in a Jew's Synagogue, reader? No: Why then, I must leave it to prolific fancy, to give thee some idea of it-----Imagine a jumblement of voices, some high, some low, some squeaking, some braying—calling upon the dumb, the deaf, the insensible Donald! intermixed with sighs, sobs, and groans, and forming an inharmonious din, consisting, from treble at the highest pitch, down to counter, tenor, bass---bass ---bass, down to the lowest note, in the scale of composition—Imagine that, and you may have some idea of what it is impossible for description to

to do justice to-----At length, the Coffin was screwed down, but the noise did not subside; the corps was carried forth, and the people attended it to its long last home. At the grave they redoubled their exclamations, and mentioned the deceased's nearest relations---friends---cloaths---diversions, &c.-----What a strange sight this? how absurd a custom! it is not the effect of grief, sorrow can have no part in it; real trouble, is of a much different nature, it cannot vent itself in the *froth* of bodies; it preys upon the soul, it feeds in silence on the mind, tears will sometimes flow, and give a temporary relief, but time only can cure. Some will say, it is an happiness to have a friend, to whom you can unbosom yourself, when misfortunes assail---but, wherein is the happiness? is it in loading one for whom you have a pretended friendship, with your griefs, and involving his mind in your calamities? is that friendship, which makes him unhappy? and must you hurt the feelings of your friend, not content with your own sufferings? or are you base enough, to hurt another's sensibility, for the sake of alleviating your own? How different this, from that dignity of soul, sentiment, and action, which should mark the being, by divinity inspired, and made little less than angels. There is

a

a dignity of thought, which must precede a dignity of action; if we learn not, and encourage noble ideas, and worthy elevated sentiments, our actions will never distinguish us from the sordid miserable clods of clay, those living lumps of earth, which we every day meet with, who have the Image, but want the essence, of human nature. Would youth but learn to think well, they would never act wrong; our thoughts should be as pure, as tho' the whole world was to be made acquainted with them; for, tho' we are sensible they do not, yet, at the same time we are conscious, there is a being, who knows the minutia of them; but I am wandering from my subject——so taking it for granted, that sensible grief does not shew itself, as the pretended sorrow shewn over the corps of poor Donald: I am yet at a loss for the cause whence this wailing and lamentation proceeds; ignorance must be the mother of it, as it is of most absurdities we meet with, in religious rites and ceremonies.

Happening to be at the Billiard table one evening, who should come in but the pretended Count, of Hazardonian memory: There were several gentlemen present who were acquainted with the circumstances of his disgrace, among whom, one to whom he owed three guineas,  
some



some time before at Billiards ; the gentleman demanded the money ——his Countship could not pay—“ Turn him out. ” cried one, “ Not out of the door, by G—. ” said another, and secured the door, a third threw up the sash, and the rest, seized the frightened half-dead culprit. What would he have given at that moment, to have been combing his master’s peruke, or employed in the more humble avocation of cleaning his shoes. “ Indeed gemmen, I never vil come into vone publique cumpanee, not vone time again, if you vil not a-de--brake-a my Neckee, a-my-Neckee ——my Neckee ”----Thus he exclaimed, but Neck and Heels, he went thro’ into the street——he had not more than three yards to fall, so that he arrived at the bottom, without any bones being broke ; but the fall and fright together, stunned him so that he lay a few minutes in a state of insensibility : When he recovered himself, he slowly moved, but finding his limbs whole, made the best use of them he could by leaving the place---nor did I ever see him afterwards.

I now received a remittance from Manchester, with letters from a respectable house there, to some in Dublin, relative to business. I waited upon the gentlemen who were intending to establish a manufactory of Manchester goods, and  
had

had some works erecting for that purpose: I had proposals made to me, which I should most certainly have closed with, but for a letter which I received from Eliza, and another from her aunt, in which, the latter informed me, she would, with her niece, give me the meeting, as she had before said, the middle of the ensuing month, in Liverpool; in consequence of which, I dropt all thoughts of entering into any commercial engagements, on the prospect of a matrimonial one, which would naturally change the system of my affairs. I accordingly returned for answer, to Mrs. D. that I would be in Liverpool, on the 18th of the following month, when I hoped an end would be put to the anxiety and impatience of a lover, in those ties, which death only could put a period to. By the same post, I wrote to Eliza, and congratulated her on the near prospect there was of an union, we had both so ardently wished for. I took a review of the various occurrences which had happened, since our first acquaintance, and the numerous obstacles which had been thrown in our way, by relations on both sides-----that now, I hoped, those obstacles were removed, and no further hinderance would happen, to prevent our meeting, and assured her of a faithful and inviolate attachment, which it would never be in the power

power of time to erase. I spoke sincerely, and felt what I wrote, and desired she would oblige me with another letter, as I should have time enough to receive it, ere I left Dublin. Having dispatched these letters, I had now near three weeks on hand, before the time appointed for meeting Eliza, and Dublin affording nothing new, I determined to pay a visit to Mr. Broughton, (a gentleman in the county of Wicklow) who had often given me an invitation to spend a few days at his house, and accordingly, I set off. As I had a numerous acquaintance on the way, I stopped, to see several, that tho' I left Dublin in the morning, I had not got more than six miles at night, to the house of Mr. M----, where I stopped until morning. On the morrow, pursuing my journey, I met a four wheeled phaeton, drawn by some men, and a number of boys, and in it was seated a gentleman, who from his dress had the appearance of a clergyman, but his face was red and bloated, and he had more the resemblance of a priest of Bacchus. The novelty of the sight, struck me, and stopping at the next house, which happened to be a public one, I alighted, and putting up my horse, went into the house. After a little conversation, I enquired of a young woman, who

who the person was, I had met in the carriage ? She told me as follows. " The gentleman you met, is the Reverend Mr. B. he preaches at L----n, a short distance from this, and besides the income which his Church brings in, he has a pretty estate of his own : He keeps the carriage which you saw, and another ; he likewise has plenty of horses, but from an unaccountable whim, always pays his visits round the country from village to village, drawn by men instead of horses ; whom he puts in ropes, and drives the same as cattle---his horses generally follow, that people may see it is not from necessity, but choice, that he is thus conveyed ; but he is not gone far---I dare say he will soon return, if he does, he will call here to refresh his men." I thanked her for the information, and determined on waiting a short time, to see if this singular mortal returned. Throwing my eyes around the room for something to amuse myself with, I saw a book, and on opening it, found it to be a manuscript, " Are there any secrets in this my dear ?" " Good lack ! it is the Parson's, sure enough, I do not know what is in it indeed," quoth the girl. However, I ventured to read the first piece, which was



## A P A S T O R A L.

AS Phillis sat beneath a shade,  
By nature form'd a cool retreat,  
She heav'd a sigh, which grief betray'd,  
And thus bemoan'd unhappy fate.

Ah! heavy hours, how flow ye flee,  
Since Damon left the rural plain,  
For who enliven'd them like he,  
The joy of ev'ry nymph and swain.

My flocks no longer sport and play,  
Or frolic through the tufted grove,  
E'en Sol now darts a feebler ray,  
And music has not charms like love.

My lambkins as along they pass,  
Stop to receive the wonted stroke,  
Fain I'd carress them, but alas!  
A show'r of tears does utt'rance choak.

Once

Once, blest as they, I trod the green,

A calm of sunshine crown'd my days,  
Unknown to grief, my mind serene,

And ev'ry night was blest with ease.

She said, when Colin sought the maid,

Sorrow, upon his brow he wore ;  
With slow advance, approach'd and said.

Ah Phillis ! Damon, is no more ! !

The fatal words, through nature's frame,

Like light'ning, a quick passage found ;

Then fled the spark, of heav'nly flame !

She lifeless dropt upon the ground.

The above, written on the melancholy catastrophe, of the sudden death of Miss Winterton, an amiable young lady, who did not survive the loss of her lover, who was killed, in the battle of Bunker's Hill: Written, 1776. G. B.

---

Reading on, I found

E P I G R A M.

CLOE wept, when she her husband lost,

And did his untimely end bewail,

Still with disasters, the widow's crost,

She weeps, now poor Flora's lost her tail.

Memorandum. The above occasioned at finding Mrs. Lucas, in tears, because her lap-dog, had been caught in a fox trap.

---

Memorandum. The following, written on my return from the seat of Lord Charlemont, where I had been to pay a visit on a Saturday; being

A Parodian Imitation of the Sublime.

ASSIST me, muses, while I sing the day,

The mighty, the important *Saturday*,

The bustling toil, to wash and clean each place

On this great day—should stand on record fair;

And

And to future ages, plain proof should bring  
How ev'ry stair and floor sadly have groan'd,  
Beneath the pressure of the lab'ring hand  
Of servant maids—in pattens high advanc'd;  
How each chair and table, well wax'd and scrub'd  
Vie with the glasses, that above them plac'd  
To shew our aged dames, their wrinkled fronts—  
Or pert young miss the bloom that on her cheeks  
Glowing, invites to love the neighb'ring youths;  
I'th' kitchen, see the pewter, rang'd quite bright  
At distance regular, with seeming pomp  
Array'd, marshal'd in order from great t' small,  
While coppers, kettles, fish, stew and sauce-pans,  
Fill up the measure of the cook's great toil.  
Ascend we thence to th' pantry, where dishes,  
Plates, pots and pans, obscure the face of th' shelves,  
And seem to court e'en pall'd appetites,  
To wish them fill'd with viands choice and rich;  
Beneath, see empty bottles plac'd in rows  
That once contain'd the best of wines, to cheer  
The soul, by bus'ness, care, or grief oppress'd;  
Into his room, the butler then invites  
Each welcome guest, and from his pocket draws



An instrument, in shape uncouth, the key  
 'T has been t' unlock, both antidote and bane  
 Of mortals yet unnumber'd; which fix'd  
 I'th' porous cork, it quickly draws, from out  
 The yielding bottle, whence a gen'rous steam  
 Of richest wine, tempting invites the taste,  
 And, if with caution drank, meliorates  
 The heart of man, proves best of antidotes  
 'Gainst grief or care, or the long train of ills  
 Attendant on misfortunes here below;  
 But the medium bounds o'erleapt, proves source  
 Of brooding sickness, and diseases dire,  
 Which us and our posterity involves  
 In contagion sad, horrid bane of health!  
 The aged steward, next, attention draws---  
 Clean scrap'd his chin---his hair with time grown grey---  
 Around his neck, his cravat neatly ty'd,  
 While down, his breast each end does graceful hang,  
 Or in his button-hole tuck'd---with looks compos'd,  
 Turns o'er the pages full of rents receiv'd,  
 Of reimbursements made---of great repairs,  
 Such and such farms improv'd, the rents to raise,  
 And grind and grind, yet more th' industrious hand;

And

And all for what? why luxury demands,  
 And high fed appetites still crave for more;  
 Again he turns, to a long train of costs,  
 Incur'd to please the pampered palates,  
 Of those, who never knew, hunger or want,  
 Or those ills on poverty attending;  
 On whose heads the bleak storm, ne'er pours its rage,  
 Nor feel for those beneath an humble roof,  
 Too weak, t' withstand the elemental shock,  
 That breaks upon them unrestrain'd; and where  
 To fly for shelter? alas! they know not!  
 A dreary wild, on ev'ry side appears,  
 Discerned by the light'ning's flash—that gone  
 Horror remains! with darkness visible!  
 Ah think on this, ye rich, whom heav'n has blest,  
 With bount'ous overflow of worldly good:  
 And if ask'd to spare, of what you've had giv'n,  
 Give but a pittance, know, 'tis lent to heav'n.  
 See, what profusion, marks each place around?  
 What costly furniture, what gaudy toys,  
 What useless trappings, to make state appear-----  
 Empty vanity's of a short liv'd day.  
 Sure content, with peace and joy here should dwell,

Where

Where art's most lib'ral hand has been profuse!

Is it not so? can sorrow enter here?

Can those calamities which mock mankind?

Prefume to enter mansions deck'd so fair?

Can malice, envy, hatred, or revenge!

Corroding care, or disappointments great?

Disturb th' inhabitants who dwell within?

If so, give me the humble roof, undeck'd,

Unornamented, save with sweet content,

Offspring of innocence, smiling cherub,

In whole train, peace and joy, for ever dwell!

Just as I had finished reading the above, I heard a carriage, and the girl going to the door, on her return informed me, "it was the mad parson returned:" I accosted him on his entrance, telling him, I had got a manuscript, which I believed to be his property, and added, I had taken the liberty of perusing a part of its contents. He very obligingly answered, "the matter I met with, he was conscious was not worth my attention, or he should make me welcome to read the whole; what I have written, continued he, was never meant for public inspection----but, sir, you'll excuse me a few moments, while I look after my cattle!" so saying,

saying, he left me, with a "Yoics! yoics! John! Simon! here Molly give my cattle some provender?" Molly then brought out a loaf and cheese, with some strong beer, and the fellows who had been drawing him along, fell to without much ceremony. He shortly returned to me with some provender, as he called it, in his hands, "Sir, said he, I am an odd kind of a mortal, (as no doubt you already imagine) and by those who do not know me, am called the mad parson, I have my oddities, my peculiarities, and my singularities; but should be glad of an hour in your company, if nothing material urges your departure hence." I answered him, "That his frankness and good nature, bespoke my esteem, and I should enjoy the pleasure of his company with much satisfaction."----"We will adjourn into this parlour," and led me into a snug room, which I had not before observed—Having seated ourselves, "You see" said he, "by those pieces which you met with by accident, that I some times scribble to the Muses: I have a piece in my pocket, this is it; I married a young couple, about a month ago, the gentleman had paid his addresses to the lady for some time, but she rejected his suit—till the accidental stinging of a Bee, effected in a

7                      A a                      moment,



moment, what, perhaps, the youth might have laboured at for years—I will read it to you,”

---

## A P A S T O R A L.

**T**HE Flocks the plains had left, when Damon stray'd  
From Sol's bright beams to find a cooling shade :  
Chance led him to the grove where *first* he met,  
The fair, the proud, too lovely Collinet.

Nature luxurious in the fair had join'd,  
Each grace to charm, and captivate the mind ;  
But one defect, alone, each charm did hide,  
(But love is blind) and that ye fair, was *Pride* !

[That bane of sweet content, offspring of Hell !  
By which, from Heav'nly bliss, e'en angels fell :  
The mind that suffers it to bear the sway,  
To ev'ry passion vile, oft proves a prey.]

The place seem'd form'd by nature's hand, to calm  
The rage of sorrow, and to pour the balm,

Of

Of sweet condolence, on a wounded mind,  
Oppress'd with care, to solitude inclin'd.

Around, the trees, their verdant foilage spread,  
And on the senses, grateful perfume shed;  
A flowing stream soft murr'm'ring ran along,  
While feather'd warblers, join'd their vocal song.

On a fair bank, by verdant nature dress'd,  
The Swain reclin'd, and thus, his grief express'd;  
To list'ning nature, hush'd was ev'ry breeze,  
The birds, they ceas'd to sing, to move, the trees.

"Come solitude, thou only solace left,  
"Of ease, and peace, and ev'ry joy bereft;  
"In thee alone, I only hope to find,  
"Gentle relief, for my afflicted mind

"Far's fled the time when all was joy around,  
"When my heart leapt at the enliv'ning sound,  
"Of tuneful pipe, by shepherd fingers press'd,  
"When in the mazy dance I join'd the rest.

"But now, no longer charms the pipe or reed,  
"The flowing riv'let, or the flow'ry mead;  
"My flocks that tread the plain, the birds that sing,  
"Nor all the verdure of the breathing spring.

How

" How oft at edge of eve, I've left the fold,  
 " T' hear moral tales, by old Palemon told;  
 " With pleasure list'ned to the aged swain,  
 " For ah! my bosom then, was free from pain.

" Will Collinet, still unrelentless prove?  
 " And must I fall a victim to my love?  
 " Ah! why exulting can she see me grieve;  
 " And not afford my swelling heart relief.

Thus sung the swain—when an alarm betray'd,  
 Some bold intruder—but it prov'd the maid,  
 That caus'd his grief——a bee, that rov'd to seek  
 Some balmy sweet, had lighted on her cheek.

'T was Cupid's self, with keenest arrows arm'd,  
 That gave the sting, which Collinet alarm'd,  
 Which to her heart, like thought, soon passage found,  
 And deep impress'd her with the sacred wound.

The sportive God of Love, had hither led,  
 The maid, who saw how hopeless passion fed,  
 Upon the vitals of the youthful swain,  
 Who lov'd sincerely, but, who lov'd in vain.

No longer so, for now the nymph did burn,  
 With equal flame and wish'd to make return.

Love

Love, joy, and fear, alternate fill'd the swain,  
Trembling h' approach'd, and fault'ring urg'd his flame

When love's mutual, few words the mind express,  
Each, only wishes to be blest, and bless.

She blush'd consent, Damon in raptures cry'd,

"Ye Gods I thank ye! Collinet's my Bride!!

"What think you of that?" said the parson. Why, I think your attack upon female pride, a very good one: "Pride," interrupted he, "is the bane of society, and I should be happy if it were wholly exploded; I endeavour, by my example to banish it, amongst my tenantry and parishioners, by familiarizing myself with them, and their concerns; I am arbitrator in all their disputes, and all their differences are referred to my decision; my word is a law among them, and the men whom you saw pulling my vehicle along, are my tenants, and they attend me more through love and respect, than any other motive." But, said I, do you not rather degrade human nature, in suffering them to supply the room of your coach horses? "Not at all," he replied, "did you never see a nursery maid, or a footman, drawing master Billy or miss Charlotte, in a little coach?" I have seen such things, to be sure



sure: "'Tis only prejudice and the novelty of the thing," rejoined he, " that makes you wonder at seeing me drawn in this manner, for as Mr. Pope somewhere observes,

" Men are but children of a larger growth."

" My house is but two short miles off—you shall mount with me in my phaeton, and ride thither—'tis in your way to ———, and you shall observe the pleasure and assiduity, with which I am attended by these honest people."

He went to the door—" Here, Simon, Patrick," and three or four men were in the room in an instant; " Well, my lads, have you had your allowance?" Yes, your honor. " Well, do you think you can draw this gentleman as well as myself, without hurting yourselves?" "O yes, your honor, if the Jontleman is your honor's friend, tho' he were twice the weight and all."

Though I had no great inclination for being thus conveyed, yet being pressed so much. I consented—so fastening my rosinante, behind the Phaeton, we mounted, and the men drew us along with much facility—"I cannot help thinking," said I, " but these men might be more usefully employed, than as they are at present, in agriculture, or otherwise?" "Why sir, there was no manufactory carried on in my neighbourhood, when I came into it: These  
men

men used to spend most of their time idle or in mischief; as they had not employment, their families were half starved; To remedy that, I from the knowledge I have of their situation, make use of them as you see; I pay them for their time, but never, when the care of their farm requires attendance, do I take them from it: I lend them my cattle to plow with, and likewise to get in their harvest. I am acquainted with their comings in, and with their expenditures, and am sensible they want for nothing but exercise, and this is as good as they can have. By familiarizing myself amongst them, I can more readily inculcate the moral duties, and religious virtues; exercise is the basis of health, as friendship is the cement of society, and they are grown from a state bordering upon *Idiotism*, and *Brutism*, to a situation, rational and polished. There is that first man, whom you see pulling with so much goodnature in his countenance? Some years ago, he was one of the veriest brutes, in the country—continually embroiling himself in quarrels with his neighbours, and all, for want of exercise.—You see that young fellow next to him? He was a most dangerous one amongst the girls, so, that there were generally pulling of Caps, every Sunday at Church, on his account: This was all for want of exercise; I

diverted

diverted his mind from the pursuit of variety, by admitting him into the number of my attendants: He soon after married, and makes a very good husband. There, is another, who is a mender of *soles*, like myself, no offence to the cloth neither—That man would be drunk, more than half the week, and working and starving the other——this drinking and idleness, was all for want of exercise ! ”

We had now got about a mile on the road, when we came to a small house----“ Here, said he, lives the first man, we’ll stop, and you shall see his family ——Simon we will get out at thy Cot.” We alighted, and went into the Cabin, “ Well Dorathea, how dost do to day ? ” said he to Simon’s wife, who sat spinning, “ Arrah ! God bless your honor, but I am very well, so I am.” Suffer me now, to give you an inside view of the place, as it presented itself----Dorathea, spinning; at her feet a wicker Cradle, with a child, about three months old in it; next to that, a girl about eleven years of age, knitting---at the distance of two yards, an anvil (for Simon, was a blacksmith) with furnace, bellows, hammers, &c: behind that, a Pigstye, with a fine sow, and two lesser pigs, in it : Divided from them, with a slight partition, of lath and plaister, were two Cows---I whispered  
to

to the Doctor----“ I think fir, you have taught Simon and his family, *parsimony*, amongst the moral virtues. ” “ Why there is *œconomy* displayed here---but do not think this, is the only apartment of these honest people---“see here, ” and he led me into a room, plain, but neatly, furnished---“ This, is Dorathea’s visiting room, and at her last christening, there was a fund of merriment and good humor, displayed, in this nut-shell, I may call it, that would have been envied by many of Dolly’s superiors-----Simon and Dolly, had a dispute, whether the child should be called, Susannah, or Ruth, and had not determined, when I dipped my hand in the water to sprinkle it---I understood the cause of their bickering, and christened the child *Grace*, and I believe, neither of them were displeased : I am an enemy to contention, and on matters so unimportant, ’tis provoking ; and I think I served them both right. ” I replied, “ It would be well, if all parties contending on unimportant, uninteresting subjects, met with similar treatment ; controversies in religion, would easier terminate, and political disputes, sooner come to a conclusion. ” “ We will now proceed to my house, said my quondom friend, and as the way is so short, we will, if agreeable, walk ? ” “ With all my heart, as I cannot



wholly reconcile myself to our former conveyance." He smiled at my observation, and said, "I will freely indulge you in liberty of opinion, and will even be so good natured, that if you prefer walking barefooted the other mile, in order to do penance for the one you have rode, drawn by *upright Quadrupeds*, I will not offer a persuasion against it." "*Upright Quadrupeds!* methinks Doctor, you debase human nature indeed by the comparison!"-----"Why? 'tis not clear to me, but we were originally made to walk or go on all four--some where I have met with strong arguments, in favor of this opinion, tho' my memory does not now furnish me with particulars---a child for instance, naturally goes on hands and feet, 'till being taught, and the examples every day before it, learns it an erect posture?----and whether, if an infant, was to be kept in a room with a Calf, and constantly fed, without seeing any other posture, than on all four, if it would not incline to jumping and skipping, like a monkey, more than walking as a man? I am inclined to think it would:"---"These are strange notions Doctor?" "Their novelty, may make them appear absurd, to you, they were so to myself at first; but, having maturely considered them, their unreasonableness wore off."

On our arrival opposite to his mansion, he said, " This, is my house, where if you will stop and dine, I shall be happy in your company ?" I apologized for my want of time, but promised to call upon him on my return from my present excursion ; so mounting my horse, I took leave of this Clerical mixture of Oddities.

I arrived at Sea-side Cottage, just as the family were sitting down to dinner, and was received with the most friendly welcome--I informed them of my adventure with the original, above mentioned, and the particulars of the conversation, we had on the road---" It is exactly the man," said Mr. B. " I am well acquainted with him, but with all his foibles, he possesses a good, and humane heart :----I will tell you an anecdote of him," continued my friend, " which will surprize you more than the christening one you mention,-----About two years ago, there was a young woman, who having a tolerable share of beauty, had consequently, a number of suitors---but an arrant coquet, and very wavering in her choice ; at length she agreed to give her hand, to a young farmer, one of my tenants, and the day was fixed for the celebration of their nuptials---there were a number of the country people invited to the wedding ; but, before the day came, a young fellow

fellow, who had been some time at sea, and an old sweetheart of the girls, returned, and made use of such persuasive language, that she consented to be his; instead of the honest farmers, whom she had before promised.

All parties met on the morning to proceed to Church---and I hearing of there being two candidates, for the fickle fair one, took horse and rode to the Parson's, determined to accompany him to Church, to be a witness of the successful lover's triumph: I took one servant with me, a stout young fellow, who had likewise been a suitor of the girls. On our arrival in the Church-yard, there was a croud of men and women, young and old---and seemingly at high words. We were informed that the dispute running high, between the Farmer, and Sailor; they had agreed to decide their pretensions, by force of arms; and were gone into an adjoining field for that purpose. Going into the Church, we found the fair object of dispute, surrounded with some of her female acquaintances, and my servant among them. The Parson, went directly and begun the service, and the Clerk informed the Bride, in a whisper, "She must be married immediately or not at all, for his worship would not wait any longer." This, with my man Tom's rhetoric, had such an influence

fluence on the changable damsel, that she gave her hand to Tom, and he led her up to the altar, with the utmost joy in his countenance.

The Parson with much expedition united them together, and soon proclaimed them man and wife----The benediction was just pronounced, when the combatants returned from the field of battle, and the victorious sailor, came to claim his bride --but, finding she was already disposed of, he very gravely said, "Shiver my timbers! but I'm sorry I stopped up the Farmer's daylights tho'." and turning round to his former antagonist, "Shipmate, shall we roll a quid together?" However, the Farmer, did not bear his defeat, and the loss of his intended wife, with that philosophic coolness, which the Tar did; but vented his rage against the Bride, with much scurrilous invective. Tom presented his wife to me, and I gave him the day to himself---but I assure you the Parson would not have begun the ceremony again and, if the girl had not determined her choice on the instant, she would have remained unmarried that day." It is most probable indeed, from what I have seen of him.

I shall pass over a few days that I spent at Mr. B's, only observing, the time passed on very agreeably, in hunting and shooting; tho' the



the latter, yielded but little diversion, guns being so common, there was a scarcity of game.

After a weeks stay, I took my departure for Dublin--determined to call on the Mad Parson. Alighting at his gate, the servant who took my horse, informed me, his Master had got some of his tenantry and neighbours, amongst whom, was a dispute, but of what nature he knew not. Sending in my name and respects, I was desired to walk into his audience room----I entered, and there was he, seated in an armed Chair, elevated about two feet above the rest.

On looking round, I recognized two of his *Upright Quadrupeds* (as he called them) in the persons of Simon, the blacksmith, and Patrick, the cobbler---with their wives and neighbours; His worship saluted me, and desiring I would place myself, hoped I would assist him in determining the cause he was going to hear? which, he said, was "A complaint, brought by Simon, against Patrick, for an encroachment upon privileges, but I should hear the parties."

"Now Simon, what hast thou got to say against Patrick?" "Why arrah, now! and God blefs your honor's worship---I am as your honor knows, a blacksmith---and that---and the cow---and the pig---and your honor's goodnature, and all that, maintains me and my family,

family, and d'ye see your honor, as how this same Patrick is a cobbler, but not content with that, he has turned blacksmith, which as your honor said, is a *parochmenda*, or what was that hard word, which your honor made use of just now?" The Doctor smiled at Simon's attempt at hard words, and said, "And is this all thou hast to say against Patrick?" "Why yes, your honor, and enough too if your honor will but be thinking so:" "Well Patrick, what hast thou to say in thy defence?" "Arrah now and please your worship, I lived two or three years with a blacksmith, and learnt the trade, before I was intending to be a cobbler at all--and now, as trade being slack, I thought there was no more harm in fitting a shoe to a horse's hoof, than to a man's, your honor---and besides, and moreover than all this, Simon, as I'm a christian your honor, mends his own shoes, and his wife's and his daughters too, without giving me a job at all." "Is this true Simon?" "Why yes your honor; to be sure, I can mend shoes very well, and my neighbours have often pressed me to mend theirs, but I would not thro' a principle of honor, your worship, and, when they brought them to me---Arrah, now! said I, cannot you be after taking them to Patrick O'Flanel, who is a cobbler every inch of him, your

your honor," "Well said Simon, so thou would not mend thy neighbour's shoes, for fear of injuring Patrick in his profession?" "No, your honor." "Here is a principle of integrity," said the parson, turning to me, "not very common, and this honest fellow sets an example which his superiors may blush at. "I believe as how your worship (interrupted Patrick) that I have been wrong, but I'll do so no more at all, and I will give Simon half my earnings your honor, to make him amends, so I will; and if your honor will be after looking at that (giving him a piece of paper) you will find the jobs put down in the manner as I was doing them, so you will."

The account which Patrick presented was as follows.

Soling the fore hoof of Mill Dick's			
grey mair	0	0	4½
Mending a weel of Lawry's low			
back'd carr	0	1	1
Repairing do. in harvest time	0	0	6½
Do. do. - - -	0	0	2
	1	0	2
	2	2	

Witch is all, witch makes two thirteens your honor. Pat. O'Flanel.

This is a true account, is it Patrick? "As true as can be your honor, and there is one thirteen for

Simon" at the same time offering him a shilling. "Take it," said his worship, and to conclude this business; for the future, you Simon and Patrick, shall enter into partnership, and pursue both businesses together---you shall keep a true and faithful account of what both of you earn, and bring it to me once a week---when I will take care, that a just division be made to each of you—but, if I find out any injustice, or fraud, practised by either of you, I will punish him in a severe manner—he shall no longer be my tenant—nor will I any longer be his friend; what say you? are you agreeable to this?—Agreed, Agreed! your honor! said both. "Well," continued his worship, "Your behaviour has been so full of goodnature and generosity, throughout this business that it demands a reward---go into my kitchen, and regale yourselves, 'till nature is satisfied; go not beyond that, by indulging your passions, until you are drunk, as by that, you would incur my highest displeasure--Go, partake freely, but keep within the bounds of sobriety." "God almighty bless and preserve your honor---and blessings---your honor---for ever"—Thus, did these honest people with grateful hearts, continue invoking unnumbered blessings on the head of their friend and benefactor; 'till their



voices were lost by the shutting of the door. His worship, then descended from his chair of justice, and placed himself in one of friendship, by my side. "Well sir, think you not there as been a display of principle, just now in my honest tenants, that would have dignified an higher situation in life?" "On my word sir, I think so; and it gives me infinite pleasure in observing the growth of virtue amongst them; and while they cultivate such generous sentiments, as they are at present possessed of, they will be happy themselves, and diffuse satisfaction to all around them." "'Tis very true sir," replied he, "and I receive no little pleasure in reflecting, they are virtues of my own cultivating that show themselves in these people."

After partaking of some refreshment, the Doctor proposed a walk in the garden—I arose and attended him. "Since I had the pleasure of seeing you," said he, "I have lost a most valued friend and neighbour, who, (as was his custom) taking a moon-light walk, invited by the fineness of the evening, was found dead by his servants; who, on his not returning home at his usual hour, went to seek him. It has given occasion to these verses—if you think them worth your perusal—I took them and read as follows——

An

## A N E U L O G Y,

O R

## E L E G I A C V E R S E S,

On the Sudden Death of MENALCAS.

HARD by the stream, that rolls along,

Through Linnon's banks, the deep to join,

A swain there dwelt, whose rural song,

Oft cheer'd the solitary time.

Few the possessions he could boast,

Fortune on worth, but seldom smiles ;

Merit obscur'd, is often lost,

And virtue pure, neglect beguiles.

An humble cot, by art undeck'd,

And a fair garden neat but small ;

Few were the flocks, the shepherd kept,

And those, though few, compos'd his all

With these alone, he more possess'd,

Than Monarchs, wanting what he had ;

In sweet content and virtue blest,

And natures produce humbly clad.

Thus

Thus free from care, from strife too free,

Nor to mean vice, or passion prone,

Unenvying the world, liv'd he;

Unenvy'd—because unknown,

One eve, the swain, his cot did leave,

The moon, her circling orb had fill'd,

Her beams soft trembled o'er the wave,

That by the margin, gently rill'd.

Screenly calm Menalcas' mind,

Hush'd was the world, no rude assail,

To rest was gone the lab'ring hind,

And silence reign'd along the vale.

Save, Philomel, whose plaintive strain,

At distance heard amongst the trees,

Responsive echo sung again,

Borne to the ear, on gentle breeze.

As Heav'n's fair canopy he view'd,

Where worlds unnumber'd roll,

A starting tear, his eye bedew'd,

And thus he pour'd his grateful soul.

“ Creation

" Creation infinite and fair,

" What wond'rous art now strikes mine eyes ?

" How small an atom, in compare,

" Am I to these unbounded skies ?

" And yet, the care am made of heav'n,

" Whose lib'ral hands my wants supply ;

" Great overflow of good is given,

" By that blest pow'r who rules on high, "

He spoke, when to his sense appear'd,

A form, velop'd in heav'nly ray,

And as it to the shepherd near'd,

It mildly said, or seem'd to say.

" Dost thou not wish to mix among,

" Those stars, at distance seen on high ?

" Before the throne, to join the throng,

" And taste in heav'n unbounded joy.

" Thy pray'rs are heard, accepted too,

" Come blessed spirit, come away ? "

When quick the heav'nly essence flew !

And left a lifeless lump of clay !!

Having



Having finished them-- I observed, " These are a deserving tribute, to a worthy character, have you no design of publishing your poetical flights? if I may so call them?" " None," he replied, " I am but a poor country Parson, and they have little to recommend them ---there are men in the world of so established a fame, that it is impossible any thing should come from their pens, but what must be received with eclat; and things however trivial and absurd in themselves, having the sanction of A. M. D. D. (or any of those initials which the colleges are so liberal in granting) affixed to their author's names, meet with a reception which sterling merit and genuine worth, *untitled*, endeavour to attain without success. When I was last in Dublin continued Mr. B I met Eusebius---we were fellow students, in Trinity college: He asked me, had I seen a late publication, which had made much noise amongst the literari? I said, I had, but had formed but an indifferent opinion of it: No! said Eusebius, and 'twas wrote by a Bishop! Very true; I admired the title-page, I grant, and to those who only skim the surface of a publication, it may pass very well, but it will not bear investigation: I have wrote, said Eusebius, a piece on the sublimity of the God-head, but am deterred from publishing it, as I have

have not yet taken my degrees; so you see, sir, I am not singular in my opinion, that an author must gain a name before his work will gain attention, and a name, once gain'd, he may write and publish, any thing, no matter what; his absurdities will be looked upon as singularities, and his erroneous opinions, as the effect of enlarged ideas and an expanded understanding.

We now returned into the house to dinner, after which, I took leave of this Clerical Original, not a little pleased with the acquisition of so singular, yet worthy an acquaintance.

On my arrival in Dublin, I found several letters from England, amongst the rest, one which my friends had received from London, charging me with having obtained, from Mrs. D. wine-merchant, a quantity of liquors, in her name, when I was last in London. This was another friendly attempt to injure me, from the same quarter who had endeavored it before, with my Friends; nay the letter informed them, the writer had it from Mrs. D. herself. I immediately wrote an account of this to Mrs. D. and begged she would inform my Friends, of the particulars of the above transaction. She accordingly wrote to Manchester, with an unequivocal denial, of any thing of the nature of the above ever happening, nor had she ever seen my ——— the writer

writer of the account since I left London. \* My — knew nothing of my correspondence with the above party at this time, or would have been sensible, his pusillanimous efforts to injure me, would prove of non-effect; for my own part, I could not help smiling contempt upon them, but knowing it necessary to clear up the prejudice from the minds of my friends, was the reason of my writing at all, on the subject to Mrs. D. Having dispatched this business, the next letter I opened, was from Eliza; in which she said, “the confidence she placed in me, in consenting to so long a journey on my account, she hoped I would not abuse by disappointing her; that she had still her doubts, as to the propriety of meeting me, but the esteem she held me in, put an end to them, and nothing should prevent her (with her aunt) being in Liverpool, on or before the 18th. (it was now the 8th. instant, and assuring me she was unalterably mine.” I returned an immediate answer, that I should leave Dublin with the first packet, and would wait with the utmost anxiety, for the day of her promised arrival in Liverpool; what joy that

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\* I leave the above transaction, to be commented upon by those whom it more immediately concerns, who must (if not entirely void of sensibility) blush at the cruelty of such an invention.

that hour would give me, and it should be the future study of my life, to requite so much generosity and goodness." I now went down to the packet-house, but there being no packet ready for Liverpool, and understanding one would sail for the Head the next morning, I determined to go in that, and by land to Liverpool, in order to prevent any disappointment.

The next morning I was on board the Packet, on the 11th I landed safe in Hollyhead. I took post-horses for Bangor-ferry and called on Mr. L---s' family, whom I found in perfect health—I staid here only a few hours, tho' pressed to make a longer visit. At Bangor I again met with the Rev. Mr. Ed---ds, who informing me he was going to Carnarvon, I agreed to accompany him; being so near, I could do no less than call to see Mr. O---n, a gentleman who had treated me with so much respect and civility, when I was last there: I found Mr. O---n removed into his new house, and his garden, (the plan of which I had given him) laid out with much exactness, and in fine order.

In the evening, we paid a visit to the society in whose company I had been in, when last at Carnarvon. The gentlemen received me with much cordiality, and we spent a few hours, in a very sociable manner—every idea of rivalry,



being thrown aside, they no longer disputed the palm of victory in drinking, but yielded the Bacchanalian wreath to me without contention, and I was placed in the Senior's chair!

How pleasing to a young mind, to be thus distinguished! If then, being particularized at a debauch, and respected by your fellow competitors in the pursuit of sensitive enjoyments, can give such satisfaction? how much more noble, more refined, and more worthy of the dignity of man, to be fired with an aspiring emulation, in the pursuit of more rational, more exalted sensations; such as spring from a love of virtue, the acquirement of knowledge, and the exercise of moral and religious duties? These are employments, worthy that rationality which heaven as endowed us with.

The next morning I took leave of Mr. O--n and on my arrival at Bangor, took the stage from thence to Chester: From hence, I wrote to Manchester, an account of my arrival from Dublin, and the reasons that had induced it; that I was now within a few days of being united, to the amiable lady who had so long been mistress of my *real* affections, and being fully determined on settling in the world, knew of no means so effectual as marriage; that the unsettled situation I had been in some time back, and the

the expence: I had put my generous friends to; on that account, gave me infinite concern, and that I wished for nothing so much as to make what return lay in my power, by my future steady and dutiful behaviour, to compensate for the liberal support, I had hitherto received, that, tho' various means, had been, and I doubted not were still used, to deprive me of that confidence and esteem I had so happily gained; yet, I hoped an end would be put to any future attempts, by my intended union: The pleasure I had in writing on such an agreeable prospect, as presented itself to my imagination, received no other damp—than the necessity I was under, of requesting a remittance, as the necessary expenditure I had been under, obliged me to ask a further supply; and hoped it would be the last time I should intrude on that good nature, which nothing could give me more sensible regret, than the most distant idea of abusing.

I dispatched this from Chester, on the 16th, and on the following morning set off for Liverpool.

It is impossible to paint what were my feelings on the way; how anxiously I anticipated the moment of my arrival, when perhaps I might meet with Eliza, who might, as well as myself, be a day before-hand; I bade adieu to the follies

lies of youth, and looked forward to the dawning prospect of my entering into the honorable estate of matrimony, and considered myself, as the future father of a family : I took a review of my own infancy, my progress in years, and the propensity to folly, which had marked a number of my actions : I determined within myself, if heaven should bless me with children, to guard them against the allurements of vice, and those temptations which youth are exposed to ; by early learning them the government of their passions, and the exercise of reason---by depicting the amiableness of virtue, morality, and religion, and the happiness attending the man, who endeavors to keep a conscience, void of offence---by showing, the horribility of vice and immorality, and the sure consequences attendant on a life of wickedness ; remorse, in this world, and endless misery, in that to come : Holding forth one, as a mirror wherein might be seen, the beauty, purity, and happiness of angels ; and the other, wherein might be seen, the deformity, horror, and misery of the damned.

How did fancy draw in most pleasing flattering colours, the moment of our meeting, the sighs, fond looks and tears, which we each inspired, and freely gave way to. Alas ! too joy swelled hopes, e'er to be crowned with fruition.

On

On my arrival in Liverpool, I waited on the gentleman, with whom I wished to lodge, as in his house I knew I could receive Eliza, on her arrival: Having settled matters with him to my satisfaction, I went to the Inns, and made the necessary enquiries for the London Coach, &c. and then paid a visit to the Keeper of the Prison's family: On enquiry, I found the Doctor, whom I left here, had recovered both his reason and liberty; but, Moreton was still there, the same melancholy marked his countenance, and the sigh of hopeless love, still agitated his bosom. As he was one whose story had interested me much in his behalf, I could not help drawing a comparison, between his once situation, with respect to his *Eleonora*, and my present one with Eliza---how, I thought, would he have envied my coming happiness. I informed him of the near prospect I had, of being inseparably united to the object of my wishes, he congratulated with me on the approaching consummation--"May you be happy, said he, 'tis what I can never hope for." "Why not?" I replied, tho' the idea is a little romantic, who knows, but revolving time, may yet bring you to the possession of your *Eleonora*, Don Manuel may die, or perhaps is dead, while we are speaking, you may recover your liberty, and be  
 assured



assured, if *Eleonora*, once loved time can never erase, the sacred impression from her Soul! come cheer up man! what a soldier and despair?"

As I spoke, I could observe a faint gleam of joy, brighten up his countenance; "No," said he, "to despair, would argue a want of confidence in that being who ordereth all things for the best; I will still, however flattering, cherish *hope*, and leave to heaven's disposal, the event of all." "It is right," I replied, "an humble reliance on heaven, and a resignation to its dispensations, is the only way of securing happiness."

Leaving this place, I returned to my lodgings and to bed—but not to sleep; a thousand different ideas crowded into my mind, hope and fear alternately agitating my bosom; till at length, nature wearied out, I dropt asleep.

I then, in imagination, went to meet Eliza on the road: I stopped every carriage, and enquired of every one I met—had they seen my Eliza? had they seen the intended of my soul? I received vague and indifferent answers, and gained no satisfaction from my interrogatories—at length I had got as far as the Trent, I was on foot, and I found the Bridge broke down---I was in the utmost distress how to pass over, and called in vain for assistance-----  
when

when I saw on the other side, a Carriage coming full speed----I vociferated loud as I was able, to warn the driver of his danger; but, the noise of the wheels of the carriage, and the roaring of the waters, made him deaf to my exertions: He made for the place where the the Bridge once stood, and his precipitancy, as he could not stop his foaming Steeds, hurried him headlong into the voracious flood! Horror struck my soul! which was redoubled, on hearing the voice of my Eliza, calling for help! I plunged into the River---methought she had extricated herself from the carriage, and springing forwards to throw herself into my out-stretched arms, ere I could catch her, she sunk! to the bottom!!-----The catastrophe was too horrid for my soul, and I awoke! a cold sweat bedewed my limbs, and I trembled like the aspin leaf, shook by the winds of the forest!

In vain I endeavored to compose myself, this dream had made too great an impression upon me, again to think of sleep; and I passed the remainder of the night in much uneasiness.

With the morning's dawn I arose, and endeavored to divert the effect of fancy, by laughing at my weakness, in letting a dream corrode upon my mind---I considered it as the height of

of folly, to let such an unreal mockery, the phantom of sleeping fancy, to get the better of waking reason. I took up a book, it happened to be, the divine Young's, *Night-thoughts*; on opening it, my eyes were in a moment, riveted on this line

Dull Sleep instructs nor sport vain dreams in vain.

My inauspicious dream, now recoiled upon my imagination, with redoubled force; and convinced something would happen to crush all my fond hopes of bliss---I gave way to grief and my soul was absorbed in melancholy ideas.

I was roused from the lethargy into which I was plunged, by the gentleman at whose house I lodged, presenting me a letter—from whence comes it? I half articulated---it has the London post-mark, he replied, pray lay it down? he did, and left me—I looked at it, at a distance; my heart trembled to its centre to know the contents—and yet, I durst not open it; I wished and yet dreaded to know, whether the hand of misfortune, disappointment, or infincerity marked the lines within---I ventured to take hold of it, and reading the direction, knew my Eliza's hand---“She's well to write, then all cannot be ill!” and a swelled sigh, burst from my heart; while the big tear, rolled from my eye. “Can Eliza prove false then?”

Horrid

Horrid thought ! better know the worst, than thus torment myself, with evils unassured : I then tore open the letter, and read as follows :

“ Dear sir,

“ I am more unhappy than I can express, at being obliged to write to you, when I hoped for the happiness of meeting you in Liverpool, according to my aunt's and my own appointment, and am afraid you will form conjectures against me, which the present appearance of things, may in some degree justify ; but the truth of the matter is this : My aunt is obliged to sell out Stock, and would, (now to do it) be under great disadvantage ; yet 'till she has done it, cannot fulfil her intentions with respect to both of us — it will be more than a week, before we can be with you, therefore let me beg you would come forward, nor stay in Liverpool : I am now at her country residence, in St-----e, you can take out a licence, from the commons, as you come through Town, and believe me, there is no other obstacle but our not meeting, to make me in reality, as I am in idea ”

“ Your Affectionate  
St-----e. “ Eliza ———

Having perused the above, imagine what must



my feelings. The disappointment I received, being so unexpected. I was the less able to bear. I considered the letter as dictated, by the genius of perfidy, written with the pen of insincerity, and dipped in falshood's rankest gall---I vented unheard of imprecations on the fair deceiver, and curst myself, a thousand times for the confidence I had placed in those professions of love and friendship, which I had considered as the test of faith inviolate----I took up my pen to answer her letter, determined to *write daggers!* in a moment I threw from me the harmless quill, and spurned at the idea of writing to the ingrate; "No! she's not worth a thought!"

Passion was then risen to her highest summit, towering on the regions of frenzy! when nature, kindly opening her sluices, the briny rivulets from their secret springs found passage, and gave some ease, to my grief swelled heart.

I sat down and the tears flowed plentifully: ---After some time, I wiped them away, but again they flowed, and I endeavored through the glistening drops, to reperfuse the unkind, the cruel letter: Reason, had then, in some degree, gained the ascendancy over passion, and on a second and third reading, much of its acrimony on the first appearance, wore off--in a short time I was cool enough to give it a candid consideration:

tion: But my Pride had received a wound in the disappointment I had met with, which reason could not heal, and reflection only added more to my unhappiness. To banish the gloom which hovered o'er my mind, I immediately threw myself into company, at a neighbouring tavern, and endeavored to absorb in inebriation, the remembrance of my recent sorrow.

Wretched resource! to banish for a moment, what, from the means applied to, ever recoils again with redoubled force! Thus I spent that day and evening.

In the morning when I awoke, and ruminating on the yesterday's transactions, I received no consolation from the means I had used to relieve my mind, and could not determine what to do; to answer the letter I had received from Eliza, or no: I had a severe struggle between pride and love:----In this indeterminate situation I was, when I received a letter from Manchester, in answer to the one I had wrote from Chester. This was full of more disagreeable matter, than Eliza's, upon the whole: I was acquainted, "That the step I had taken in leaving Ireland, "without fulfilling the intentions of my going "there; which was, to fix myself to business "and industry, had incurred the severest displeasure of my too indulgent friends----that, my  
"making

“ making use of a pretended matrimonial conec-  
 “ tion, which was to take place with Miss ---  
 “ was nothing but an idle excuse-----as they  
 “ were well informed, she never wrote any in-  
 “ tentions of meeting me in Liverpool----that  
 “ I might look for some other resource, for  
 “ the supplying my extravagancies, than that,  
 “ of whose bounty, I had made so improper an  
 “ use---that, for the future, it would be in  
 “ vain attempting to impose upon their goodness,  
 “ and, until they were convinced from my be-  
 “ haviour being such as to regain that esteem I  
 “ had forfeited, and of my reformed intentions  
 “ being put in practice, I need not to flatter my-  
 “ self with any further assistance. ”

After considering this disagreeable letter, I  
 received some consolation from a consciousness  
 that I had not deceived them, with respect to  
 my intended marriage, being the reason of my  
 leaving Ireland; and determined to inclose Miss  
 B's, last letter to them; that on perusal, they  
 might not only be convinced that I had not in  
 the least deceived them, but likewise, how I  
 was deceived myself---for, my having wrote  
 that she would *positively* meet me, and not hav-  
 ing done it---wore a very suspicious appearance;  
 that their disbelief of my assertions, was too  
 well founded; and it was my interest, to do  
 away

away the ground of that suspicion; by laying our correspondence before them.

Convinced of the necessity of this, I sent a circumstantial detail of my correspondence with Eliza, inclosing her last letter, and informing them I had not answered it, and requested their opinion, as to the propriety of taking any notice of it or being silent.

This dispatched, I had nothing to do but wait the result. The house I lodged in, was a Bookseller's, and here, I had an opportunity of gratifying my penchant for reading: At another time, I should have been happy in such a fund of literature to have feasted my senses upon; but now, books had lost their relish, and I sought to alleviate the melancholy ideas which reflection crouded upon my mind, by frequenting the taverns: The newspapers, the mixture of company, and the variety of conversation I met with there, diverted much, that chagrin which prey'd so much upon my mind.

Near a week elapsed in this situation, when I received another letter from Eliza: I was, for sometime undecided, whether I should open it; at last curiosity prevailed over indifference, and I read it——It was full of doubtful uncertainty about me being in Liverpool, and my having received her last letter of apology, for the disappointment



pointment I had received, in her not meeting me according to promise ; and begging I would if I received this, inform her of my reasons for being silent, and concluded with pressing me to come forward to Town. I that day received a letter from manchester, in answer to my last tho' written a week before ; but the contents of it were so perfectly unaccountable, so unjust, so contrary to truth, that nothing but the most malicious fiend-like invention, could have suggested it to my friends---it was as follows

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“ Your letter was received in due course, covering one, *which you say*, you received from Miss B. We have maturely considered what you say with respect to the above lady, and have that opinion both of her and her aunt, to be convinced, they would not have made an appointment with you, without their fulfilling it——when you wrote, Miss B. was to meet you, our suspicions were strong against a supposition of the kind——we are *now* convinced of the whole being an invention of your own, to hide other motives, which you dare not avow——as to the letter you inclosed, we look upon it, as a *Forgery* of your own.

We should not have wrote thus much, but, to crush further attempts to impose upon, &c.

The

The world, will be convinced from the state of my connection, which I have candidly stated, that, I had neither acted with duplicity, nor deviated from the strictest truth---and I must advert to those secret enemies of mine, who had at that time, the ear of my friends ; and as I have no doubt, but these Memoirs will fall into the hands of some of them, I hope their consciences---I beg pardon for making use of so *outré* a word---reflection, will convince them of the -----I really am at a loss for a word, here, and leave the chasm to be filled up, as consideration dictates-----of their conduct ; as from depriving me of that confidence, which I had hitherto possessed with my friends, they broke that chain of good-understanding, which was never again properly united: To this, I may justly attribute, every consequence which followed ; it was the root, from whence sprung, those innumerable branches of disquietudes and misunderstandings, which spread themselves over the subsequent years of my life, and cast a gloom of unhappiness o'er the heads of those, whom it would have been my ambition to have made happy, by an unclouded sunshine of satisfaction illuminating the remainder of their days.

To say the account I had written was fabulous, and Miss B's letter a Forgery, was going

a length, which nothing could justify. But I was unfortunate in not having one *Friend*, to take my part, and had only my own letters, to plead my cause; and those were commented upon, and constructions given to their contents, which I had never the most distant idea of conveying. This letter, which I could not read, without surprize and indignation; surprize, at the weakness of my friends, in imbibing notions so contrary to truth and reason, and indignation, at the treatment I received, so contrary to equity and justice-----made me determine writing to Eliza, and I penned the following.

Madam.

There was a time when I should have thought it impossible, to have begun an Epistle to you, in a stile cool as the present is—And far was removed from me the idea of ever having cause-----with ease, with pleasure, I have hitherto wrote you; and the words inspired by love, flowed with avidity from my pen: But now, how changed? Slow moves my quill, o'er the fair surface of my paper, and gall must impress, where erst fair ink appeared. In bitterness of soul, Clerimont writes to his once lov'd Eliza--cruel change! I will not endeavor to awaken in your bosom those sleeping remains of

a passion, once with seeming joy avowed; but the time may come (tho' witness for me heaven I wish it not) that the arrows of unreturned, unrequited love, and the shafts of disappointment, may wound your bosom, and then, you may heave a sigh at the remembrance of one, who loving you, *forsook others more kind and fair*; but I upbraid you not: Heaven has only made you the instrument of punishing my perfidy to others of your sex--and they are all amply revenged. Yes Eliza, I humble myself to confess it; often have I pretended a passion which I never felt, but for you I felt a flame, in which pretension had no share. Thus much I say and by what follows, you may judge; I write no more than what I think, and mean religiously to observe. You said in your first letter, that your aunt being obliged to sell out stock, was the reason of your not keeping your promise of meeting me; that admitted, yet that was but a weak excuse for love, and such as I thought Eliza incapable of making-----and, I must add, you must have other motives, and what your aunt would call no doubt, prudential ones: The fear of my disappointing you, and those concurring circumstances, which would have been attendant on a breaking the engagement, on my side, you was afraid of encountering with---but give me leave



to ask ? When did you know me deviate from the strictest truth, and in the number of meetings we have had in town, did I ever shew the least unreadiness ? Was I not always punctual to my promise, and the first at every place appointed ? Upon what then, could you ground a doubt of my engagements with you here ? I am, for my own part, lost in inventing an excuse with the least shadow of truth for you. You desire me, “to come forward, and bring a licence with me.” No, Eliza, were you approached within a mile of Liverpool, I would not come that short space to meet you ! I have already crossed the briny deep, and trusted my life to the changable winds, and the voracious flood, for the sake of one more inconstant and fickle than the elements whose dangers I encountered ! But all this is nothing—I have lost the confidence, the esteem, the good will of those, whom it was my duty to respect, to oblige, to obey ; I have treated their commands with contempt, by disregarding them : Their orders were for my staying in Ireland----but I listened only to the voice of love, and fondly hoped that you would have pleaded my excuse, and gained me forgiveness : I wrote to Manchester, my reasons for coming to Liverpool---they were looked upon as chimerical and unfounded !---Your breaking  
the

the sacred obligations you were under, confirmed them in opinion; and what is the consequence? I am an alien in the affections of my friends. They charge me with a direct falshood in saying, you ever intended to meet me in Liverpool, and tho' I have sent them your epistle of apology for perusal, they returned it, with "They knew it to be a forgery of my own, as they were better acquainted with both your aunt and you, to imagine you would break a promise so strongly made."

I received your second letter, in which you ask my reasons for being silent? I have given them to you.--You press me to come to town. that too, I have answered -----It now only remains, to put an end to this letter, and conclude a correspondence which no doubt you are tired of-----which I do, by concluding myself, with the respect your sex demands,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

C. W. B.

I now bade adieu! to every idea of love for Eliza, and by forming fresh attachments, endeavoured to banish her from my remembrance. I soon after became acquainted with a young lady, whom a short intercourse, interested me  
much

much in her behalf: This lady's name was B--s-n; she lived with a distant relation, who was likewise her guardian. The first time I saw her, was in the shop where I lodged; I was looking over a fresh parcel of books, just arrived from London, when she came in: "Are those modern publications, sir?" Some, I believe are, madam. I presented one to her; she looked at the title-page, and a crimson blush o'erspread her face: I was apprehensive I had unknowingly given her something improper for female delicacy to see; I looked confus'd—her eyes met mine; "Madam, I beg -----" she returned me the book; "There is nothing new in that, sir, I think." I looked at it---'twas the Art of Love and Courtship: I now blushed in my turn, "'Tis perfectly new to me madam," she looked doubtful, and turned to the gentleman of the shop. Simple as this matter was, it inspired us both with sensations, which I believe neither would have thought on, had there been any other title to the book, than the one it had. After a few interviews with this lady, I hesitated not to declare those sentiments, which she had inspired me with, and she on her part, was candid enough to own, I was not indifferent to her; I frequently visited at her house, and wrote to Manchester, an account of this new attachment,

and

and begged overtures might be made, to the guardian of Matilda, for his consent to my addresses, &c. To this, I received a dissatisfactory answer—and waited on Mr. S. myself—he received me with much civility, and having made known to him my family and connections, he candidly told me, there was a gentleman (who was then at sea for whom his ward was designed, and therefore he could not give me any encouragement, as the engagement he had entered into with the friends of the young gentleman, were such he could not set aside. This rebuff did not wholly damp my hopes, as I knew myself safe in Matilda's affections, and I again pressed my suit with my family, but after several letters pro and con, my endeavors proved futile, I could not regain that confidence, which I had unfortunately lost, and which an unhappy prejudice had so firmly rooted against me; that they remained inflexibly bent against me, and all I could write, never eradicated the unfavorable impressions, my leaving Ireland had made.

In this situation what could I do, my finances running short, I could not visit those places, which I had hitherto frequented, and I turned my thoughts to business; my landlord was then at Chester, selling books by auction, and he wanted an assistant, I determined to go to him; the



the tide served late in the day, I crossed over by the ferry to Eastham where, I was informed I could procure a horse; I got into the boat, in which, were a number of market women, an old man, and one young fellow; we were just off the shore, when the Stag Frigate, fired a gun for us to bring too, and come on board; the boatmen instantly lowered their sail, but wind and tide being both against us making the ship, we lay too as much as we were able, tho' the tide carried us from them; however they fired a gun loaden with shot, and soon after sent a boat on board us; the young fellow hid himself in the stern of the boat, and the old fellow covered him up with some empty baskets; their boat now boarded us, and the officer demanded of the boatmen, What passengers they had on board? They made no answer; but in knocking the baskets about, the officer discovered the young man, who had hid himself, and out he was hawled, half dead with fear. He was a stout young fellow and a sailor, and one, whom I doubt not, would have met danger undaunted, at any other time. Force, the spirit of an Englishman cannot brook, and, as compulsion is in all things disagreeable, in this, it is particularly so, that a man who has been risking his life for years, in the service of his country, and having  
escaped

escaped the rage of his enemy, and the dangers of the watery element, arrives once more on his native shore—he is now obliged to hide himself, and sculk in corners, before he can have an opportunity of seeing his relations, his friends; perhaps a loving wife, or partner of his heart; wish to behold the faithful husband, or the constant lover; while he, full of hope, joy, and fear, watches every opportunity of throwing himself into their arms:---Perhaps, he is within sight of the house, in which his heart, his soul is contained, and his pulse beats high, with fancied bliss—when he is stopped by the officers of his sovereign---dragged on board a ship, and forced from the fond hopes he had entertained, to meet again the enemies of his country, and the perils of the sea.—Hard fate!

This was the situation of the youth, as I afterwards learnt who the man of war's man, had got into their boat; he had been five years in the service, without seeing his friends, or a young wife, whom he left early after marriage, in order to seek maintenance for her and a young infant, of whom he left her pregnant; the women in the boat loaded the press-officer with abusive epithets, the old man whom I before mentioned joined them in vociferating exclamations no ways agreeable; their boat had put off

a few strokes from us, and as they distanced us, the clamour of the women, and old man increased, an expression of the latter's roused the anger of the officer, and putting their boat about, they again came on board us, swearing the old man should go into the service too. I spoke to the officer to excuse the man. "Consider sir, anger has a privilege to speak," ---- "Damn his privilege" replied he "I'll see if any man dare affront me on duty, damme!" I don't suppose the man would affront you unpassion'd," "Damme, sir, what business have you to interfere in the matter, pray who are you?" -- "I am a gentleman, sir, and it is a pity the service should be obliged to put into power, any that are not so," this nettled him so much, he swore he would take me on board too (by this time they had got the old man on board) if I dared to insinuate he was not a gentleman; I smiled contempt and said "I disregarded his menaces" he again swore I should go on board, and ordered his men to take me into the boat, "My lads I'll give you no trouble," said I, and sprung in. We had better than half a mile to row to his vessel, but I was perfectly at ease, and when we came near I saw it was the Stag, for till then I did not know she was in the river; I was agreeably surprized, and asked the officer, how the gentlemen

gentlemen on board the Stag did, naming chief of them by their names; but what a situation was the poor devil in, for he now found he had been taking a liberty with one, which he could not justify, and would have made an apology, if shame had not prevented him. Lieut. K. of the marines, saw, and saluted me with his hat; I returned the compliment; fresh ropes were handed down the accommodation ladder, and the youth who had impressed me, would have given me his hand, as I stepped out of the boat, which I disdainfully refused, and was on the quarter-deck immediately. Captain C. was on shore. "Do you know," said I, "that fellow has impressed me," and pointed to the midshipman—Ha! ha! ha! is it possible, said K. Lieut. V. then called to him "Pray sir, did you force this gentleman on board?" "I did insist upon the gentleman's coming on board but I beg the gentleman's pardon" "Pshaw! 'tis not worth notice, but there is that old man, who is in the same predicament as myself?" "Mr. said the Lieut. you should consider you are not now on board the tender, when Captain C. is acquainted with your conduct. he will be much displeased with you, and I shall not fail reporting you to him. We then went into the gun-room, where we drank a few glasses, and having



interceded that the matter might drop, and no mention be made of it to the captain, the boat was ordered to put me and the old man on board the ferry-boat, which had lain too as much as possible during this, though she had more than doubled her first distance, but having both wind and tide in our favor, we soon were again on board her. The women rejoiced much to see us come back, tho' we were obliged to leave the young sailor behind, and the old fellow was lavish in his thanks to me, for procuring his liberty, as he would undoubtedly have been kept there all night, but for my intercession, and we arrived at Eastham, without any further accident.

This adventure put me in mind of a story, I heard when in Liverpool, of a certain new-made justice; I have taken the liberty of cloathing it in the muse's manufactory, which I hope will not prove worse for wear, because drawn from the coarse threads of my un-mused brain.

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*The* MODERN JUSTICE.

## A TALE.

NOT long ago, as I've heard related,  
A neighb'ring wight by fortune elated;  
Forgot the origin, whence sprung so late,  
Tow'd 'bove himself, and thought no one so great,  
With wealth came pride, ambition too to rise,  
Contented not with self, would be thought wise,  
To which end he was one o'th' Quorum made,  
But proves a very Midas, at the trade;  
For trade 'tis and carried on with vigour,  
And you may have lenity or rigour.  
The golden mean, shown, howe'er dishonest,  
The culprit is *that* soon proves him honest;  
His faults are view'd with microscopic eye,  
*Unseen*, a monster seems, tho' but a fly.  
As through a telescope an object view'd,  
Seems at a great distance, unform'd and rude,

Turn

Turn but the glass, and it will then appear,  
Fair, regular, and to your optics near.  
So here, gold hides a multitude of crimes,  
Shame to the rulers of these modern times.  
Who'd be a petty thief, and not aspire  
In deeds of villainy to rank higher,  
And it detected not to be found poor,  
The greatest crime, you then will suffer sore.  
See, yon wretch chain'd! what's his crime? poverty,  
He'd not withal t' purchase humanity!  
Purchase humanity? my soul recoils,  
At the sad thought, my blood in ferment boils;  
But wave the subject, and t' aetrea's son,  
Return—(for gladly he would be thought one)  
Though the true story we shall here relate,  
Will not redound much credit to his pate,  
But truth we sing, and leave the rest to fate. }  
Before his worship, (worship we him call  
Name given now, indifferent to all)  
Was brought a man, charg'd with having stolen,  
Two fine Blankets, made of best of woollen;  
For two such others i'th' parish were not,  
Nor could t wo such others, elsewhere be got.

“ Well,

"Well," said his worship, "I will be brief,

"What proofs, have you, that this man is the thief?

"Your honor we found 'em in's possession,

"And that he's the thief he's made confession."

"Oh! Oh! said the Knight, that's proof enough,

"You constable take care of him and th' stuff:

"We'll consider what punishment t' inflict,

"Upon the prisoner who now stands convict:

"You may withdraw, while we turn some pages,

"Written by the great law learned sages."

His worship did several books examine,

Affid'ous as e'er an ancient Bramin,

To find instruction he not knew before,

To add unto his sacred learning's store.

But all in vain, at length tir'd out, he then,

Did ring the bell, and in they came again:

With looks important, and full swell'd his crest,

First, thrice, he hem'd!! then thus, the group address'd.

"Master Profecutor, I must discharge

"The prisoner at my barr; for Burn a: large,

"Blackstone, or Coke, with several others,

"Learned in the Laws, and my good Brothers,

"I have look'd o'er, but they do not mention

"Blankets



" *Blankets*, in their work, which with attention,

" I have remark'd ; therefore, I do discharge,

" You the prisoner,——you are now at large. "

An Hogarth's pencil it would well employ,

To paint the rage, vexation, or the joy,

Each count'nance express'd—while a by stander

Would wonder such boobies, in the land are,

But so 'twas, and no doubt there are others

Equally learned his *very good Brothers*.

Arriving in Chester, I found the gentleman I sought, and stayed with him a week ; in this time, I became acquainted with a Mr. M. who is said to be a natural son of Lord G's. This gentleman was quite a libertine, had been in business, but that interfering with his pleasures, he had declined it, and was now preparing (thro' the interest of the above nobleman) to go to the East-Indies, in a military capacity. I spent several evenings in his company, at the Yatch—He was, what is called, a good companion over a bottle, as he could smook, tell a smutty tale, with a good grace, and roar out a catch or song, with humour : Here too, I met with two more of much the same sort of genius, as Mr. M—.

These

These were Mr. E. and Mr. H. As both these have had the honor of their names, at full length, preceded by a Whereas, I forbear mentioning, only their initials; I have in the course of a few years, been acquainted with a great number of these *bearty fellows*; fond of their bottle and frequenters of taverns, delighters in drinking, riot, and debaucheries, but I know none but have suffered in a short time, an assignment, a bankruptcy, or poor, unfriended and unesteemed, drag on life, unhappy, only when in liquor, and miserable in the use of reason! Wretched state of existence! If we consider the vast trouble that is undergone in the pursuit of illicit pleasures, what less than madmen can we call those, who spend the greatest part of their time, in search of that, which brings no profit, but a momentary satisfaction, and leaves a deadly sting behind. Such are they whose time is engrossed in the gratification of sensual appetites: These feel none of those refinements of the soul, which lifts man up beyond his vulgar clay, and gives him a foretaste of that sublimity of bliss, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man fully to conceive."

Great thought, to think to be, what angels are,  
To tread the azure sky, in purer air,

On

On wings ætherial take our rapid way,  
A spirit now, and not encumber'd clay,  
Amongst the stars to find a sweet abode,  
Blest in the presence, of a Saviour, God!

These are the ideas, which the libertine the debauchee can have no notion of---miserable beings--what would ye give, to have so great a consolation, as the hope of happiness to come; but without God or Hope in the world, with just feeling enough, like your fellow brutes of the forest, to know when hunger calls, and when your parched lungs lack moisture: Sensible to heat and cold, who lay down to sleep, that you may rise to eat and drink, and eat and drink to sleep again; and so, on ye go from day to day, from year to year, to the last syllable of recording time. But before death calls you to your long last sleep, think, think betimes, in that last sleep of death what dreams may come. How does the libertine, when plotting to destroy female honor, or the drunkard, when reeling over his full filled bowl, how do they know but at that moment, the angel of fate, is writing out their irrevocable doom! A summons into eternity! momentous thought! a summons before that judgment seat, where the secrets of all hearts are laid open. For be assured, heaven's record-

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ing angel, marks down the minutia of our thoughts, words and actions : Then tremble ye unthinking, at the dread balance you will find against you ! !

My friend designing to go to Parkgate and Neston, with his Books for sale, I went there alone on the saturday, to make the necessary preparations for begining sale on the monday evening, when he was to join me. On my arrival at Neston, I made the customary entry at the excise office, waited on the Clerk of the Parish to give directions for him to warn the sale of books the ensuing week ; agreed with the Carpenter for fixtures——and then joined some company whom I met with at the house where I lodged, among whom was a namesake—Captain of a Dublin Trader. We endeavoured by tracing our ancestors, to find if there was not some affinity between us ; but my great grandfather, coming from France, being forced to seek refuge in England, from the religious persecution that then prevailed ——and Capt. B not tracing his line of ancestry further than his great grandfather who came from Cumberland——we then, as we could not prove a negative, that we were not relations, agreed in the probability that our ancestors without going as far back as our great fire Adam, *might* have been related.



On the Sunday I went to church, but what a scene presented itself---The clergyman was in a state of inebriation, and his articulation, more than half lost: He read the Lord's prayer twice over, and in the prayer for the Royal Family, he begun the accustomed form, but introduced "and her Royal Highness, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and all the Royal Family." When he had finished, he perceived his mistake, and hesitated, as if undetermined whether he should not begin again; and thus blundering, he, with difficulty, ended the service. He then mounted the pulpit, but was obliged to whisper the clerk, (who was shutting the door after him) the clerk went into the vestry, and soon returned with the sermon, which his reverendship had forgot. He then begun a discourse, which did credit to his head, but coming from a heart polluted with the worst of crimes, which I am justifiable in calling drunkenness, that favorable impression, which otherwise it would have made, here was lost, for words, wanting example, lose their force. This day, introduced me into the company of a lady, from Liverpool, who lodged in the same house with myself; and I must observe, she was the best read female, I ever conversed with, either in history, [which she had a universal knowledge of] politics, divinity, philosophy

lofophy, ethics, poetry, and the belles lettres; ſhe had an amazing retentive memory, and of a communicative diſpoſition, and ſhe evinced a clear judgment, and a refined taſte in her opinions of the various authors ſhe had read; I ſpent ſeveral hours, at different times, in this lady's company, and I need not add, moſt agreeably. On the monday, I had prepared every thing ready for opening our ſale, in expectation of Mr. -----, the auctioneer coming, according to appointment; the hour of beginning, fix o'clock came, and no Mr. -----; the room was crouded with company; What was to be done? I waited an hour, and both ladies and gentlemen growing clamorous, I mounted on the platform, I had raiſed, and begun the catalogue. I was well enough acquainted with the different authors whoſe works I had to diſpoſe of, my only difficulty was in the prices---however, I managed very well, and had a good ſale---diſplaying my hammer with the uſual flouriſhes of a-going---a-going---a-going---once---twice---thrice! with as much gravity, as tho' I had diſpoſed of Thouſands of Volumes!

Mr.-----, came in the morning, and on informing him of my ſucceſs, he checked my ſatisfaction by aſking "If I knew the penalty I had incurred by ſelling without licence?" Not I:

From

From Neston we went to Parkgate, and having continued there a few days, returned for Liverpool. Parkgate was without any strangers and void of amusement, excepting a cocking, which lasted three days-----but this is a diversion, of which I confess myself an enemy; 'tis a barbarous one, and unworthy that humanity which should distinguish christians; and I can but have an indifferent opinion of those, who can take delight in seeing two creatures strike and tear each other, 'till one, or perhaps both, are deprived of existence. If the doctrine which was taught in the school of Pythagoras, was inculcated in our offspring, and established by Law, (as to the probability of it) whether it would not answer some good purposes? Suppose we annexed to it, a state of purgatory? would not that reverence which would attend a supposition of a fly that was troublesome to us, being animated by the soul of some of our ancestors? would not that, prevent us from killing it? and would not this idea, save a number of harmless inoffensive animals from torture and ill-usage? For instance, Would the Buck-Charioteer, when driving Jehu! pull tight the reins and reflect a moment, that 'tis perhaps his great grandfather, and great grandmother that he is driving at such an unmerciful rate; and, that perhaps in  
the

the course of a few years, his grandson may be cutting and lashing him in the same manner, and remember, that with what strokes he strikes, he shall be struck again. Would the traveller, when mounted on an hired colinante, and without mercy working his spurs into the sides of his jaded, tho' willing conductor-----would he reflect, that a few years may put him into the situation of the beast he crosses, and the now brute may then be a reasonable rational creature, and mounted upon his back, it might diffuse a spirit of lenity much wanted.

Cruelty to dumb animals is inexcusable, the more so, where they cannot defend themselves; but, I mean to write and publish, an essay, to be entitled "*Thoughts on Transmigration, or the Reasonableness of the Pythagorean System, made Evident.*" Wherein, I will shew beyond controversy, the fundamental principles, on which this doctrine is founded, and bring substantial proofs of its reality; but as this will be a work of some labour, I forbear making any more promises, only I will compleat it, soon as possible.

But returning to Liverpool, I came through Chester, as I had the excise duty to pay there; I waited on the Collector, and being introduced gave him my account; which when he had read, he approached with the smile of good-nature on his



his countenance, and taking me by the hand, gave me a most cordial shake, saying he was glad to see me : I returned his compliment, tho' at a loss for an explanation for his civility. He then prepared the receipt which he was to give me, and said, " Sir, I should be very proud of the pleasure of your company to dinner, if you are not otherwise engaged, Mr. R-----n ? " " My name is not R-----but, -----." " Oh I beg a thousand pardons, I took you for Mr. R. ? No Sir, I am only Clerk in this business : " " I really thought we had been relations, as both names are spelt alike. " So saying, he gave me my receipt, forgot his invitation to dinner, and wished me a good morning. I laughed heartily at his mistake, nor regretted in the least the loss of the relationship.

On my arrival in Liverpool, I received two letters from Eliza, but never answered them, and my pride was gratified in treating them with silent contempt !

I must now return to Miss B--f-n, who, on my visiting her, informed me of the arrival of the young gentleman designed by her guardian as her future husband. He was often there, tho' she assured me, she gave him no encouragement. This assurance gave me much satisfaction, and I doubled my assiduities in making myself agreeable

agreeable: The fear of a rival in her affections, roused me to the exertion of those few abilities nature had endowed me with, to secure the ground I had gained in Matilda's esteem.

A competitor in love, always spurred the sides of my determination, not to be outdone in gallantry, and I was happily successful here,

I met one evening with my rival at Matilda's, and wondered not at his want of impression on her heart, as he had nothing to recommend him, his person was not in his favor, and his manners and conversation, were rude and unpolished, in short, he was an amphibious animal, without the least cultivation of genius; but then the interest he had with her guardian did not fail to alarm me much, and knowing the wavering disposition of the sex in general, I omitted nothing to secure her person with her heart.

I have known a number of instances of ladies receiving unfavorable impressions at first sight of their admirers, or even their pictures, but which has worn off, and they have soon after been united together. The amiable Mrs. Z---, of L----pool, when she in company with her sister, Miss T. first saw the picture of Mr. Z---, she expressed an utter dislike of the original, of which it was a copy, but an acquaintance with the gentleman himself, gave her far different ideas,

ideas, and where is there an happier couple? Another instance I will give:--- This was a young and most amiable lady, who lived a short distance from where I was apprentice, on the road to Oldham—Miss H—e. Her beauty and expectations, drew her a number of suitors, among whom was Dr. G—, of Ashton under-Line. The first time he paid a visit to her father's house, she formed a very indifferent opinion of him, and publicly expressed her disapprobation of him on his departure, "as a little black-looking disagreeable fellow, as ever she met with." Miss A--d--ws, a lady then on a visit to Miss H---e, rallied her on the acquisition of a fresh admirer; "What, Dr. G." replied Miss H. "I should sooner think of any antiquated piece of formality in nature, than him!" but the Doctor continued his addresses, and she made him the happiest of men, by giving him her hand. During the Doctor's courtship, I called upon Miss H. one Sunday afternoon, and she gave me her company to Hollinwood chapel. We had upwards of a mile to walk----- Passing some cottages, Miss H. leaning upon my arm, a woman came running after us; "Sir, madam, doctor?" We stopped--"She takes you for Dr. G. humour her," said Miss H. "Well, good woman, what do you want?" Ah, God bless you  
Doctor,

Doctor, pray turn back, and see my poor husband, for he is very ill, and do you madam pray ?” We accompanied the woman; she led us into her cabin, and up stairs, where her husband lay. Miss H. declined going into the room—I went in, and asked the man a few questions, as seriously as I could---felt his pulse, which beat pretty thick; so telling him to drink nothing but some warm milk, I would send him some medicines, and farther directions in the morning. Going down stairs, “Well, Doctor, how is your patient ?” said Miss H. “Really, madam, he is not well, but not in any danger.” “Hey ! I wish he was not,” said the wife, “but he has not got sixpence this fortnight.” “Well make yourself easy, good woman, for I assure you, he is in no danger; so keep up your spirits, and make him as chearful as possible; let him drink nothing but warm milk, till to-morrow, and I will send you something which shall enable him to attend his loom again;” and we left her repeating her thanks and curtsies, till we were out of hearing and seeing; however on our return from church, we found the Doctor at Mr. H’s. and informed him of the situation of his patient; the following day, he sent him some medicines, and, as I afterwards learnt, the man mended apace.



However, the unfavorable impression, which Matilda received of Mr. — was of that kind, as not to be erased, and my uneasiness of a rival, soon vanished.

Could I at this time, have regained the esteem of my friends, I might with this young lady, have been happily united, but that prejudice which was rooted against me, and my wavering unsettled disposition, in making overtures of marriage with one, when but a short time before I had been on the brink of matrimony with another. These things considered with the eye of reason, made me appear in a very disadvantageous light, and I confess it was with propriety, that my Friends placed no confidence in one, whose actions were so inconsistent as mine were; but I know not how it was, there was a something which hurried me on, impetuous from one impropriety to another, which I can no other way account for, than my natural disposition, impatient under restriction, and unbearable of controul; and where my passions could not be gratified, my hopes received any check, or my pride any disappointment in the end of which my expectations were in pursuit; my whole composition, in a manner, mounted into a blaze, and I left nothing undone, to revenge my want  
of

of success, in any of my attempts which had failed.

How much to be pitied, the youth who gives the rein to passion, and the gratification of his appetites, uncontrolled by reason; who stifles reflection, and is deaf to the admonition of conscience: This was my situation, thro' too great, too fond indulgence, my will had been hitherto my rule of action; and the unhappy cloud of prejudice, which had intervened between that indulgence, which till now shone so conspicuously upon me, was the more disagreeable; as I was unfortunate, not criminal in causing its arising.

My connection with Matilda had continued some months, when visiting her one evening, I found her much indisposed---indeed so ill, that she soon retired to bed, and with a forced smile, said, "Perhaps this may be the last time you may see me down stairs." I endeavored to laugh at the dejection of her spirits, though I plainly perceived an alteration in her, which much alarmed me. I waited near an hour, when her maid returning, informed me she had left her Mistress in a sound sleep, which gave me much satisfaction, hoping that nature's great restorer, would re-establish her health.

I called early in the morning, but, instead of better, found Matilda in a high Fever; and, as

I learnt from the Physician, who had just left her chamber, was in eminent danger ! What a shock this was to me, the amiable girl of whose heart I was in possession, and for whom I had the most tender sensible regard, was within a short time of being snatched from my hopes for ever ! I was soon admitted into her room, and found her, heavens ! what an alteration ! The lively, gay, blooming Matilda, whose eyes but yesterday, sparkled with lustre, and shot beams of love and tenderness, how was she now changed, sunk on her bed, feeble, pale and languid, dim, were her eyes, save one faint gleam which she gave me with her hand, which pierced to my very soul ! the big swollen tear, rolled down my cheek, and I threw myself in a chair by her side. “ Ah Clerimont, (said the amiable sufferer) I find myself ill, very ill, and I much doubt, shall never recover ! ” “ My dear girl do not alarm my feelings with such cruel suggestions, keep up your spirits. ” “ ’Tis in vain---all the fortitude I am possessed of, is insufficient to guard me from feeling regret, at what must soon come to pass----I feel----I feel here, (said the dear girl, clapping her hand to her bosom) that I must part with you, and the world---it preys upon me inwardly-----will you remember me, Clerimont ? ” I would have answered, but rising

sing sighs and falling tears, denied utterance to my thoughts, and obliged me to leave the room. Going into the next, I threw myself upon a sofa, and gave vent to a deluge of tears. The guardian of Matilda, came into the room, where I was; methought he seemed angry with me for my sorrow, but I was mistaken, he gave a testimony of his affection for his ward by weeping most plentifully: I loved him for this proof of his regard, and he esteemed me, [as he has since informed me] for the sensibility I evinced for one, whom he dearly loved—I endeavored to comfort him, tho' standing so much in need of consolation myself.—He informed me his fears were too well founded, to flatter himself with Matilda's recovery: This overwhelmed me with despair---the servant just then entering, said her mistress was dozing, and, she thought, inclined to sleep --she had expressed a supposition that I was gone. I told the maid I would return in an hour. I then took a walk in the fields, to divert in some degree the unhappy depression of spirits I labored under,

On my return she was still asleep, and when she awoke was wild and incoherent in her looks and expressions, and insensible to every thing around her. In this state, she continued four days, during which I never left the house. On  
the



the fourth day in the morning, she showed a faint glimmering of returning reason, by saying, "Ellen, what's o'clock? I have lain long to day." By the Doctor's orders, something was then administered to her, and soon after she was sensible enough to know and speak to each of us round her bed.---How pleasing this was to me, may well be imagined, whose happiness and only wish, centered in her recovery "Ah! said she, I recollect now." I expressed myself happy in seeing her better, "Ah! my dear friend, said she, 'tis but a delusive hope---never---never---" and her voice failed on her lips, a dimness o'ershadowed her eyes, and she swooned: While recovering from this, I asked the Doctor "What was his real opinion, were there no hopes?" He shook his head, "Another swoon like the present, may prove fatal to her." The restoratives that had been applied, had the desired effect, and she again opened her eyes: It was with difficulty she could speak,—but she look'd! never while remembrance lasts, shall I forget her, as she lay! "How do you find yourself, Matilda?" "Faint---faint," was all she could utter. After sometime and seemingly much struggling, she said to Mr. S who stood by her bed-side, "My dear guardian, a very short time, will relieve you from every care on my

my account, what would have been mine, will now be my Brother's-----give my love to him, and I pray for his happiness. Had I lived, I should have been yours Clerimont! Heaven denies me that----in one of my drawers, you will find a small box, its contents, I design for you, they will serve to put you in mind of one, who would have given you more, had not---but---I feel----Bless----Bless----O God! —I am ————” Uttering a few more broken accents, the divine Essence took its flight, and left the body, lifeless! A smile still dwelt on her countenance, and she was, beautiful in death.

It was with difficulty I could be persuaded to leave the unanimated fair, “She but faints---she will recover---and we may yet be happy---where are your drops, your cordials, Doctor? [and I put a smelling bottle to her nose] speak, Matilda, my beloved? alas! she answers not, —stirs not---breathes not!

Too soon I was convinced of my irreparable loss, and leaving the house, I returned home, in appearance a moving ghost. I shut myself up, and gave a loose to sorrow.----I took little nourishment, and was in fact, indifferent what became of me. I had lost in death, one, whom I knew tenderly loved me, it was an irremediable loss. I received a note from Mr. ———, on the  
second

second day, informing me, that on the morrow, the body of his Ward would be removed to Ormskirk for interment, desiring my company early, on that day. I went, and was received by Mr. S. with much friendship, who introduced me to some of Matilda's mourning relatives and friends: He had previously acquainted them with my attachment to his Ward, and they condoled with me on the loss I had sustained, in one so every way amiable. Their words in praise of Matilda, were grateful to my ears, and I could have clasped them all, for the respect they showed, to the memory of one so dear.

The hour of departure approaching, I went up stairs to take a last view of the clay-cold Corps; the Coffin-maker, was preparing to inclose it for ever! what a sight was this? I took her by the hand---'twas cold and stiff! a faint tinge, was still on her cheeks, but her lips, had lost their rosy hue----those lips on which I'd oft enraptured hung, "Feasting on honey'd sweets."

I now, with reverential touch, pressed them with mine;---they returned no pleasure, but, joyless, cold, and insipid, received my embrace insensible! Witness for me blessed spirit? who perhaps might then, be hovering o'er thy once fair tenement, witness for me, with what purity of soul, I kiss'd thy hallow'd lips!

Who

Who knows but in the other world, we may yet meet again, and renew the pleasing theme of fond enjoyments past----

In purer air----in fair unclouded skies,  
Where death shall never more disturb our  
joys.

I attended her last remains to Ormskirk: The funeral was perfectly genteel, without ostentation. During her obsequies, there was not a dry eye: Sympathetic sorrow drew the tear of commiseration, down the reverend cheek of the minister; nor was the sexton, (whose trade is death) insensible to feeling; for, as he cast a lump of earth into the grave, when the clergyman pronounced "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust" I observed a tear steal down his furrow'd cheek! Happy sensibility, that feels for others woes.

On our return to Liverpool, Mr. ———, gave me the box, which Matilda mentioned a little before her death; I took it home, and on opening it, found a ring, which Matilda was used to wear, and some other things, which, in a note, she begged I would keep, in remembrance of her. At the bottom of the box, was Matilda's (what I may call her) journal of love's progress, from the time of her first meeting with me;



in which she had painted the situation of her heart, to the time of her being taken ill, with a sensibility of touch, which did honor to her feelings. Though before perusal of this, I had received irrefragable proofs of her attachment, yet her having left me so descriptive, so elegant, a confirmation of it, warmed my soul to its inmost animation, and impressed me with never to be erased sentiments, of grateful remembrance.

My time was now chiefly employed in Mr. — shop, where I lodged; as he had purchased a considerable quantity of old books, containing some thousands of volumes, I wrote out a catalogue of them, which I was some time in completing: Tho' I only began this for amusement, yet I followed it with much assiduity. One day, a little finical, clerical character, came hopping into the shop——“A-ha!—hem!—pray, where is your Master? (said he, to me, who was behind the counter) “In Heaven, where yours is,” I replied. “I—-I mean, Mr. R.” “Mr. R. is not at home, sir,” and away he went, seemingly much mortified.

Of all characters which the cloth displays, that of a Clergyman pretending to *Beauism*, is most to be despised, as there can be no manner of excuse for it.

The gentleman I have just mentioned, was  
in

in appearance, a perfect petit maitre, and might have been designed by nature, for some of those stations which are filled by the fribbles of the present day. He would have done perfectly well to have stood behind a counter measuring a yard of tape---expatiating on the beauty of a ribbond; or retailing out with a volubility of utterance, on the *flexible-ness*, *durable-ness*, *beautiful-ness*, *excellent-ness*, *fashionable-ness*, and *elegant-ness*--- with a hundred more *nesses*, which are to be found in the smallware vocabulary, of the small-ware gentlemen, of the yard-and scissars: In a situation like this, he might have shone with eclat; but, ye Pastors and Masters, preserve the Church from foppish innovations! Let not the dignity of the sacred function, be vilified with such apes of men, such mockeries of reason and common sense!

This sedentary employment, was far from suiting my genius, and as I received no emolument from my connection, my situation was rather disagreeable; add to this, I was running in debt, for both board and money; I found my writing to Manchester, of non-effect, and all hopes of supply from that quarter, for the present suspended. — Thus circumstanced, something must be done to raise my finances, but, the question was, what? and I determined upon

upon a scheme, which would, at once awaken these dormant feelings of affection, which had so lately been suppressed. It was a desperate remedy I fixed on, the disease of want required effectual treatment, and I found it necessary, that, I must *die to live*. Upon which, I wrote the following letter, as from the gentleman with whom I lodged.

“ Liverpool, ----- 178-

“ ———

“ Mr. B— not coming down to breakfast, as usual, the maid called him, but he not answering, my Wife went up stairs and found him quite cold. Should be glad of your orders on the above occasion,”

“ and remain, yours &c.

“ P. R-----, --- ”

I dispatched this letter, unthinking and unheedful of the consequence; yet I confess I was far from expecting it would have been attended with the serious consequences it was: I only meant to give the alarm to those feelings, which had been some time dormant, and by shewing to what a length, necessity might drive me, to regain their confidence. How cautious should youth be, of giving way to temptation, however seemingly trivial; for when the hand is first dipp'd in blood, the murderer thinks nothing of imbruing

imbruing his arm—and then, by an almost imperceptable gradation, the whole body is emerged in guilt, and the soul irrecoverably lost. How requisite is a consideration of those events, that will be consequent of our actions; Let us but weigh and advise well in every thing we undertake, and we may be assured the result will be such, that tho', their issue, may not be so favorable as our wishes, we shall have the happiness of reflecting, we are not culpable, and in aiming to do well, we shall deserve the commendation, and not the censure of our fellow-creatures.

However, when reason reasumed her empire, over that passion which had dictated and dispatched the above, and cool deliberate reflection took place in my mind, I regretted I had taken a step which might be attended with consequences, which in the end, might prove disagreeable; but then, I hoped they would take the letter in its literal meaning, and not put a construction upon it, which, though I at writing it, wished they might, yet had now altered my sentiments. The anxiety I remained in, 'tis impossible to describe, till the day but one following, going to the post-office, I enquired if any letters were there, for Mr. R —, from Manchester? and received one, as I expected. The contents of  
it



it, were only in general terms, giving orders for my funeral, and by sending a bill of expences, the money should be remitted. I now imagined they were pleased at my departure, and the disagreeable ideas which that thought suggested hurt me much; the concluding part gave me some consolation, and, as they already thought me dead, there could be no great harm in continuing them in that belief a few days longer, so determined to take my advantage, from the present posture of things, and, waiting the necessary time, for my funeral being performed, to send an account of expences, as required:

“ But ah! what anxious moments pass between  
The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal period. ”

The situation of my mind was such as not to bear reflection, and I sought in company to forget, that I was still an inhabitant of this lower hemisphere; when the morning following brought another letter from Manchester, with orders to delay my funeral, 'till monday; this was saturday, and some of my friends, would be in Liverpool on sunday, to attend my last obsequies themselves; desiring a particular account how I was found? had I shown no previous signs of insanity? and excusing their  
first

first letter not being more particular, but, it was wrote, in the hurry of grief.

Here my soul was awakened to the full force of her sensibility! What would I not have given to have recalled, what my rashness had done? To have wiped the tear from the aged cheeks of those who mourned my loss? and to have shown them, I was still alive? But, it was too late, and I determined to wait the event of tomorrow, when they were expected. The noon of Sunday came, the time, within an hour, of their expected arrival: Another, and another hour passed on; yet still they came not, 'till Night spread her sable curtains o'er her wide domain, and my fears were relieved, not subsided, for there would be time enough for their arrival on the Monday; however, Monday brought a letter, apologizing, "That being particularly prevented they could not come, but, desired a bill of expences, &c." This, indeed gave me fresh spirits; and, without communicating my intentions, I sat down and wrote as follows.

Liverpool, — 178-

"-----"

"The expectation of your coming yesterday, according to promise, prevented me from writing you. I received your letter this morning

ning, but we were under the necessity to perform the needful for your ----- [for particular reasons] on saturday last, and he now lies interred in St. Paul's Church; the expences of which, amount to Fifteen Pounds, Fourteen Shillings. I would not send you the particular bills of each tradesman, (to save postage) but, will send them by first private hand. As paying ready money for the different articles, has made me short of cash, must beg the favor of a remittance by return of post, and remain

Your very humble servant,

P. R. ----- n."

I sent this letter off, and rested in painful suspense for the issue of an event, on which so much depended. I had previously wrote to a branch of my family, nearest related, though not from whom I expected the remittance, this laconic epistle.

"Liverpool, — 178-.

"-----,

"Cannot a person be cold, without being dead?

C. W. B. "

My fears were of no longer continuance than  
the

the return of post, for that brought me a bill on London, for Sixteen Pounds. I had lain longer in bed than customary that morning, when the postman came with a letter, directed for Mr. R. which he paid for and opened; he was surprised to find a bill inclosed, but what must be his surprize, at reading the contents, which were,

“ Manchester, ----- 178-.

“ Sir,

“ Yours came safely to hand, this day; have not had time to examine your account, but supposing it right, have inclosed you a bill for 16l. A friend of mine will call on you for the different bills, &c. and the balance, and am,

“ Yours, &c.

“ ————.”

Mr. R-----n, as he said, could make nothing of this, but supposing I could, brought it up to me, in my chamber, who, as I before said, was in bed: I soon brought him to understand the matter, and explained from the beginning: He laugh'd heartily; for he was one of those who look no further than the surface of things, and if the means used were crowned with success, what they were, was not the first consideration. I immediately wrote an eclaireissement of the whole, begged forgiveness, for what my necessities had drove me to, and promised, as I faithfully



fully resolved, that I would by my future behaviour, make amends for this step, which I had unadvisedly taken.

Mr. P-r--r, a gentleman from Manchester, called from my relations, for the bills &c. On his coming into the shop, Mr. R---n was in it; but struck with the novelty of the thing, he had not courage, when Mr. P. asked him, if his name was R-----n, to acknowledge it, but answered him, "No, sir, Mr. R. is not at home, but expect him soon." "You'll please to tell him, my name is P-r--r, from Manchester; I called on account of the late Mr. B. and will call again in an hour's time." "Very well, sir," said Mr R. I heard all this. When he was gone, we consulted what was to be done. I sent for a friend and consulted him: A Mr. W. coming into the shop, he said he would personate Mr. R. and receive Mr. P. when he came again; which he did, and a most humorous scene took place. Mr. P. came in, "Your name is R---n, sir?" "Yes, sir," said W. and for some time Mr P. asked a number of questions about my behaviour, death, &c which Mr. W. answered in a manner, which soon awakened his suspicion, that all was not right; 'till at length he told him, "that he believed it would be best for Mr. B. to explain any further questions

ons himself." He was soon after introduced to the *living*, instead of the *dead*, Mr. B. and after a very serious and pathetic remonstrance and lecture, on the unjustifiableness of my conduct, he shewed me, in affecting colours, the impropriety of my behaviour; I had involved my family, under the most poignant grief, who in consequence of my supposed death, were gone into mourning; a family, who had ever been so kind, so indulgent to me, 'till I had, by my own irregular and unsettled conduct, given them cause to stop those supplies, which I no longer merited. I took this opportunity of requesting he would hear my state of the case? I then recapitulated my situation, previous to my leaving Ireland—my reasons for so doing; and shew'd him the correspondence which had occasioned it. He was satisfied, I had not been so well used, as a candid consideration of my circumstances, and situation deserved. Mr. P. concluded with saying, he was glad to see me yet alive, and hoped I would endeavor in future, to make some amends for the almost never to be forgiven piece of deceit, I had practised.

The news of my death, had spread itself wide o'er England, and my relations, in different parts, had obligingly enough, put on mourning.— Mourning rings were given to several of my old

old acquaintances and friends in London, and if they regretted my loss, yet it was not of long continuance, a fortnight undeceived them all.

I received congratulatory letters soon after, from several, happy to hear I was alive;—some not well understanding the matter, and wanting an explanation, others, imagining the whole to be a mistake, which, in my answers, I assured them was. But very few were acquainted with the particulars.

This scheme of mine was fraught with every good consequence I could wish, I was relieved from debt, my pockets replenished, and was soon restored to the place, in the esteem of my Friends, I had before enjoyed.

I now began to extend my acquaintance in Liverpool, and my heart being free from any tender engagement, by the loss of Matilda; I looked round to signalize some fair one, for the object of my friendship and I soon singled out one formed with a soul, congenial to my wishes: A soul capable of forming an uninterested friendship on principles of reciprocal happiness, without any of those narrow selfish notions, which vulgar minds only know; a soul capable of this, when enshrined in a female, of a delicate form, and agreeable manners, gives her a sterling worth, which those only, who have enjoyed such a transcendent

scendent happiness in a female friend, can be capable of forming any just idea of. And such a friend I found in Miss Maria D — s.

It may appear strange to some, that two young people of different sexes, should form a connection of so platonic a nature, as to exclude love from their society; but these must be little acquainted with what the soul can do—What they call love, is but a refined term for enjoyment, and think an intercourse cannot be maintained between man and woman, to form a cement of friendship, without annexing sensitive ideas, and gross actions to both. To such, to attempt an elucidation, would argue myself as wanting in common-sense, as they are in those elevated feelings, which shews affinity to superior beings.

But a union of souls, is much more hard to be formed, than a shallow consideration is capable of imagining; while nothing is more easy from simple liking, of forming a coalition of Bodies.— Kindred souls, must have similar wants, wishes, notions, sentiments, feelings, judgments, opinions, pursuits, diversions, tempers, passions; whereas, Bodies of different complexions, are observed to suit best together.

A wife, is under a self compulsion to promote your happiness, as in that, consists her own; and your welfare, as on that, the ease of herself  
and



and family depends: Her duty too, stimulates her to every exertion of her abilities, to smooth the path of life, that you may tread with ease, the track, heaven has marked for your peregrination to worlds unknown.

With such a mate, to spend the live long day and peaceful night, is happiness superior to the reach of thought! — And, is not possessing a friend, without the shackles of wedlock, whose heart beats in unison with your own, companion of your social hours, soother of your cares, participating of your pleasures, partaking of your sorrows; united only by affections strong ties, the basis of whose connection, is sensibility of feeling; whose confidence is reciprocal and whose wishes to please, are mutually founded, on a desire to promote that concord of sweet harmony, and good understanding, which is a stronger cement towards consolidating hearts in the real felicity of life, than all the legendary sophistry of school-men can teach.

Let me not be understood to be an enemy to the institution of matrimony; no, far from it--- I consider it as a wise and most politic institution, so far as respects society in general; but my private opinion is, that where a connection is formed on principles that I have laid down, there is an enjoyment of happiness nothing inferior, but  
more

more exalted, more refined and purer ; because not under that restraint of compulsive ideas, which are naturally annexed to wedlock, and by being free, consequently productive of more real, more permanent felicity.

Tho' it will be said there is no permanency in such situations, nothing binding, no checks upon irregularity, no fear of shame, or punishment ; because, no injunctions, no laws to disregard or break.

If there is no permanency in such situations, we must lay the fault on the fickleness of our own dispositions, and that propensity to strange pursuits, strange pleasures, and strange enjoyments, which nature is so prone to ; and which would be the same, were we married : Indeed a married libertine, founds his excuse for incontinency, in his inability, to shake of the yoke, that palling with satiety grows insipid and disgustful.

As to there being nothing binding in such connections, is a vague assertion, without any thing for its support. What can be more binding than a union of souls? congenialized by concomitant susceptibility of each others ideas ? And what greater check upon irregularity ? than a knowledge, that the chain of your attachment is only linked by those attentions, which constitute the varied minutias of the extended whole

whole, of good-manners, complaisance, assiduity in pleasing, and the numberless requisites to make yourselves to each other agreeable.

As to shame? what greater shame can be the portion of human nature? than a consciousness of having done any thing derogatory to those nice distinctions, in the rule of our actions, which should constitute the principles of our behaviour, and regulate the ultimatum of our conduct to each other?

As to punishment? What greater punishment can we feel, than that of being self-condemned: Are you not bound by the laws of honor, gratitude, and what to some is more binding, the ties of interest? to preserve that equilibrium of good fellowship, which must preserve the poise of friendship in just and even balance.

The laws of honor, I said; but the word is now so prostituted, so commonly, and so irreverently made use of, as by some, to be used *en passant*, by others laughed at; and by the thinking few only, looked on in the light the great Addison, depicts it.

Honor's a sacred tye, the Law of Kings,

The noble Mind's distinguish'd perfection.

Some may swear by their honor, that the Stars ne'er shine! and yet, they may not be forsworn, being void of that, which constitutes  
their

their oath. While others pretend to hold it in high estimation—like the Knight of the Chimney lining, who being suspected of picking a gentleman's pocket, and being interrogated by him, "I think you have picked my pocket sir?" "No, indeed sir:" replied the questioned, "Have not you, upon your word?" "No, upon my word:" "But, have you not, upon your *honor*!" "Nay sir, if you touch upon my *honor*! there is your handkerchief again." said the culprit with the sooty countenance.

The laws of gratitude, I observed, would be binding—tho' this is a virtue whose qualities are in the wane, and what every breast ought to be the temple temple of, yet she now, takes up her residence in few, very few.

Is it not strange, that in a country where christianity, and the social virtues, have made such progress, where charity's most liberal hand, has been so munificent in her extensive institutions; and, that boasts the cultivation of arts, and the expansion of sciences, in so superior a degree; should yet be so backward in the nurture and growth, of the most amiable, most delightful sensation, that can vivify the ætherial substance of man? Let those, who boast the name of christians, turn the historic page of ancient times, and view—actions, which set the modern chronicle, at disgraceful distance.

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Those



Those only whose bosoms are illumined with this particle of divine essence, can be able to form a connection of friendship, such as I have described.

Interest, is a groveling passion, known to the multitude, and governs with despotic sway; every breast, in some degree is biassed with it; tho' it differs from the noble, generous, sympathetic feeling for other's happiness, connected with our own, — to mean, sordid, selfish motives, where only, consideration of our detached circumstances are considered. — The breast possessed by the latter, is incapable of admitting a friendship on the scale I have mentioned: Contracted within its own beloved sphere of self, every other consideration is lost, absorbed, in that unsociable, ungracious principle!

If we are formed (and that we are, admits not of a doubt) for social intercourse with each other? whence comes it, that bonds of *contra-sex* friendships, are so rarely entered into? Springs it from diffidence in one, or want of confidence in the other? or, do not both put mutual bars in each other's way, owing to having imbibed too much of that detested principle of sordid self: If from diffidence in the men, and want of confidence in the women, would not a social intercourse, when established, be productive of  
 advantage

advantages to both, and tend more to their improvement in those qualifications, which are the grace of life, than all the reclusive and attentive study of ages, would be able to produce; for of this I am certain, that women would have little to fear from men, were they better studied in their characters, but then they must study them close; and, how is this to be done without a personal intercourse? Men are frightful monsters to those women, strangers to their natures, tempers, and dispositions; they regard them as beings of a race superior to themselves, and dream I know not what, of deference, respect, obedience, and a long train of humble ideas; chimeras founded in the fertile imaginations of Eves of fig-leaf memory, far back as sacred page records, and carefully handed down from mother to daughter to the present time; but might I advise, I would rouse up the sex, to an assertion of their rights and dignities, and bid them demand of lordly man, whence this subordination? Heaven endowed them with superior strength, 'tis true: But that was not to tyrannize and oppress them, but to protect, support, and cherish them.

Superior to man is woman, in a sensible degree—In dignity of thought, in dignity of action, fertility of genius, strength of judgment,  
acuteness

acuteness of understanding, susceptibility of soul, in fortitude in honor, in virtue; whence then this humiliation? Rouze! Daughters of Albion, rouze! Exert your chief boast, in which, e'en haughty man yields you the palm of victory—Your privilege to speak—What music can equal the sweet sounds of honeyed breath, made up in harmonious numbers, exhaling from the pouting lips of matured beauty: Oh! if there is a joy on earth, angels might envy? 'Tis the sweet converse of a female form.

But this busy bustling creature, man, is when properly understood, and known how to manage, a docile, fawning, tractable animal, that you may noose, and lead about from day to day, from hour to hour. Witness the heroines of antiquity, as theologic tradition says, our first mother, knowing the weak side of her helpmate, urged him to the commission of a crime, which his God, had expressly commanded him he should not be guilty of, tho' as we are told, the devil tempted her

“To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd

“Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.”

Witness too that sensible jewess Esther, who under the direction of her uncle Mordicai, (who by the by, was a shrewd old gentleman) baffled

fled all the schemes of that deep politician, and prime minister of the court of King Ahasuerus, Haman: He with all his court craft, and Machiaval industry, was outwitted by the subtle Esther, and fairly tucked up in the noose which he had designed to slip over the ears of the harmless Israelite: But observe, with what ease she led the before *missed* King, into the way she wished; "And it was so, when the King saw Esther the Queen standing in the court, that she obtained favor in his sight."

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"Then said the King unto her, what wilt thou Queen Esther? And what is thy request? it shall be even given thee, to the half of the Kingdom." I have often reflected on the generosity of kings, in their promises in former times. We are told the Virgins that went in unto the King, had at their departure, every thing they asked for, "Whatsoever she desired was given her." so had the King Ahasuerus, been under two promises similar to that to Queen Esther, to have fulfilled them both, what would he have remained King of?

We read of one instance where woman failed in one instance to direct and govern, that was the wife of Job, she was a spirited vixen, like  
many



many of our modern dams, void of that meek-eyed patience, that can sit on a monument smiling at grief. She had no notion of submitting to the chastening hand of omnipotence, which had smitten her husband with boils from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head,—  
“ Then said his wife unto him, dost thou still retain thy integrity? curse God, and die!” But, we find this admonition and advice was thrown away, as he replied “ Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh ” Therefore, it is plain she had not made the knowledge I recommend her study.

There are other instances in holy writ, but, descend we to history profane—and mark the chaste Penelope, who by her penetration and deep study of the characters and dispositions of her suiters, was not only able to frustrate their intentions and disappoint their views, but caused them to be, in some measure, satisfied with their destiny, 'till her faithful Ulysses returned, after an absence of upwards of twenty years, and relieved her from their persecutions, and the method she took, of unravelling in the night, what she had wove in the day, argued no less her prudence than her industry.

Next let us notice the virtuous Lucretia, who sacrificed her life to loss of honor; which  
by

by banishing Tarquin and the regal government from Rome, laid the foundation of Roman Liberty.

The wife of Brutus, Portia, having long suspected the plot which was carrying on against Cæsar, and having urged him in vain for an explanation, he alledging that were it suspected, torture would force the secret from her; she took a Poniard and stabbing herself, bid him see, if pain made any impression on her countenance? struck with her magnanimity of soul, he disclosed the whole of the plot to her.

Here again was tyranny banished from Rome by a woman, so far as this, being mistress of the Plot, she had it in her power, by disclosing it, to have saved Cæsar and ruined the enterprize; but that was incompatible with a roman soul: Unlike Otway's heroine, who, tho' she pretended more fortitude than Brutus's Portia——yet, fell infinitely short, when the stern tryal come.

A few more instances of the superiority of the Fair, to their honor I will mention. When the Romans, jealous of the power of their neighbours the Carthagenions, were determined to raise their City, they sought to do it by artfully gaining from them a surrender of their arms and warlike instruments, as the conditional enjoyment of future peace, liberty and protection.

Thus

Thus robbed of every defence, they were told the intentions of their crafty enemies, was to level with its foundations their proud, high-towering City, the wonder of surrounding nations, the envy, the dread of haughty imperious Rome—— Horror, consternation, indignation, grief and despair, seized on the hearts of its deluded inhabitants, frantic with such a concatenation of coroding ideas, which reflection on their humbled unfortunate situation crouded into their minds, they gave way to wailing and lamentation,—till by their wives and daughters roused from the lethargic state of unavailing inactivity, they were urged to a defence of themselves and country : The women went to their houses and temples, bringing forth every thing of which warlike instruments could be made, opened forges, and themselves, not only by their presence animated the men to every exertion, but assisted in the laborious part of the business.

Instruments of defence and annoyance being compleated, yet the most material thing was wanting, Ropes, for tackle and slings, to hurl destruction on their foes. To supply this deficiency, what did the women do ? They cut off their hair, and of that made ropes ! Parted with their greatest pride and ornament, to serve, to save their country ! All these were beings  
of

of superior mould. Aided by the women, they made a bold, a noble defence, that otherwise would not have been attempted, and merited a better fate. The Romans having entered the city, a number of the besieged retreated into the Temple of Esculapius, built on the top of Byrsa Castle, and there defended themselves a considerable time: Asdrubal their general in order to save his life, went and meanly threw himself at the feet of Scipio; his wife who saw the inglorious transaction, calling to him, upbraided him, with his pusillanimity, and cowardice; and (pointing to the pile of building, that was almost enveloped in smoke) cried out, "See with what joy, I throw myself into this bed of honor." so saying, she with her children and attendants, cast themselves into the flames, and were soon consumed. This Carthage owed its foundation to a woman, Queen Dido, emigrating from Tyre, after the murder of Sichæus her husband, by her brother Pigmalion, landed on the coast of Lybia, but was forbid to stay there, by Hyarbus king of the country; she therefore, very cunningly demanded to purchase from him as much land, as she could encompass with a bull's hyde, which he agreeing to; she cut the hyde into small thongs, and so encompassed upwards of twenty two furlongs, on which she built Carthage, and the castle was



called Byrsa, or the Hyde. Soon after this Hyarbus would by arms have forced her to marry him; but she rather than pollute her former bed, killed herself, and not on account of being forsaken by Æneus, as Virgil feigns, who wrote about six hundred years after. For Æneus came into Italy after the destruction of Troy, four hundred years before Carthage was built; and Remus and Romulus who were descended from Æneus, founded Rome seventy years before Carthage.

There is a story told in the alcoran, which I relate, as it serves to illustrate the point I wish to establish of women's pre-eminence of intellect.

Two angels sent down from Paradise, by Mahammed, to instruct men in the knowledge of their duty; not to kill, not judge falsely, or drink wine: In their travels they put up at the house of an Arab, who knowing the quality of her guests, made much of them; and at supper bro't wine of so delicious, and inviting a look, as tempted them to taste; for, tho' messengers of the Prophet's, they were not proof against the temptation, not having tasted wine since they had entered on their mission, they indulged themselves so much, that it soon got the better of their reason; and as one crime begets another, and often proves the source of numbers, so their  
passions

passions being raised, and their blood inflamed, they cast eyes of lasciviousness upon their fair hostess; who perceiving her danger, capitulated with them, when they made their advances, on these conditions; that, they should teach her the words, which being said, he or she, that said them should go strait to heaven: They told her, and then claiming her promise—she repeated the lesson they had instructed her in, and leaving them in the lurch, went immediately to heaven, and told Mahammed all that happened; who was so enraged at his messengers that he punished them severely, and turned her into the beautiful morning star. On this story is founded, the forbidding the use of wine among the Turks; tho' I give this story as apocryphal, yet with a moles eye, we may see what the eastern opinion of the fair sex is, since they even suppose them to outwit angels, and in a country where they are so much restricted as they are in Turkey; 'tis something extraordinary, that with these superior qualifications, they do not enjoy more personal liberty: unless they are afraid they will follow the fair Arab's example, and mount into paradise.

Too voluminous it would be, to enumerate the variety of females, that progressive record, has handed down to the present time, whose actions have beamed forth with lustre, lighting  
with

with seraphic brightness, the ages in which they lived: Nor are there wanting, among my fair country women, in the present day, some of superior cast in science's fair walk, and art's intricate school, and in genuine worth of soul, in heaven born graces, and angel stamp'd dignity of mein, what clime o'er which the sun rolls his bright chariot, can boast their equal? Their superior, none!

Thus heaven endowed, with every excellence that gives worth supreme, shall there be one privilege, one happiness unenjoyed? Forbid it equity, forbid it justice; contrary to both 'twould be, to leave a thought uncommunicated, that might in the least tend to the advancement, of so desirable an object, as an establishment of *contrasex* Friendships; and the most eligible plan the fair can pursue, is a study of the dispositions, passions, and characters of Men: We study theirs, believe me, wily and craftily, like the experienced Angler:—His aim is, to catch fish; but, as he cannot see into the watry abyss he is provided with a variety of baits, for its varied inhabitants—for fish, as well as women, have their fancies, tastes, and whims; so we, have deep judg'd schemes, and labour'd arts, to gain the end of our pursuits.

Pope

Pope says,

The proper study of Mankind is Man.

And I say,

The proper study of Woman, is Man.

Their safety would in a great measure be insured by it. They might then meet art with art; the smile of hypocrisy, with the dimple of dissimulation, and the look, that would speak the heart o'erwhelmed in love and fond desire, with seeming confidence and grateful agitation, tho' the soul sat light upon her throne, smiling at the would-be deceiver; for there are in love's wide train, those who can speak, look, sigh and talk of love, yet feel it not, nor know its force.

Many the novices unread in Men, who fall victims to the arts of such! But I am rather wandering from the point—a moments recollection and I return, to Maria and friendship;—that, was the pleasing theme my thoughts, employed, when busy imagination hurried me a length I rather wonder at—but, be it so—A female friend! what joy there's in the sound? what soft ideas warm my heart, and vibrating from pulse to pulse, beats pleasure high thro' nature's frame—

“With joy I do remember such things were,

“And were most dear----”

But, where now, is Maria? In another world.

The



The ravenous insatiate archer robbed friendship of her warmest votary and snatching her, left a vacancy never to be filled again-----there are no more Marias !-----such as her.

About this time I contracted an intimacy with a Doctor K. I was one day attending some ladies, to see the Ceres launched, and the Doctor was in company, "Pray Doctor," said one lady, "who, or what was Ceres that this ship is named, after?" "Why madam," replied the Doctor, "Ceres was the Goddess of bulls." This would have passed current, had I not explained the matter, but I was unable to convince him he was wrong, and the consequence was a wager—but the decision proved the Doctor ever after the God of bulls.

After some stay in Liverpool, I again went to Manchester, and obtained the sanction of my Friends to enter into business, which I accordingly did in Liverpool, but not receiving the necessary support, and having launched too far, for the capital I was in possession of, I found myself so curbed as to be obliged to desist from my pursuits, and decline that, which if I had been properly supported in, might have been of singular advantage; so taking a place in the stage coach, I set off once more for the Metropolis.

My

My first business, on my arrival there, was to enquire after Eliza; and found her uncle, with whom she had lived, was dead, and his lady removed into the country. The house where I had spent so many happy hours, in company with Eliza, recalled every fond idea to my imagination, and my heart leapt with transport at every well known place. The day following, I by accident met a relation of Eliza's, Mr. C. who after some introductory conversation, informed me Eliza was married the wednesday before. I felt myself rather hurt at the intelligence, yet, what could I expect otherwise? We parted with mutual civility and Mr. C. gave me an invitation to dinner the next day, which I accepted. I was received with much hospitality and politeness, tho' at dinner a circumstance occurred which gave me some disgust, as it differed from the rule of complaisance and good-manners, which is the criterion by which you distinguish good-breeding: There were two small plates of turnips at table----Mr. C. complained of the quantity: Mrs. C. mentioned the price,---"So much." exclaimed C. and at every mouthful he took, he accompanied it with an observation on their dearness. I declined eating any for my own part, pretending not to like them.

As

As I was now perfectly free from all manner of engagements or business, and London being an expensive place, in a short time I found my cash much on the decline, which naturally induced me to think of some method of replenishment: I was acquainted with the family of a widow lady, mother of three daughters, by whom I was received on the most friendly terms, Mrs. S. was about the age of forty, a lady of extensive good qualities of heart, superior to most: Miss S. was nineteen years of age, of low stature, and except, a nose rather too prominent for the line of regular beauty, was in other respects fair and rather handsome; her disposition was full of vivacity and *jang froid*, careless of the coming hour, who laughed and sung unweeting of the while, that was not fraught with ill. Her education had been such, as I should wish to caution mothers in general from making use of.

At Mrs. S. setting off in the education of her children, she had prospects which bid fair for giving them handsome fortunes. Her learning them polite accomplishments, was then, not only justifiable, but commendable; yet, as prospects changed, her methods too should have changed. Mistress of the first business in London, for situation and returns, she had a right to give her daughters a liberal education, provided,

provided her situation had been permanently enough established to have bid defiance to the frowns of fortune; but here was the rock on which she, and I believe too many fond indulgent mothers split. The precariousness of trade; every one the least acquainted with it, is sensible of, and her business suffered a decline, nearly bordering on a dissolution, nor long, before that dissolution came; but even in misfortunes she found friends, and her affairs were soon settled.

This, was the time when it might not have proved too late, to have stemmed the torrent of progressive appetites and warm desires; to have limited the sphere of action within its proper bounds; warned of their danger to have avoided those rocks of passion, which, in the sea of life, often obstruct our passage, and oft overwhelm us in the wide abyss of errors irretrievable. Miss S. and her sister, were perfectly acquainted with the French Language, and had some knowledge of the Latin and Italian: As they had no limits put to their reading, nor any directions in their choice of books, they read just as fancy led, and not as judgment directed.

As the French Language a bounds with subjects sentiments and ideas, of the most liberal kind, and I am justifiable in adding, of the most liberal, with respect to the morals of youth; a

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young



young female reading promiscuously what comes to hand, without strength of reason sufficient to discern that choice of books that shall guide the heart in knowledge of the world, and to form a just perception of things; stands but a poor chance of avoiding those dangers imminent to the most mature, but to the unguarded impossible to be escaped.

As I before observed; I had been some years acquainted in this family, and now called as an old acquaintance: I addressed myself privately to Miss S. with much assiduity, and so far gained her consent that I wrote to my friends for their approbation, but in this I was disappointed; they refused listening to a proposal of the kind. We had in our own minds gone too far to recede, and we continued our connection, in hopes of fortune turning her wheel in our favor, but here we were deceived;—yet still we hoped.

Let us a moment leave Miss S. while I relate a circumstance which if it conveys the same sensations to my readers, as it did to me beholding it, I shall reflect with pleasure on the recital.

At a tavern which I frequented near Temple-Bar, I formed a social friendship with a gentleman who frequented the same house; his name was Ddwwiere, an american loyalist; drove from his native country and home, on the failure of  
our

our attempts to subdue his countrymen; his loyalty obliged him to seek protection in England, from the rage of his victorious brethren, and Government allowed him fifty pounds per annum, little retribution for the great losses he had sustained; his property was in possession of his enemies, but more he left behind than that, a wife and five small children! Oft has he told me the melancholy story, while the tear trickled down his aged cheek. I used to call frequently on him at his lodgings and sit hours with him, in conversation or playing back-gammon: One afternoon, being thus employed, the maid informed him a gentleman enquired for him,—e'er he could rise from his chair, a gentleman of a majestic and graceful appearance, rushed into the room, and threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "My Father, my dear, my honored Father," "My Son! my Henry! faintly breathed the old gentleman, and sunk into the arms of the stranger.

It was some minutes before Mr. Dowviere opened his eyes, and then, he cast them with such a look! — on his son — "but, Henry, your mother! my children?" "Are all alive dear sir, and well." said the son, "Thanks to indulgent heaven for that—but, your country, Henry? have you, forsaken her too?"

to flee from a cause you had once embarked in, but, perhaps their usage, and time, may have convinced you of your error, in joining a cause which, tho' successful, yet not right?" The son replied, "The country whom I have served, still I am faithful to, and for my services, honored and rewarded; I am honored with a Colonel's commission in its service, and rewarded in so ample a manner, that you will allow it more than just, since, my dear Father, your country has restored you to your forfeited estates, and a bill is passed in general Congress, obliterating all overt acts against the states."

I congratulated my old friend on this most agreeable reverse of circumstances, and am certain I never received more sensible, singular satisfaction, than in the scene I had just been witness to. About six weeks after this, Mr. Downier, with the Colonel his son, set off for Philadelphia, where I hope they would meet their family, in the state they wished.

As my connection with Miss S. had been carried on without the knowledge of her mother, or any one but her eldest sister; we could not be so cautious, but Mrs. S. had a suspicion of it, and then we began an epistolary correspondence. By letters, you may with much more ease and facility,

facility, come to an eclairessment, than by personal intercourse.

“ — They breathe, they speak, what love inspires,

Warm from the heart, and equal to its fires.”

We now frequently met each other by stealth, but this soon palled, our attachment on neither side, was of that stability as to mock the power of time to weaken, and indifference soon possessed both---cool, and more cold we grew---till at length we seldom wrote, and much seldomer met. Some weeks passed on in this situation, when I received a remittance from the country, and as it happened, drawn on Mrs. S. I went with it for payment, Mrs. S. began a lecture on extravagance and œconomy, contrasting the principles of both in theory, with the practical part; Miss S. came into the warehouse and joined her mother, this was too much, and I demanded payment of the draft, in a peremptory tone of voice; the money was immediately paid, and I left them, nor ever since sought for reconciliation, or communication with Mrs. S.

I now took lodgings near Temple-Bar, and while a guinea lasted, paid my way so well as to establish my credit, among those with whom I was acquainted, and had occasion to deal; that  
disliking



disliking my lodging, and wishing for another more suitable to my convenience, I was recommended to a tavern, where I lived some months.

About this time I became acquainted with a widow lady, who lived in the neighbourhood, and an intimacy took place.

Mrs. Marg. Ed--gt-n, was the relict of a Cheesemonger, who died, in what the world thought, affluent circumstances, tho' from the knowledge I acquired of them, I was convinced they were not so, tho' they were easy; she possessed a genteel mediocrity: To speak of her person, it was almost without exception, and her temper and disposition, were agreeable, her conversation was sprightly, and passably entertaining; it was not clogged with matters weighty, or important, her ideas extended not much further than the minute finger on the surface of time's hour-keeper pointed at: Being free from the inconveniences of life, its cares seldom troubled her, and to be easy, was to be happy.

With such, the task was not an arduous one to prove myself agreeable; I made the attempt and was successful. I honestly told her my situation and family; she had no objection to either, admired my frankness, and there was no doubt but we should improve, not diminish in the esteem we had for each other,

Jove

“ Jove laughs at lovers oaths ” If so, he must always be in a good humour, for when do they cease ? That he does, was *then* a creed I most implicitly subscribed to. Would every man lay his hand upon his heart, and answer this question : If he has had any correspondence in the female world, did he always stick firm to the strict letter of truth, in his addresses to the fair ? Did he never insinuate things as felt, which he was utterly insensible of ? Did he never prevaricate, or was he never guilty of dissimulation ? If he is an honest man he will answer, he is guilty ; some will say, they have not always spoke the sentiments of their hearts, nor altogether acted up to the dictates of their consciences, and willingly confess a part of the charge, yet will not the whole ; but this I by no means allow, to be an honest confession—’Tis impossible in an intercourse with the sex, to deal wholly upon the square with them ; they all of them look for compliments, most of them for flattery, and too many for adulation ; as for these, it is no wonder if they fall victims to their own weakness.

I confess, that interest, was the stimulative that induced me to address this widow, and the spring of every attention that I paid, though I pretended it arose from a very different nature, a  
something,

something, which I could not name; indeed I could not name it honestly, otherwise than as I have said.

I was at tea with her one day, when the servant brought in a note, and gave it her mistress, who, taking and opening it held it in that position, that I could easily see the contents, which were, an invitation from a lady, an acquaintance of her's, requesting her company, that evening, to Vauxhall-Gardens Mrs. E. after seeming to read the note, folded it up, and told the girl, "the servant must call again in the morning." She went, and returning, said, "Madam, Mrs. -----'s servant says, his lady is going to the gardens to-night." The confusion in my widow's face was sufficient to convince me (had I not known the contents of the billet) that she had made a mistake, thro' not understanding, what she had pretended to read; and, when the servant withdrew, she candidly confessed she could neither read nor write.

On my arrival at home, I took an impartial and candid review of my situation, on the one hand, I had the opportunity of being united to a woman, possessed of a comfortable competence of worldly matters, with a good exterior and passable accomplishments, so far interest said and approved, all was right; but that constant at-

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tendant upon all my actions, prospects and views, pride, stepped in on the other hand, bringing insurmountable numbers of objections levelled at my weaker side, which put into the counterpoize with interest. powerful as it was, up kicked the beam, and I forswore the prospect of connection with one, wanting those very necessary and useful accomplishments, and real requisites, in which she was deficient

I was perfectly sensible I could never be happy with a woman unread, and tho' I never stood more in need of a connection, to strengthen my finances, yet I had more principle than to unite myself to one without a prospect of a mediocrity in happiness, as well as fortune. At this time I could not command a guinea, some months had passed without hearing from the country, and I had a long bill against me were I lodged; week after week passed on, and still the prospect changed not but rather more gloomy—When passing thro' Lincoln's-Inn fields, I met Miss S. we spoke, and joining conversation, she upbraided me with uncandid and ungenerous behaviour; I retaliated the charge, 'till we mutually forgave each other—The reconciliation on my side, I own, sprung from interested motives. I pressed her to a union, unknown to our friends. she objected to that, we parted, but made an ap-

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pointment



pointment to meet the next day. She met me punctually, and her sister with her; whom she said, she had made the confident of her appointment and business; we debated the eligibility of a private union, they were both against it, they advised me to apply to her mother for her consent; I objected, and again urged the feasibility of a private marriage, and press'd Miss S. to let me procure a licence; she objected, and both said, my arguments were not conclusive enough to determine them—I begged they would weigh what I had offered, and give me an answer on the morrow.

The day after I met Miss S. alone, I made use of every persuasive argument I was master of, to induce her to a union, yet still she objected. We were then in Lincoln's Inn Garden's, the day was severe, but animated with the glow of love, we felt it not, but some heavy snow coming down, we were obliged to depart; we got a coach and drove to a tavern in Covent Garden, I knowing the mistress of the house, and that we could there enjoy privacy, without the prying eye of curiosity, or the fear of incurring the censures or animadversions of malevolence. Thus reclused was a situation we never before enjoyed, the wine we drank proved most powerful in raising rebellious passions, we subscribed to each others

others opinions, and objections were entirely thrown aside.

Prudence, celestial essence of fair virtue's school, bright effulgence of heaven born reason, whither then wert thou fled? leaving unguarded nature, a prey to the discord of rude boisterous appetite?

Can enjoyment cloy? 'Twas even so: In pursuit of honest happiness, and licenced joys, man sets off with sincere intentions and purposes most fair; wedlock the hill, he needs must climb, to reach the summit of his highest hopes, perhaps, rough is the way, and full of craggy frowning cliffs, as courtship is, tho' here and there, a smooth smiling path, which animates him anew, and on he goes; fresh precipices arise, and raising high their heads, impede his progress---he hesitates---hope, points the finger forward, and on he goes—He's not deceived, in fancy not at least; as, on the top of star-braving hills, clouds gather or exhale, as sun or winds have influence, and sometimes hide or show the space around; so here, imagination shows the wished for end of his pursuits; the phantom vanishes at his near approach, and leaves him murmuring at his fate! He makes a pause, a serious pause--and holds debate--whether to forbear the fruitless chase, unprofitable  
and

and vain, or still pursue? The first opinion now prevails; when pride and vanity joining him on the way, offer to bear him company to the summit of his toil; few philosophers enough to withstand the power of such, who seldom plead in vain——He yields, and on he goes; with these a third companion came, whom yet he had not seen; who pointed out a shorter track, by which, with seeming ease he might attain, his journey's end: He looks——but shudders at the sight! Again he looks!----and, sees the road o'rstrewed with flowers, breathing fragrant sweets, while high flattering hopes of fancied joys, wanton in his mind o'eturning reason, and her argumentive train; that way he turns, and soon arrives at enjoyment's pleasure filled domain; where, he partakes a guilty scene, with votaries obscene, and lawless passion's slaves! Lost is fair Hymen's throne, and in partissipating of the present joys----himself too's lost! No lengthened time can this continue, Disgustful! Loathsome! grows each scene, that has not Virtue for its Friend!

One evening, I was called out of the parlour, where I sat with some friend, and arrested at the suit of my landlord, for thirty pounds; as I had no previous notice of this, I confess myself thunder struck; I had no alternative but a  
spunging

spunging house or prison. I chose the first, and went there with my conductors.

I was in a most melancholy situation, without money, or a friend to apply to, and at the distance of two hundred miles. The idea of a prison hurt me in a much more forcible manner now, than when in the country, in the neighbourhood of my friends and acquaintances, and wanting for nothing. I was surprised on entering the spunging house, to find the number of prisoners, their being no less than fourteen; at this house was a sort of ordinary, where every one dined and supped together, distinction was entirely thrown aside; for there was an Irish gentleman arrested for twelve thousand pound, and the rest were for small sums, that would not have amounted to a fiftieth part of the money. After supper the bottle was circulated very freely, and a stranger would never have guess'd that a few days would have removed the major part of them to a prison, there to stay for years. May not moral and instructive conclusions be drawn from this? What's life but a spunging-house, & a prison but a grave? How careless and indifferent we pass thro' life, unheedful of the grave, that ever gaping threatens us with momentary destruction? How passive in what most concerns us? How inactive in what boots us most?

In



In this house I staid all night, and the following day : About six in the evening, the officer informed me my writ was returnable, I told him in an hour I expected to hear from my plaintiff, and would then attend him. There was a circumstance happened in the morning which I cannot help mentioning : A grazier who was in the same situation as myself, had sent for his attorney, who came and took instructions to find bail for him, just as the attorney was going away, the master of the house tapped him on the shoulder. "Mr. D--d--n, you are my prisoner." "Your prisoner ! At whose suit ?" "Two writs I've had against you some days past, but knowing you would be calling here, it was not worth while troubling you." "Faith my friend" said the attorney, turning to his client, "I must now send for bail on my own account, you see." Mr. D. sent for bail, but it was refused, and he was obliged to stay all night, and through his interference with the officer, I had that permission ; the next day my plaintiff sent me five shillings, I advised with Mr. D. what I should do, told him five shillings was my whole stock, and I should have much more to pay where I was than that, he said he found himself obliged to go to one of the compters himself, for a few days as he preferred being there, rather than suffer  
the

the impositions of the present place, "What you trespass here," continued he, "you need not think of paying now, if they are paid when you pay your debt will be sufficient—if they ask you have you any money? say, you have none" "I have got five shillings you know," I replied, "Well," he rejoined, "Give me your money and when we arrive at the Compter, I will return it to you, your conscience will then be satisfied." I rather hesitated at trusting my little all in the hands of a stranger, however I had no other alternative, that or pay the people of the house with it,---so gave it him.

I was preparing to go with the officers, when my bill was brought in, "I have no money," I said very safely, It was all very well, and away we went. Mr. D. was to follow, with another convoy.

As we went along, the officer asked me "What I had done with the five shillings, my plaintiff had sent me?" I ingeniously told him. He commended my foresight, telling me, I should have occasion enough for it, where I was going, but as I expected money, he would take me to the Master's side, where I should get a bed, &c. On our arrival at the Poultry Compter, and ringing at the gate, we had instant admission; my conductor then left me; the turnkey demanded  
ten

ten shillings and six-pence, for what is called floorage; "I have no money, sir." "Then you must go on the common side," replied he. "You know Mr. D. the attorney?" "Yes, sir." "He is in the same situation as myself, and will be here immediately, and satisfy you." He then left me to find the way about the house: It was just dusk, hearing some voices I proceeded to the place from whence the sound proceeded, and opening a door, I saw about twenty people round a table, drinking and smoking; seeing a stranger, one asked, if I was a prisoner? I satisfied him; they then made room for me to sit.

During this, the anxiety of my mind is not to be described, so many strange faces, and some most horrid looking ones; the fate of my cash, with the attorney, added much to my uneasiness. however he came, and my fears vanished; the turnkey took him into a parlour, and I followed, Mr. D. paid his fees, and the turnkey very feelingly asked me, how I intended to live without money? I showed him my stock, which I could manage with very well for five days, when I should be sure of a remittance: He hoped I should not be mistaken, but they were so often amused with stories of the kind, that I must excuse him—— Here Mr. D. interfered, and said, he would pay the money himself if I  
did

did not, on the appointed day ; this was agreed to. I took this very friendly of Mr. D. and was happy in having the power a day before the time, of releasing him from his engagement, We were now shown to our beds: There are but few single bedded rooms, and all are filled by rotation; mine was a double bedded one, but I chanced to have a bed to myself, which was very comfortable.

The following day, I took a review of the house, and its inhabitants; it was the week before the Old Bailey sessions, and felons, as well as debtors, are admitted on the Master's side, provided, they can pay for the indulgence; at that time there were thirteen, and mostly for capital offences. The house is so small that it is impossible, wholly to avoid seeing, hearing, and in some degree, having a communication with them. The horrid rattling of their fetters, with the bruitism of their behaviour, made it very disagreeable.

I was much surprised to find here, confined for debt, a Mr. Wilkins: This gentleman was out door clerk to a merchant in the city, and often I had met him, going his rounds; he was always remarkably civil, and frequently pressed me to partake of a snack or glass of something, which, when I did, he would never permit



me to pay any thing ; tho' I admired his generosity, yet I wondered how he could get it—Now the mystery was unravelled, the house he had lived in failed, and he was arrested at the suit of its creditors, for a deficiency in his cash accounts to a pretty large amount.

On the fourth day of my imprisonment, I received the expected supply from my friends, which enabled me to discharge the demands that were upon me in the house ; but I received no hopes of enlargement. I was informed a fixed stipend should be allowed for my support, but nothing further, with this I was so far satisfied, as to endeavor to make myself content. As I had the satisfaction of reflecting, I was much better off than the generality of my brethern in captivity, and inferior in point of income to none, except one, that was H. Esq. This gentleman was then next heir to a title, and as he now is in the possession of it, I shall say nothing further than, that during my stay in the compters, I was honored with his particular friendship.

I now confined my ideas to the place of my personal progress, to make society agreeable, amusements were not wanting, nor books, a supply of which I was obliged with by several.

Whether it was owing to my ideas being in the confused state they were in, or from what  
other

other cause I know not ; but I had the most singular dream which ever occurred to my imagination, and as it made a poetical impression on my mind, I give the thoughts simply as they flowed.

## The D R E A M.

UPON the summit of an hill,  
Methought I sat, an hour to kill :  
Serene the sky, and calm my mind,  
The sun declin'd, and hush'd the wind,  
A neighb'ring mill, its clack forlook,  
In softer murmurs flow'd the brook ;  
The sheep to bleat, the cows to mow,  
The birds to sing, to croak the crow,  
Silent was all, above, below.  
A gentle sleep my eyelids seiz'd,  
I took some snuff, and quickly sneez'd ;  
But sleep more pow'rful prov'd at last,  
And in its arms I soon was fast ;  
When fancy, pow'rful fancy show'd,  
A long, a wide, extended road ;  
Upon the which, a Turnpike plac'd,  
With this inscription, near eras'd :

*This.*

*This is the Road to Heav'n, NO TRUST!*

*Bring Current Coin, ye Sons of Dust!*

And straight a num'rous train I saw,

Shut was the gate, nor ope'd its maw :

When soon the turnpike-man came out,

And, "Hey !" he cry'd, "why all this rout?

"Now, who's the first, come here to pay,

"Admission fees to realms of day?"

"I am," cry'd one, who at his back,

Carry'd a chest, and eke a sack

Full of gold, which he had coffer'd,

But, he one piece only offer'd :

"Away to hell ! thou mortal bold,

"And henceforth, *feed* upon thy Gold !"

When a chasm, gap'd and swallow'd,

Pelf and Miser, both unhallow'd.

The next a man in sleeves of lawn,

And rich, as e'er was Ally Cawn ;

When quick the turnpike man made fly,

The gate into a needle's eye,

Enter he cry'd, and show'd the place,

Theology mistook the case,

And jump'd into the chasm wide,

Fit place, stall'd fallacy to hide ;

The

The next that came with humble look,  
 And in his hand the sacred book,  
 "The laws," he said, in this contain'd,  
 "With strictest truth I have maintain'd.  
 "A heart upright is all I bring,  
 "Nor house, nor land, or other thing,  
 "Or all I'd freely give away,  
 "T' enjoy those endless realms of day."  
 "Enter, uncumber'd soul, enjoy,  
 "Unbounded bliss, without alloy."

The next that came as candidate,  
 With self sufficiency elate  
 Was one of Galen's tribe, a Quack,  
 Loaden with nostrums on his back;  
 "With me," he cry'd, "I bring receipts,  
 "Of sickness, soon to cure the fates,"  
 "The fates," the turnpike-man reply'd,  
 "Want not thy help, in hell reside!  
 "Amongst the numbers thou hast sent,  
 "Thy curst prescriptions to lament."  
 The next came with an hop and skip,  
 Took snuff, a-hem'd! and bit his lip;  
 "I come, good man," said he to taste,  
 "Elysian joys! but, pray make haste,

Open



"Open the Gate, nor let me wait,

"I want to see Ma'amselle de Fate?"

"Down to that Gulph, fit place for fops!"

So in he went—one skip—two hops.

An Attorney came next, hung round,

With scraps of parchment, looks profound;

"My name is Lattitat," said he,

"To enter here, pray what's the fee?"

"What you can't give, the man rejoind,

*"An honest Heart, an upright Mind!"*

"Author of rapine and chicane,

"Know, thy just doom, is endless pain!

"To hottest hell, begone! away!

"Strife's sons, ne'er mix with sons of day!"

Next after him, a Poet came,

"Good sir," he cry'd, "I've wrote for fame,

"And a fair copy here present,

"To you good sir, with kind intent."

"Your works," reply'd the man, "must share,

"The fate of genius, as it were,

"So into hell, I doom them straight,

"But you, may enter at the gate"

The Poet sigh'd, and in he went,

But into hell, his works were sent

Then

Then came Fiddlers, whores in plenty,  
And Pawnbrokers, by per centy ;  
Players, Dancers, Rogues of Tailors,  
Tipstuffs, Constables, and Jailors ;  
Wide ope'd the Gulph, receiv'd them all,  
There to remain, in endless thrawl.  
The sight it shock'd my very soul,  
I wak'd, and straightway penn'd the whole.

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As there are a number of temporary prisoners brought in by the watchmen and constables, for different, and often frivolous charges, every night, carried before the sitting aldermen the next day, and then discharged ; it may not be amiss observing on the villainy, of both watchmen and constables, who oftentimes brought in persons, pretending suspicion of their characters, and quarrelling with them, for the sake of the trifling fee they get with them ; nay constables and watch-men, have been known to be in colleague together with the turn-keys, of different prisons : Now an innocent poor person, brought in on some simple pretext or other, it will cost him seven shillings before the magistrate, two shillings and six-pence to the keeper of the prison

son, for what is called gate fees, two shillings for a bed, and two shillings and six-pence garnish, this latter is spent in porter; I have known fourteen half-crowns worth of this, brought in before twelve o'clock at noon.

One night I was alarmed by the turnkey opening the gates, to bring in a prisoner, and, as he must pass my door, curiosity induced me to have a look at him. He was a genteel young fellow, his look, I observed, was very melancholy, never did I see one more so—I again went to bed. About one o'clock, the whole prison was alarmed, by the cry of “Fire, Murder &c.” I got up, and went to the place, from whence the noise proceeded, it was a large room, in which the charges were always put. Just as I got there, a Captain C-x, who was a prisoner with myself, had struck a light, and the turnkeys were come; they endeavoured to unlock the door, but could not put the key in—the key-hole was stopped up: We then burst it open, and found the unhappy young fellow, whom I have just mentioned, had put an end to his existence, and in a manner the most extraordinary, I ever knew. He had put a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and tied it with a slip knot; to one end of it he had tied one of his garters, and the other end to his foot; thro’  
the

the bed's foot, and himself in a contracted position, so that by stretching himself out, he was easily strangled. He was immediately bled, but he had done the business so effectually, as to be past recovery. Upon examining his pockets, we found a shirt, a pair of stockings, and some trifling memorandums; by which we discovered him to be a lieutenant of his majesty's navy. He had been found in an empty warehouse, in Thames-street, and taken up on suspicion:—What his intentions were, heaven only knows, but in my private opinion, he was only driven by distress, endeavouring to find a place of repose 'till morning. The coroner's jury, brought in their verdict, lunacy; though I differ from them much, and think it the struggle of a mind at variance with mankind, from the usage it had experienced.

In this room were two gentlemen, besides the above; the one, Jacob Ringrose A —, Esq; a nephew of Lord —, for robbing a gentleman in Golden-square, of his purse and gold watch. This Mr. A. was of one of the first families in Ireland, and nearly related to some of the leading men, in England: An unfortunate propensity to extravagance and gallantry, had brought him to necessity; that, urged him to the commission of a crime, which, by the laws of our country,

R r

doomed



doomed him to death, though interest, and powerful friends, procured him a softer sentence, "Not body's death, but body's banishment, for life," vulgarly called transportation.

The other gentleman, was Lieut. Cristie, of his Majesty's navy. If ever the memory of the unfortunate, claimed the sigh of commiseration, this gentleman's did: Want of a present supply of cash, had induced him to put a forged signature to a bill, purporting it to be an accepted draft, and offering it for discount at the Newcastle bank; he received the money, but the forgery being discovered, he was immediately pursued to London, and taken up. He was sensible of his situation, when he was brought into the Compter, though assured he must die, yet he had no unbecoming words or actions, but bore his fate with a philosophic coolness, which did honor to the man and christian. He purchased Dr. Blair's sermons, and employed much of his time upon them, with attention and satisfaction. The conversation I had with him, shew'd him possessed of a dignity of understanding, which raised him superior to the malice of the world: He was not more than twenty-six years of age, and one who had more the real gentleman in exterior and behaviour, I never met with. After being some weeks, he was remov'd  
into

into the country for trial, where he was condemned, and afterwards suffered.

In the same room with myself, was a young fellow of the name of Richardson, with whom, one day entering into conversation, concerning the prison, and the impositions we laboured under, in paying two shillings and six-pence per week for our beds, and four-pence per pot, for our porter, we came to a determination, to write to the sheriffs about it; we accordingly wrote to Sir Robert Taylor, who at that time was in office. A week elapsed without receiving any answer, and in that time, Richardson having settled his affairs, was at liberty: He then personally waited upon Sir Robert, and the next day Sir Robert took him to Guildhall, and stated the matter before the Court of Aldermen, as touching the price of Beds. Mr. W. the keeper was likewise there, and in justification of himself argued, that he charged no more than his predecessors in office had done; that the place cost him upwards of thirteen hundred pounds; that he had been at a very considerable expence, in fitting the Prison, with new beds, bedding &c. however, this was nothing, he was ordered in future, only to take one shilling and three pence per week, and likewise refund what every man had paid more than that. This order he complied

plied with, and an happy thing it was for several who had been there sometime.

Sir Robert said, he would call and examine more minutely into the state of the Compter; he did so, and sent for two of the oldest debtors into the lodge; they went, but he not gaining the satisfaction from them he wanted, he ordered all of us to be brought before him. Sir Robert, then recapitulated the above circumstances, and concluded by saying, "Well gentlemen, this will I hope, be some ease to your situation; I shall always be happy in being a friend to the unfortunate; is there any thing else you wish to say?" I replied, "Sir, there is one grievance, we have to complain of, which it is in your power to redress; and, that is, Sir, we pay four pence a pot for our beer, which we consider not only as an hardship, but, as an imposition, and beg your interference?" "Why I never heard of more villainy!" and turning round to the turnkey, he said, "Pray sir, how dare you be guilty of so great a piece of injustice, to these unfortunate gentlemen, sir, do you know that for every pot of beer thus sold, your master is liable to the penalty of fifty pounds." "I wish gentlemen you could ascertain the quantity you have drank, you should have the half-pence refunded."

After

After a little more conversation Sir Robert left us, very well satisfied with his visit.

I now made it my business to enquire into the affairs, of the common side of the Compter, and found some abuses in the government of it, which called loudly for the interference of the higher powers. There is the sum of seventy-eight pounds odd, per annum, paid in quarterly donations into the Compter, for the sole use of the prisoners on the common side. The expenditure of this money, I made it my business to enquire into, the place was governed by a steward and what were called twelvers; consisting of twelve debtors, two of whom were constables of the week, in rotation, the whole met every monday night, and the steward show'd his accounts, which were approved and signed by the twelvers, for the inspection of the rest; in this ceremony the sum of four shillings, was always spent, and the rest of the money in trifling expences about the prison; but the real intentions of the donators was intirely frustrated, as not a six-pence was laid out to benefit any one, but the steward and his junto; indeed the master of the tap, was the only real gainer. I saw here a wide place of reform, but could do nothing in the affair, unless I was on the common side, I therefore wrote to Manchester for a  
supply



supply of bedding, &c which if I got I was determined to remove myself. My desires were complied with, and I removed from the master's side; It was an arduous task, I had undertaken in my own mind, of bringing about a reform, in the government and regulations of the place, but I was determined to go thro' with it. It was a nice point, the present government had been established time out of mind; those, in whose hands it now was, for their own interest, would be sure to oppose any innovations, and they were the majority. I mentioned my intentions to one or two, but found them too supine and inactive. At length I met with a colleague in a Mr. L. this gentleman, was in the practice of the Law, and entered at once into my views.

We first demanded an examination of the Steward's accounts, and found them so irregular unfair and complicated, that we wrote a report of them to Sir Robert Taylor; he was then in the country, but he sent an order to divest the Steward of his authority, and make up his accounts.—— Sir Robert, went out of office, and here, the matter rested sometime.

We now wrote to his successor, Sir Barnard Turner, who did us the honor of an immediate visit. We had a general meeting of the prisoners, and Sir Barnard informed us, he came, in  
consequence

consequence of a letter which he had received, charging the late Steward and Twelvers, with remissness, inattention, and wilful gross misbehaviour, in the discharge of the duties of their office, and wishing to enquire into the truth of the allegations. We proved very plainly the truth of our assertions, and informed him, there was a deficiency of near twenty pounds, in the late Steward's books, and it lay with him, and the Master of the Tapp to make good the same. The Steward, said he knew nothing of the matter, and the Master of the Tapp, pleaded ignorance. Sir Barnard then ordered, that the prisoners, should chuse two, and the Master, two more, to whom, the whole should be referred, and by whom, the books should be examined, and their determination to be final; what ever sum they found wanting, should be made good by the Master of the Tapp. The choice on both sides being made; Sir Barnard left us.

We were three days in the examination, and then, brought in the Steward, debtor, Seven Pounds ten shil lings: We wrote our report to the Sheriff, who called the following day: just at this time, that quarters donation became due, amounting to Eighteen Pounds, and Mr. West the Keeper, had received it for us.

It was in the evening when Sir Barnard came,  
and

and Mr. W. with him ; when we were all assembled, Sir Barnard addressed us as follows. "Gentlemen, by the report which has been made to me, concerning the business which was referred to the decision of a committee ; by that report I understand, the sum of seven pound ten-shillings is given in your favor ; I am acquainted that Mr. West has this quarters donation amounting to eighteen pounds in his hands. But gentlemen, it is my will and that of my brother Skinner, that in future there shall be no twelvers, but you shall be governed by a steward and two assistants ; make your choice of them by ballot, now, and I will withdraw with Mr. W. 'till you have fixed your opinions ; you may then distribute the whole sum amongst you. I would have you then draw up some rules, and regulations for your government, and let me see them."—He then left us. One of my fellow prisoners whose name was Ballot, as soon as the Sheriff was gone out, very consequentially rose up, and begged he might be heard, silence being gained he began, " Gentlemen, as the Sheriff says I am to chuse a steward and assistants, I shall fix upon —" here I interrupted him, "Pray Mr. Ballot, what put you into this notion, or gave you this imagined authority?"—"Why, I appeal to you all gentlemen, that, Sir Barnard said

steward and assistants, should be chosen by ballot, and there is never another ballot but myself, in the prison." We enjoyed a hearty laugh at the man's mistake, who cut a truly ridiculous figure; nor could he for some time be convinced that he was wrong.

There were several candidates for the places of steward and assistants, but I, Mr. L. and Lieut. B---n, were unanimously elected: Our names being written down, and sent in, to the Sheriff, he under-wrote—"I do, for myself and brother Skinner, approve of the above choice." signed, "B. Turner." Mr. W. the keeper, then coming in, paid into our hands, Twenty-six Pounds, and that was equally divided the same evening; being the first distribution of the kind, ever known in the Compter; and, I always pride myself in reflecting, that I was so instrumental in bringing about an event, pregnant with such benefits to my fellows in captivity.

We now drew up a code of laws, for our better regulation and government, the principal of them as follows.

#### PRELIMINARIES.

That it is the inherent and undoubted right of Englishmen, to be governed by Laws of their *own* making; and to dispose of their own property.

S s

That



That those Laws are of their own making, which are enacted by the legislative body of representatives, in parliament assembled; such representatives, being first legally chosen.

That the keeper of this prison, has no authority within the gates thereof; nor, has he any right to interfere with the internal government and regulation of the same.

That, though deprived of personal liberty, we are yet amenable to the laws of our country, those Laws, however, not extending to the internal government and regulation of a prison: We, the inhabitants on the Common-side of the Poultry Compter, under personal restraint for Debt; do, by virtue of those principles, and rights, above mentioned; and at the special recommendation of Sir Barnard Turner, Knight, and Thomas Skinner, Esquire, our present Sheriffs for the City of London &c. hereby enact and ordain, that the following Laws, Rules, and Orders, shall be strictly adhered to.

1st. That the government of the Poultry Compter, shall be in a steward, and two assistants, whose authority shall be equal; to be chosen among the debtors; for filling which offices, they shall receive no reward, fee or emolument, except, what shall be the free, and spontaneous gift of the debtors,

2nd.

2nd. That every debtor, on his entrance into this prison, shall pay into the hands of the constable of the ward, to which he shall belong, the sum of three shillings and eight pence; to be made use of and expended, in manner following, that is to say

	£	S	D
To one gallon of Porter, - -	0	1	2
For Coals, - - - -	0	1	2
To Steward, - - - -	0	0	6
To Scavenger - - - -	0	0	6
To Constable, - - - -	0	0	4

3d. That, until the above sums of money be paid, no person shall have a right to make use of, any vessel, utensil, or other thing, which may have been left by people going out, or, which may have been the produce of private, or general purchase.

4th. That a Scavenger shall be chosen, who shall receive no other fee or emolument, than the six pence, before mentioned, and the profits arising from the sale of the urine, the average weekly amount of which, is three shillings. In return for which, he shall keep the Prison yard, and its offices, in perfect cleanliness, and good order: He shall likewise be Constable of the place, under the direction of the Steward and Assistants, to carry summonses, messages, &c.

He

He shall likewise, under their direction, share all provisions &c. which may be sent in, for the use of the prisoners.

5th. Any debtor striking an other, shall be fined according to the provocation given; as there are some words, which hurt worse than blows.

6th. Any debtor being drunk, and behaving against the rules of decency, decorum, and good-manners, shall be fined, any sum under two shillings and six-pence.

7th. Any debtor, absenting from divine service, on sundays, except prevented by sickness, shall not partake of the Sheriff's bounty. \*

8th. That on an information, of complaint, being lodged before the Steward and Assistants, or any of them, that such complaint shall be heard, within the space of twenty-four hours, after it is made, or otherwise, for such neglect, the said Steward and Assistants shall be liable to be broke.

9th. That every debtor refusing to attend the summons of the said Steward, &c. shall forfeit one shilling: A verbal order, shall then be sent by the constable; and the debtor so ordered, refusing

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\* Two stone of Beef, without bone, sent every saturday, and divided amongst those debtors, who go to Church.

refusing to comply, it may and shall be lawful, for the Constable to bring him by force of bodily strength, and compulsion, before the Steward, &c. and any person refusing to assist the Constable in the execution of his office, shall be fined a discretionary sum, not exceeding two shillings and six-pence.

10th. The convicted party demurring at the award against them, may appeal to a general house, paying the sum of one shilling and two-pence; which shall be refunded them, if the house agree not with the given verdict.

11th. Any debtor being known to go into that part appropriated for, the use of the felons, fines, or other charges, or shall in any wise have conversation, or communication with them, shall forfeit, for every such offence, the sum of —

12th. Any person offending against the rules of this Prison, and refusing to comply with the regulations thereof, shall (as before recited) be fined, and on failure of paying such fine, shall be closely confined in a room, known by the name of the Dark Hole, for a length of time as the Steward and Assistants shall direct, without fire, candle, or refreshment.

There were some other smaller matters touching the minutia of our government, but these will suffice to give a general idea of our internal policy



policy. We transmitted to the Sheriffs copies of the above—They had confirmed us in our office, and we determined to abide by the spirit of our Laws, with the strictest severity. The felons, fines, charges, &c, previous to these regulations, had been suffered an uncontrouled range in the prison, we now affixed their boundaries, but found a difficulty in gaining a compliance. A set of daring lawless ruffians, fearless of consequences, and enemies to law and order with them we were obliged to get the assistance of the turnkeys, who by the dint of argumentive threats, brought them to order. Amongst the debtors, there was one who run retrograde to all order, and knowing our authority, must at first be firmly established, or be in danger of annihilation; this man was a butcher, and had imbibed from the beasts he had killed, the brutishness of their natures; he had by force been confined in the Black Hole, twenty-four hours, but that made no impression on him, as he struck one or two after his enlargement: I wrote an account of the whole to Sir Barnard Turner, who came the same day, and committed him to Newgate; this was the most severe punishment that could be inflicted on him. As for debtors, Newgate is the worst prison in the Metropolis.

This

This circumstance, and what followed, fairly established us in our authority, and stamp it with force and validity: Sir Barnard now said he wished the debtors might be assembled together as he had to communicate his opinion, with respect to our Laws—The bell was immediately rung, and a general meeting assembled in the Chapel; where Sir Barnard came and addressed us as follows.

“Gentlemen, I have with particular care  
“and attention, read over the rules and orders,  
“which you sent me for my perusal, and you  
“must give me leave to say, I think your present situation does not justify the stile they are  
“wrote in.” “Sir,” interrupted I, “they are written with the spirit of Englishmen.” “I  
“admire their spirit, ’tis the wording of them I  
“hint at.” said Sir Barnard. “But” continued he,  
“not perfectly satisfied with my own judgment  
“on the occasion, I waited twice on Lord Mansfield, and he has in part done away my objections; there is another thing I wish to  
“mention—The donation money—In Woodstreet Compter, the money is paid into the  
“hands of the Keeper, who lays it out in provisions, and necessaries, for the prisoners; I  
“should wish this money was in Mr. W. hands,  
“to be laid out in the like manner.

I replied, "Sir, I will in behalf of myself and fellow prisoners, take the liberty with all due submission, to reply to what you have been so condescending to communicate to us. And first Sir, let me intreat your pardon for the liberty I took, interrupting you in the beginning of your speech, and also to say a few words, in vindication of the opinion which I then hazarded. You were pleased to say, sir, that the stile which our Laws were wrote in, was unbecoming our situation. Sir, though we have unfortunately forfeited our personal liberty, in that, the law, has done its worst; it cannot rob us of thinking, or eradicate the power of recollecting. that once, we enjoyed the blessings of freedom: Perhaps, if it could, it might be better for some of us—could the water, of Lethe, run through this place, to drown remembrance of former times. Sir, to make our existence in this place, as comfortable as possible. nothing can be so conducive thereunto, as order and good government. In all well governed states, the laws they are regulated by, are their support and protection: Sparta, Sir, tho' not so extensive as surrounding states, was yet, governed by a code of laws, which would not have disgraced the Augustean age, and its world of dominion: Rome, Sir, e'er she arrived at this

this splendor of power and consequence, borrowed her laws from petty States of Greece, and stooped to learn, from provinces obscure. The security of a state Sir, is in its laws; and, a place without laws and regulations, must be the seat of anarchy, confusion and discord—the effects of which, Sir, would be more sensibly felt in a place like this, than in any other, for here, we cannot find protection in flight, from the iron grasp of oppression, abuse, fraud or injustice: To make society agreeable, is the only way of alleviating our distresses, and lessening the burthen of captivity; and the most eligible, indeed only method we can pursue, is, by reciprocally binding ourselves to those rules and customs, which shall tend to our good, generally and individually. Sir, that our laws are good ones, the salutary consequences attendant on their being enforced, as been so evident, in the short time we have been in power, that, if you will be at the trouble of perusing the minutes of our proceedings, in the causes, in which we have given judgment, you will be convinced of their necessity and usefulness. Give me leave Sir, to trespass on your patience a moment longer? You mentioned Sir, the donation money, and a wish, it might be put into the hands of the keeper, as it is in the other compter: Sir,



I know myself right in objecting totally to this proposition, as well from a certainty, that such mode is contrary to the intentions of the worthy donors, as from a thorough conviction, it is repugnant to those principles of justice, which should be the concomitants of acts, teeming with such beneficent purposes : Sir, the intent of this charity would be utterly done away, by the mode proposed ;—you will pardon me Sir, but the idea is ridiculous, to suppose the keeper of a prison can tell which day in the seven, I shall find my appetite keenest, or be acquainted with the small wants, which myself and brethren are deficient in, and which this bounty would supply. Sir, these donations when due, become our property, and when received, we have a right to demand them : On what principle could be founded, the supposition, that another, has the right to dispose of our property without our consent ? Forbid it, humanity ! Forbid it, justice ! But Sir, I perceive I intrude upon your patience, indulge me a few words and I have done. During the time of Sir Robert Taylor's being in office, the allowance bread to the Felons, was raised from one penny worth per day, to three half penny worth and Sir, it may, ( I doubt not, it has ) have escaped your notice ; that the debtors, have only

one penny worth per day : Now Sir, the debtors in general are objects of charity — the felons, but seldom — and, though I wish not their allowance to be lessened yet Sir, I cannot help wishing the debtors might receive an equal quantity. There was formerly an extra allowance of bread, for the officers of the prison. — Give me leave Sir, now, to return you my unfeigned thanks for the attention you have been pleased to honor me with, and, give me leave to hope, you will acquiesce in opinion with the sentiments I have declared. ”

Sir Barnard then replied, “ I agree your wishes shall be complied with, while you merit, by propriety of behaviour such indulgence ; your allowance of bread shall be augmented ; and the steward and assistants shall receive an extra quantity, for their disinterestedness, in serving the prison. ” We returned him suitable thanks, and he withdrew.

Sir Barnard was good as his word, for the following day, every man received three half-penny worth of bread, the steward and assistants, fourpence half-penny worth ; this continued ’till after Sir Barnard’s death, when his successor, Alderman Piquet, reduced it to the old establishment :---He wanted Sir Barnard’s philanthropy of soul, whose premature death, robbed the  
poor

poor, of a kind benefactor, and the world, of an honest man !

Sir Barnard had taken a particular fancy to a beautiful horse, and purchased it for fifty pounds, he was riding this favorite, over black-fryars bridge, when the high-mettled creature took fright, and starting, run against a carriage just then passing, which catching Sir Barnard's leg, he was dismounted from the saddle, and the horse dragged him a considerable way, before it could be stopped. Sir Barnard, was so much bruised, that he languished but a few hours, and died.

This was a striking instance, among the number we every day met with, of the fallacy of our hopes, wishes, prospects and pursuits—How often does man place his happiness on what proves his bane, and pursues a blissful phantom, which when overtaken proves a horrid ruin ? Sir Barnard mounted this favorite with the glow of health on his cheeks, and satisfaction in his heart ; he rode on, exulting on being so well mounted, and priding himself on the acquisition he had gained——When a sudden noise, or strange appearance alarms his conductor, he snorts and starts, his rider strives to cheer, and encourage him with gentle patts, and soothing words ; which not allays, but more alarms his  
fears

fears, and off he flies, unheedful of his way; encountering, he meets a post or carriage, against whose shock, the skilful horseman is not master-proof, but, from out the saddle's thrown, the other leg in the stirrup fast confined, he's dragged a cruel length, and recovers his senses, only, in eternity! How cautious then should mankind be, of mounting steeds unused to roads and unheedful of, or curb or rein?

Sheriff Piquet made no alterations in our laws, and they continued in full force.

In all governments, states and kingdoms, as there are never wanting discontented factious spirits, to disturb the peace and tranquility of the country, under whose protection they live; so under our administration, we had to war against the turbulent dispositions of many, however, impartiality marked our conduct, and with her even hand we inflicted fines and punishments, without incurring the censures of the candid or respectable part of our community. Among the number of fines which we levied for misdemeanors, we had the greatest share from the Reverend W. P---e: This gentleman was of Wales, and sure a wetter soul, never boasted a descent from antient Britons; the sum he was in for, was but of itself trifling, but enormous in comparison with his finances. It was not for  
sobriety



fobriety of behaviour, that he was turned out of a curacy in ——— After which he came up to London, where he commenced Hack-Parson; that is, one who preaches in the stead of any of the cloth, who may be indisposed, or engaged in temporal pursuits, and consequently are obliged (or must disappoint their appetites) to leave undone the great end of their ministry, and hire a substitute to supply their places, whose pay is half-a-guinea for each part of the day's service. In this situation, Mr. P---e, passed on some months, but stretched the line of his credit to that extremity, that it snapped in twain--and a writ appeared. When the parson was fi. it bro't into the Compter, his face was immediately recognized by several, and on enquiry, I found he had been brought in for a riot, beating the watchmen, &c. but a short time before. This unfortunate penchant for drinking, had, I understood, often led him into very disagreeable predicaments, before his entrance as a member of our society; no wonder, we found him an untractable genius, he was a bruiser among other things, and it cost him three or four shillings a week in fines; He had stripped once to combat with a brother in captivity, when his antagonist gave him a blow, before he was on his guard, which fairly knocked out two of his front teeth; the

the parson immediately put on his cloaths, swearing (for tho' a parson he could swear) he would not fight with his adversary, 'till he had received civil satisfaction for the blow he had received, so contrary to the gymnastic rules, which had been kept in force, from the establishment of scientific boxing in ancient Rome, till the present hour——He accordingly brought his action for damages before us, the steward and assistants, and, as the written complaint which he delivered, had in it, somewhat of curious matter, I gave it literally as we received it.

“ Poultry Compter, Feb. 178-

“ To &c.

“ I William P---e, clerk, an inhabitant of the Poultry Compter, to you the Steward and Assistants of said place, do prefer, the following complaint of injuries received; and, do demand redress, so far as in your power lies, according to your office.

Whereas I, the before mentioned, had, on the evening last past a dispute with James Williamson, Scavenger of this place, and we agreeing to decide said dispute by force of arms, that is, our bodily right and natural arms; and to do which, I being stripped, was going to the place of combat, when the aforesaid James, taking me unawares, being totally off my guard, struck me

a violent blow, on the front of my mouth, which removed two of my teeth out of their proper places; with so much celerity, and they flew so far, that I have not been able to recover, or find them again. Gentlemen, the value of these teeth it is impossible to fix, one was artificial, which cost me two guineas fixing in; the other a natural one--invaluable: Being deprived of these, Gentlemen, 'tis impossible I can fulfil the sacred office, of my function, without manifest disadvantage to my utterance, if I can make myself understood at all; therefore, I may say my bread with my teeth, is taken out of my mouth. I therefore, pray judgment against the said James Williamson, Scavenger aforesaid, according to damages received.

And am, &c.

W. P---e.

In consequence of the above, we summoned the accused party, and the trial came on. The blow which the parson received, was proved to be given in an unfair manner; we fined the accused for that, but it was out of our power to replace his teeth, the loss of which disfigured him much, and ever afterwards, he did not so much speak, as spit his words out.

As I before observed, there were not wanting,  
who

who wished to shake to the foundation, the eminence on which we towered above their envious souls; the emolument from the Sheriffs was looked at with an envious eye, but we remained firm as Mount Atlas, when on its shaggy frowning front, storms spend all their rage, and winds in tempests, pour their strength in fury on its head!--So we, to liken little things by great, braved every effort to weaken, crush, or stem the torrent of our authority; till I lost my friend, and worthy colleague in office, Mr. L. who resigned in consequence of expecting to leave the place, in a few days. His resignation having taken place, and the vacancy of assistant being known, there was as much stir and bustle by different parties, as there is at a borough election, and the similitude between both was very striking. The vacant place was now from the Sheriff's bounty, become of consequence--three candidates offered themselves and went with their friends, canvassing from place to place; there was only one gentleman that I wished to fill the situation my friend had left, which was Doctor S. he declined any contest about the matter, till at length he was persuaded, to suffer himself to be nominated. We called a general meeting, when I declared the vacancy in form, and, after desiring they would chuse an Assistant, in the

U u

room



room of Mr. L. I fixed the day and hour of election. Doctor S. was then nominated with the other three, when the day came the Doctor only gained his election, by a majority of one vote, the other three having equal numbers; he was chaired, and carried on the shoulders of the electors, three times round the yard, preceeded by a band of music, consisting of two fiddles and two flutes, playing "Jove in his chair" which was accompanied by the best vocal performers in the prison; nor were flags and streamers wanting to fill up what I may call a burlesque on the candidates for a seat in St. Stephen's Chapel.

In the prison were some as social characters as the world can boast, men who had seen, who had enjoyed the world, thrown off its rust, and laughing at the stoicism of their ill-natured creditors; laughed and sung, the slow creeping hours away.

The active mind must be employed; mine, was ever on the wing to find means of diversion, and various the scenes of intrigue I was engaged in. Life, and a confined life, without some occurrences to chequer it with variety, would soon grow burthenome. Who is Philosopher, or rather Cynic enough, at all times to retire within himself, and in nature's tub, laugh at mankind

mankind and all the strange vicissitudes of time? there may be such, I confess, myself not one.

In the same room with myself lodged a young fellow of the name of S-mpf-n, his father was a Glazier, to which business he brought up his son; and dying left him in good trade, and a shop and house, well stocked and furnished. Of all the Josephs I have met with, certainly this man was the greatest.

As antient fable says, Jupiter, when he formed mankind, determined to have all sorts, and his inventive fancy, being at a loss for a variety in created substances, he gave a licence to the Gods & Goddeses, assembled by special proclamation on Olympa's top, that they should each endow the lumps of earth he shew'd, with what degree and quality of inspiration they chose. Well pleas'd the immortals were, till a contest arose, who should have the first choice and power of animation: Venus, had fixed her eyes on a fair form, and wished it for her own; when Mercury, with his silver wand encircling it around, the influence of the sacred rod, gave instant life; and light as the God to whom he owed his being, he tripped along before the deities: Venus, enraged to find her favorite gone, mounted her carr, and guiding her doves, flew past the mirthsome youth, and breath'd a  
gentle

gentle gale full in his eyes. Powerful the breath exhaling from love's almighty Queen ; the effects proved so, for ever since, his progeny have proved, fond votaries to the fair offspring of the amorous dame ; blind to their foibles, and seeing only the fair outside, designed for their view.

Of such an one, sprung the Joseph I have mentioned, he had a wife--fair---saying that is nothing---she was fairer than the daughters of Eve, and so elegantly formed, as to set sculpture or art at defiance, she was indeed divinely fair. To a fond husband's view, her errors were wholly eclipsed ; and when viewed with the microscopic scan of a lover's eye, her faults sat fair upon her beautiful form, giving a guilty dignity to her every action. When passion fires the soul, thro' what a false medium do we view, another's errors, catching at shadows, and letting real substances escape ? Certainly, wife never made the fool of husband, as Mrs. S. did of hers, nor was ever man more fascinated with a wife.

The torments of jealousy never entered his mind, and he was blind to what every one else perceived ; heaven had blessed him with a superior degree of insensibility, which is but another term, but means the same, as philosophy, and

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in his own mind happy, he cared not what the world could think. Is not a vacancy in intellect an happiness in comparrison to that susceptibility of soul, that is ever tormenting itself with that bane of happiness, fiend-like jealousy?

The horror of jealousy, where a man has the object that causes it contiually under his eye, is a situation, that the soul even shudders at. What then must it be when each night you are parted from the cause of it, yourself confined, unable to keep the watchful eye of circumspection on her conduct, or attend her steps, as the guardian of her honor, and your peace of mind? While she, if her heart to levity is prone--the world to range in--none to controul--fear of conviction, lulled asleep, from a knowledge of her guardian, being immured in (to her convenient) prison——In vain does honor, gratitude, a sense of shame or native virtue, the remembrance of matrimonial vows, or pledged troth of faith inviolate, strive to stem the gust of passion, high fed hopes and strong desire. Reason overborne, the tide of appetite bears all before it, till the fair bark, for some time tossed from wave to wave, of fond enjoyment, the surge of reflection intervening oft, yet, the sunshine of pleasure lights her on, till at length she bulges on the rock of satiety; or what too often happens



happens, the desert region of remorse, despair, and endless ruin !

What a cruel situation must that man be in, haunted with fears of his wife's prudence ; with the " Green Eyed Monster " his constant companion ? However, S. was free from this, to a degree of stupidity.

Few men would be monsters, were it not their own faults ; they fail in their attention, in their assiduity, their desire of pleasing, grows faint and languid, bordering on indifference, 'till at length it sinks into total neglect. The married man, should be the lover still, should keep alive those embers, which kindled liking, into affectionate regard, not suffer them to be extinguished : He should be as careful of that, as the virgins, dedicated to the Goddess Vesta, were, of the sacred fire, kept continually burning in her Temple, an emblem of chastity ; which, if suffered to go out, the punishment was, to be immured alive in earth. But, from the humble, the submissive, fawning suppliant, he becomes, the haughty, the imperious lord and master, seeming to establish by a tyranical sway of will ; a prerogative unknown to reason, equity, or justice : Not that all are so ; but, too many are. What wonder then, if the soft feelings, the tender, meek, gentle spirits of our  
dames

James, are roused to retaliation—to revenge!

'Tis said, a wife, must be blind to the foibles, to the defects of her husband—spurn the idea! Who tells us this? Man: Who wrote those laws, by which, the wife is held in subjection? Man: He will while he can make and enforce laws, hold them in subjection; but, let him use this power well: The Monarch established by law, if he abuses the trust reposed in him, becomes a tyrant, and is deposed: So the husband, is no longer so, than while he behaves as the kind protector, and the indulgent friend; behaving otherwise, the end for which the nuptial vow was ordained, is frustrated—and the woman, in justice to the common privileges of nature, has a right to seek for happiness, where it can be found. When I see a man abusing the trust, the authority reposed in him, I am fired with indignation, and would whisper in the ear of the injured-----retaliate! retaliate!

The only set of sensible women, my intercourse with books has made me acquainted with, were the Amazones; they lived in a country by themselves, and the shadow of man, was banished from their society-----except, at certain times, when, for the sake of procreation, they

they admitted the neighbouring men amongst them.

This S-mps-n, was a sojourner with me about three months, when his affairs with his creditors being compromised, he left the place, giving me, at the intreaty of his wife, an invitation to his house in Bishopgate street; twice he called on me afterwards, to inform me he was removed to Hackney, and then to Hammersmith—I should not have been thus particular, only to show, to what a length a man may be blinded in what he most reposes confidence in; and what power a woman has, if she will but make use of it. He called himself, because Mrs. S. informed him, she did not like visiting a place so disagreeable, tho' not a week passed without me seeing her, once or oftener.

Whilst I was in the Compter, the succession of youths brought in and removed to Newgate, every six weeks, was incredible, and many of them have paid the great debt of nature, in an ignominious manner; this leads me to say a few words, on the present mode of confining prisoners, previous to trial, and from the observations I have made, what I shall advance will, I doubt not carry conviction of its truth.

In the Compter, and most other Prisons in the Metropolis—the young adventurer charged with

with a petty crime, and hardened reprobate are intermingled together—the innocent person, charged only on iuspicion, which is often the case; with the highwayman and housebreaker, in the day time they have one room to assemble in; their conversation is, on the arts of roguery and speculation they have practiced; they applaud each others schemes of ingenuity, and the greatest villain is the head, the manager, the director of their pursuits, and their amusements.

There was one youth brought in, whose story will strikingly elucidate, the bad effects of their want of separate places of confinement.

This was a young fellow, whose parents now live in London, in good credit and repute, he was a youth of irreproachable conduct and morals, till the unfortunate circumstance happened, which brought him under the lash of the laws of his country: He had been parting with a brother, bound to the East-Indies, and as is customary at such a time, the glass went quickly round. Returning through White Chapel with two companions, frolic being uppermost in their minds; they were determined to give it free liberty of indulgence. There hung a number of sheep for the following days market, and they agreed to cut them down, they were not so silent but the watchmen saw them,



and giving the alarm, they were soon surrounded, two of them luckily escaped, but this youth was taken; unfortunately for him, he had his knife in his hand, and, as one watchman swore, made an attempt to stab him; he was the next day carried before the magistrate, and his crime being against him, by the above circumstance, he was ordered to suffer one year's imprisonment in the Compter, nor could all the interest of his friends, get a mitigation of his sentence. He was at this time a sober, sedate, honest, industrious young fellow; as such he entered the term of his imprisonment, the year expired, and he was at liberty—but not long so—in four days time, he was brought in again for housebreaking, from whence he was removed to Newgate, tried, and his offence being capital, was condemned, and suffered!!

Can there be a greater instance than this, of the sad effects of bad company, and ought not this defect in the execution of our laws, to be remedied? The scheme of penitentiary houses, is undoubtedly a most excellent one, and I sincerely hope it will be adopted. Sending a young fellow into a place like the Compter, where he must intermix with society, such as I have mentioned, is dooming him to ruin, irretrievable it is a seminary of vice, in which the most simple  
become

become adepts; a school of immorality and profaneness, in which the good and virtuous, may become profligate and abandoned, and I hesitate not, in charging the Alderman, who committed the above young man, with his ruin.

Numberless the instances which might be produced, and where this communication is prevalent, the same effects will necessarily take place; but a much more glaring impropriety is, the debtors and felons, being under the same building, constantly in sight or hearing of each other; the poison of their corrupted understanding and morals, naturally spreads its baneful infection all round — An instance of this I saw in a debtor, one W——ms, this man was a Tailor, brought in under execution for a small sum; on his coming in, being poor, every one put a little job in his way, and for some weeks he worked hard, was very industrious, and saved money. He then got some employment from the felons, this brought on a sort of intimacy, he, naturally from the time he first formed this connection, declined in his attention to business, took to idleness and drinking, and was soon an altered creature; by petitioning for him to the Thatched House society, I got him his discharge. He had not been at liberty more than a week, when he was brought in, charged with  
having

having stolen a quantity of buttons and twist, from a Mercer's shop, in consequence of which, he was at the next sessions transported.

My thoughts naturally turn to a visit made us, by that philanthropist, Mr. Howard, he came to view the state of the place, and was particularly pleased, with what came under his own observation, and the accounts I had the honor of giving him; when acquainted with the whole of the transactions, he was pleased to pay me a compliment, which, as I thought rather too exaggerated for my deservings, I shall forbear to mention. The subscription that is now on foot, to raise a monument, is so delicate, so refined, and elegant a proof of the esteem, his merits are held in, as must give a sensible pleasure, to ever lover of virtue, humanity, and genuine goodness of soul. What a good christian is Mr. Howard—whose practice evinces, that, like his God, he is no respecter of persons, but extends his charity and usefulness, to Jew, Turk, or Infidel, with the same unbounded liberality of sentiment, and the like expanded beneficence to all, and goes about doing good. He is now at Constantinople, endeavoring to find out preventative means, of checking the progress of the plague. May his endeavors be crowned with success? And may the monument, that is

to be raised to his living merits, long remain, to eternize the memory of so good a man, and a lasting proof of the gratitude of his countrymen?

The limits I have prescribed myself in this Work, obliges me to pass over, many anecdotes and occurrences, which happened during my stay in the place, both in my official and individual capacity; I shall close the period of my confinement, by coming to the day of my liberation, which happened thro' the death of one, whom to have lived, I would with resignation, have suffered till the present time—but she died, who was my greatest enemy, yet my only friend, paradoxical as this may seem, yet 'tis a truth which a few words will elucidate; by supporting me in a line of dissipation, which with her must cease; there she was not my friend, on partial hopes and too indulgent fondness, she expected to raise a structure, that when it had withstood the attacks of pleasure, and her smiling train, and the vicissitudes of fortune; together with a knowledge of the world, it might have been proof against the allurements, the temptations which youth is prone to; but still the sun of youth in mid-day splendor shone, dispelling every cloud of thought or care; spent all its force and heat, till declining to the western hills, immured itself behind their cloudy toes.

Metaphor



Metaphor aside, On my enlargement, after eighteen months confinement I took a full swing of enjoyment; can it be wondered at in one whose passions had never been subdued, who from so reclused a situation, had all his desires but more and more inflamed? I now found myself in a wide world, without a friend indeed — but this excess, this extravagance of indulgence brought me so low in health, that I was obliged to have the advice of a physician, and as I had money, he very formidably began to write, this was business for the Apothecary, who very good naturedly, sent me a plentiful supply of medicines; some bark I took, but the chief part I judiciously threw out at the window, and in the course of a month, I had more vials in my chamber, than would have stocked a petty country Apothecaries shop.

Whether my case was beyond his comprehension, or it was his ignorance, which I am rather inclined to think it was; however he informed me very seriously, that I was beyond the power of medicine, and advised me to return to my native soil, as the dernier resort, for my life; I closed with him in opinion, but asked him what he called my complaint, or what part of nature's frame, he thought most in want of restoration; he answered me, with a good deal of technical jargon

jargon, which for ought I know to the contrary, might be very judicious, pointed, and much to the purpose of what he meant to explain. He then left me, but left behind the remembrance of his prescriptions, and his wishes for my recovery. I now began seriously to think of entering into the country, I had other reasons beyond the physical comprehension of my physician, or any other at that time.

The daughter of my landlord, with whom I had lodged for some months, she had attractions which to a heart susceptible as mine, proved too powerfully attractive to withstand their force, and, I had gone too far, to check myself, otherwise than by a precipitate retreat — The hand of heaven surely guided my resolves, as I am sure had I staid in London, it would have been attended with consequences, fatal to the peace of mind, of one or both.

I left London, and found in change of air, and temperance of living, more benefit than all the prescriptions of the sons of Galen could have effected.

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